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A color photograph of a man with light brown hair, wearing a tan military jacket over a white shirt and dark tie. He is standing in front of a checkered aircraft fuselage. The text "Spirit of" and "of" is visible on the aircraft.

MARCH 30, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS

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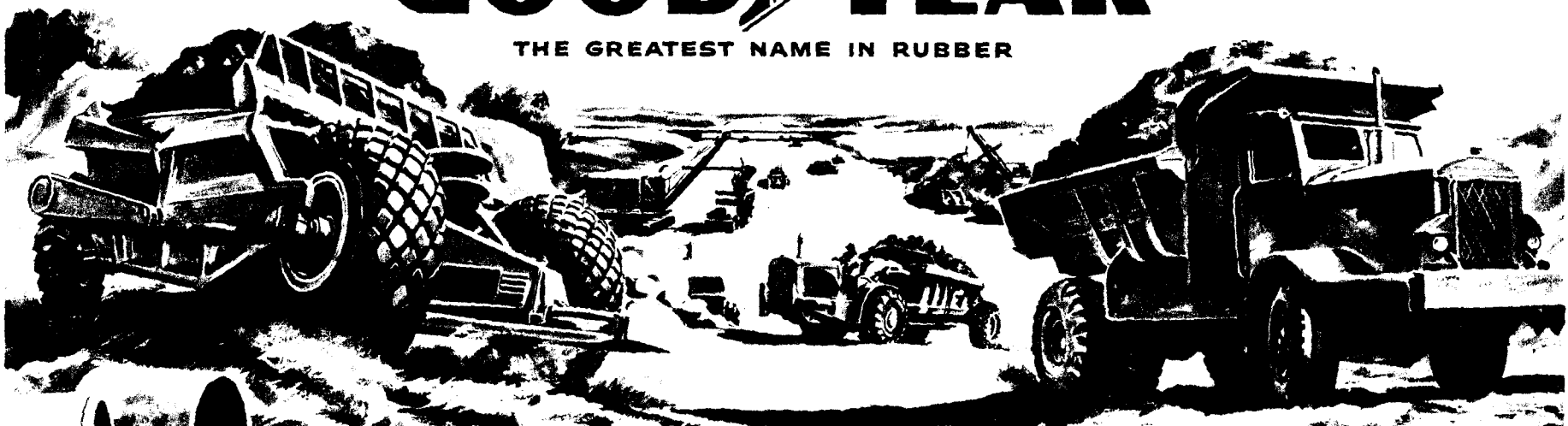
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March 30, 1956 Vol. 137 No. 7

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COLLIER'S, title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., is published every other week and sold simultaneously in the U.S. and Canada. Entered at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.  
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SUBSCRIPTIONS in the U.S. and Possessions, and Canada, are priced at 1 year (26 issues) \$3.50; 2 years (52 issues) \$6.00; 3 years (78 issues) \$8.00; 4 years (104 issues) \$10.00. All other countries, 1 year \$7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in U.S. funds. Address all subscription correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Subscription Department, 204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio.  
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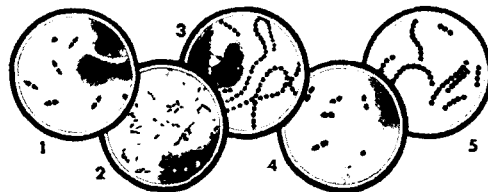
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to kill germs like these!



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae,  
(3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II,  
(5) Streptococcus salivarius.

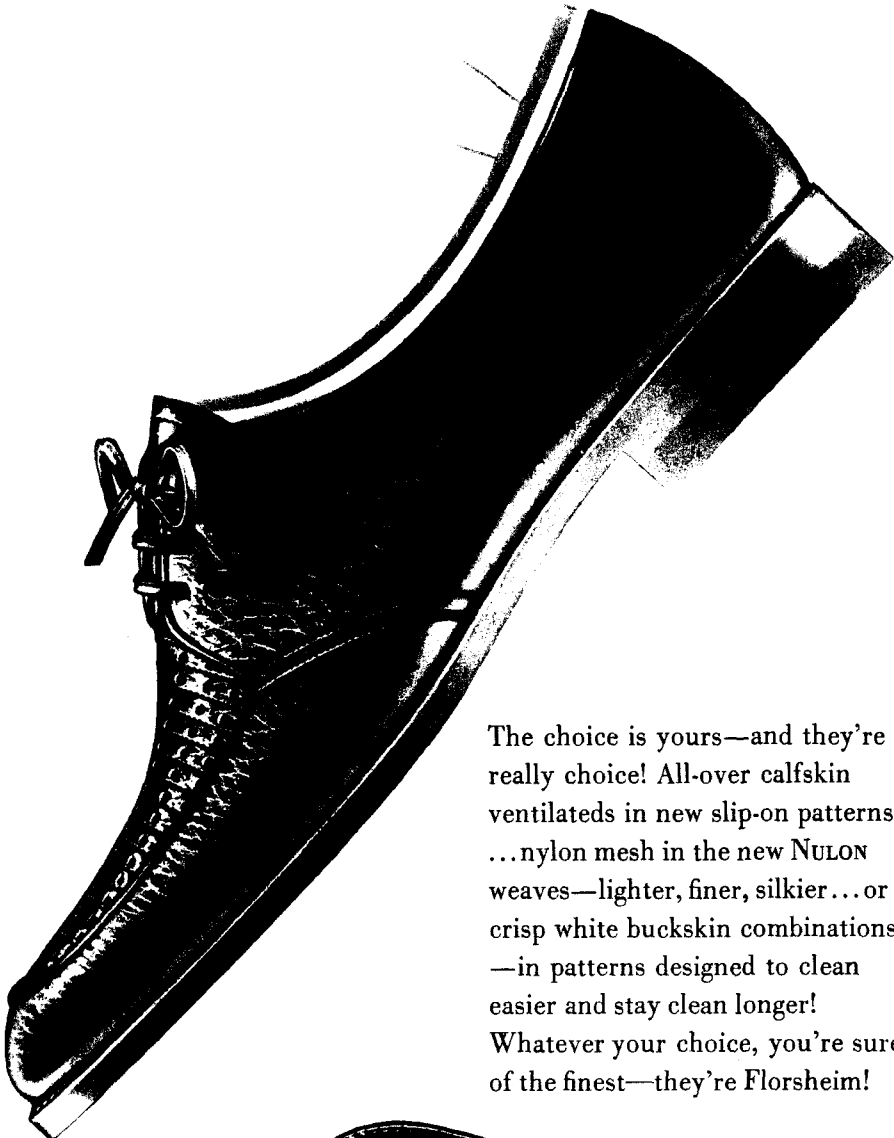
These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



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# Appointment with O'HARA



By JOHN O'HARA

HAVE you ever stopped to think that—well, let's put it this way: one of my favorite entertainers is only about, never more than, a foot tall. It's true. I never have seen Gisele MacKenzie except on the television screen, and most of the time her full height is less than 12 inches. Nevertheless she is so abundantly blessed with charm and talent that I would enjoy her even if I had to watch her through a jeweler's loupe.

I know it isn't considered a very nice thing to say about any girl, but Miss MacKenzie's principal claim on my affections is not her beauty. Two other attributes stand out first, and they are intelligence and humor. After that she is cute. (Remember, she's only 12 inches tall.) After that there is the fact that when she sings a song she delivers it in her own style, which respects the tune and the lyric, which is natural enough for a girl who is also a musician.

When I was in Canada recently I found myself looking for a Canadian girl who looked like our friend. I didn't see any. But I could easily imagine her coming out of Holt, Renfrew's in Quebec, or Simpson's in Montreal. When I was in Toronto I didn't spot anyone who resembled Beatrice Lillie, either. Nor did I see anyone who looked like Walter Huston. I did see someone who looked like Raymond Massey. It was his brother, Vince, the gov. gen.

Well, anyway, she is a *poupée*, French for doll, all 12 inches of her.

★ ★ ★

IT IS St. Patrick's Day time again and then it's not long till Easter.

Once again in New York there will be the murmurings at the inconvenience caused by the parade on Fifth Avenue, with special emphasis on the parade's effect on the pre-Easter business in the Avenue shops. I am admittedly somewhat prejudiced but it does seem to me that the protests against the effect on Easter business are not quite consistent. After all, Easter, like St. Patrick's Day, started as a religious holiday.

Last Christmas I heard of a perfect example of what has happened to that season. An apartment dweller of our acquaintance received the following card from the young man who delivers the newspapers: "Merry Xmas—second notice. Signed. Your Newsboy."

★ ★ ★

IN THE two years that I have been dispensing counsel and disseminating hope from this corner I have touched on many topics, but until now I have not been the compleat (spelt with an *a*) columnist. Before I am drummed out of the tong I must write something about The Dog.

In this household we have two dogs: one is a toy poodle named Straus, and the other is a golden retriever named Pat. The poodle never will see eight again, and the retriever is a charmer who is crowding three months. It is sure to irritate people who suspect that I don't know any prominent human beings when I reveal that Straus's father was owned by Ilka Chase and his mother was the property of Chas Addams. Straus has a brother

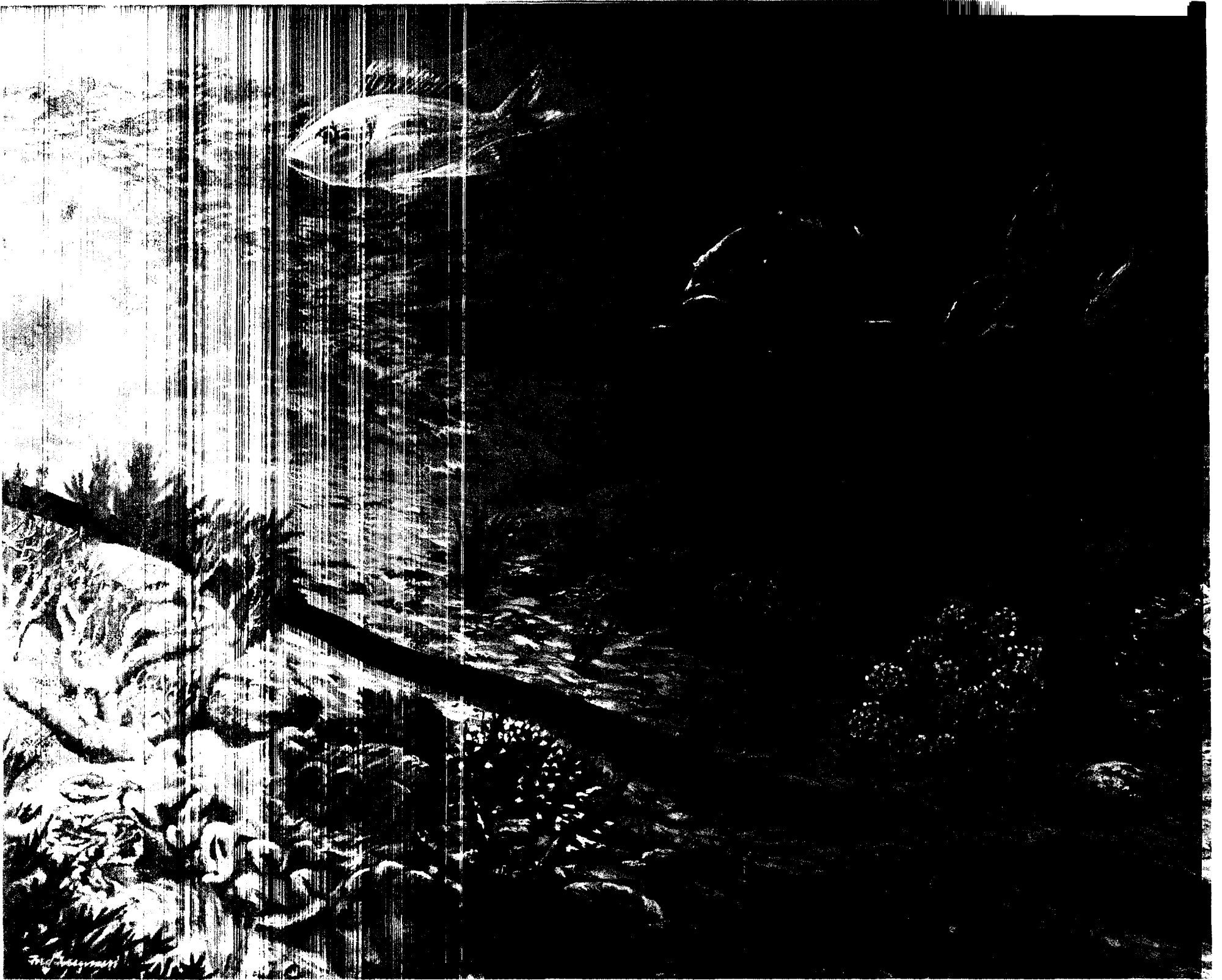
AL HIRSCHFELD



Gisele MacKenzie (only 12 inches tall) is one of my favorite entertainers...

Collier's for March 30, 1956





## Private Line for a Guided Missile



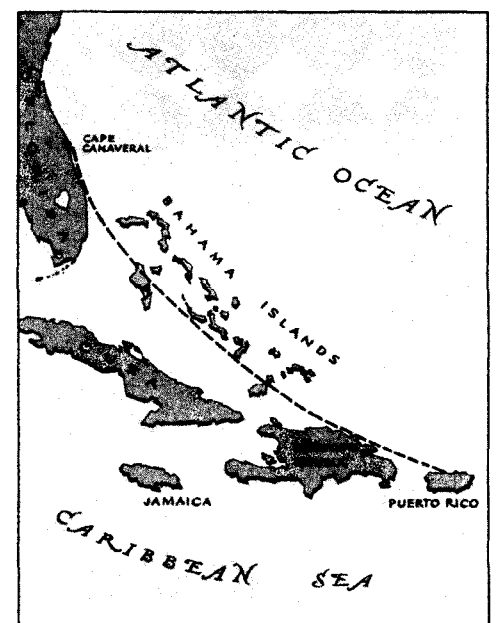
This special cable on the ocean floor stretches 1370 nautical miles from Cape Canaveral in Florida to Puerto Rico. The

Air Force asked Western Electric to design, produce and supervise installation of a communications system for a guided missile test range extending out to sea. The cable is the backbone of this system.

It provides an instant, secret, weatherproof way of transmitting back to the test center in Florida a steady stream of data on missiles in flight. At certain island points along the way, radar installations spot the missile's position —

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Western Electric was asked to do this job because, basically, it was a problem in communications requiring the special experience and skills we've developed in Bell telephone work as the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. Also, we could (and did) draw extensively upon the combined skills of other Bell System units as well as our suppliers.



Route of the undersea cable for the Air Force's new guided missile testing range. It comes ashore at 23 points to have its current "boosted".

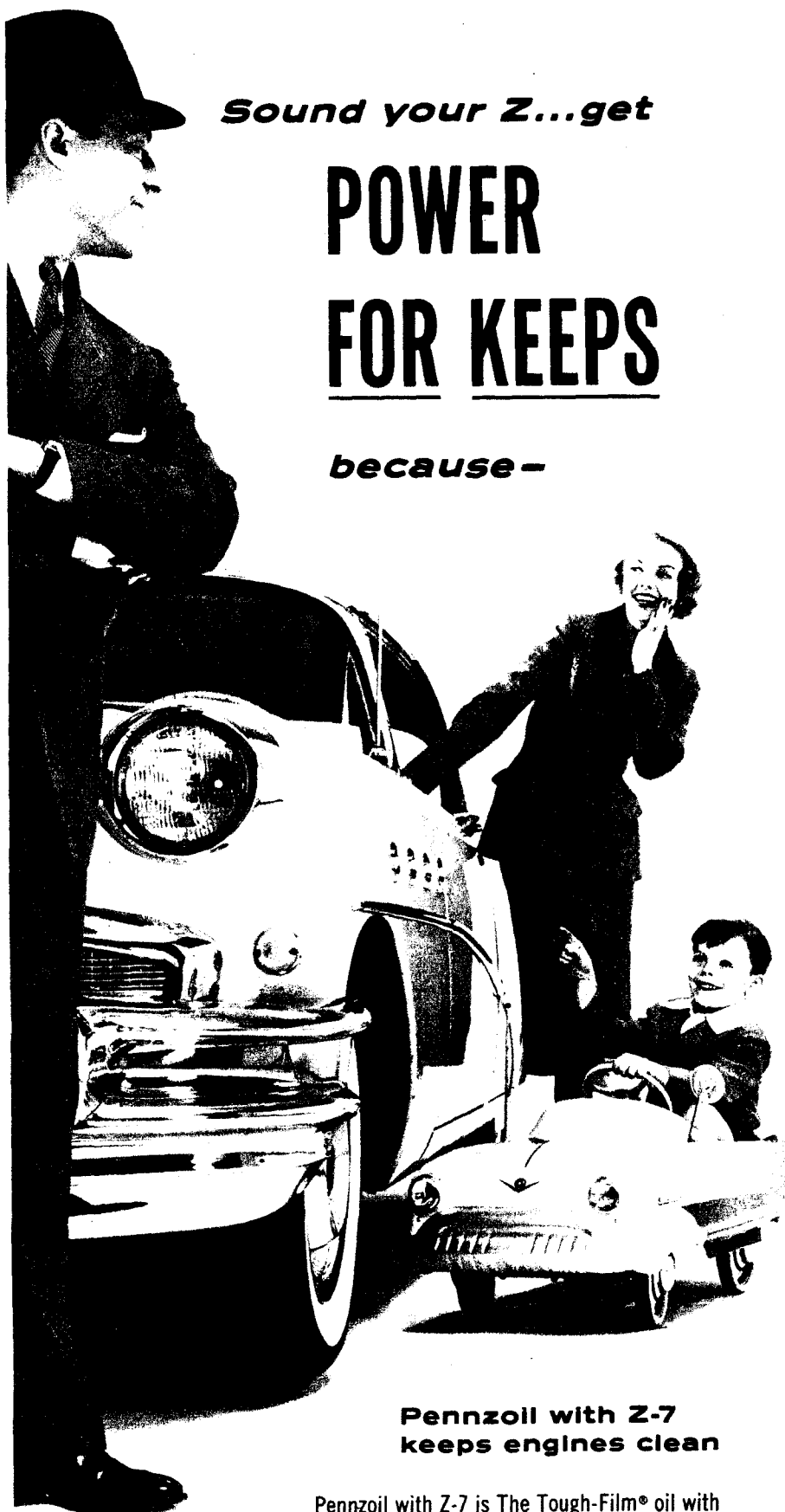
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## Appointment with O'HARA *continued*

named Abraham. If you live in Brooklyn the names need no explanation; if you live someplace else—and isn't *that* a good idea?—you should know that there is a Brooklyn department store called Abraham & Straus. The names were thought up by a former Mrs. Addams, not by me.

My department-store connection is with Bowman's, Harrisburg, of which a first cousin of mine is something pretty high up, although I used to be acquainted with some of the Lazarus family, Columbus, and I am on friendly terms with the Cleveland Halles. But I had nothing to do with naming our dog.

It would be hard to find two more unlike dogalities to turn your house over to. If you know anything about toy French poodles you are aware that here is an animal that all through its lifetime suffers the attentions of humans who gush, "What a cute puppy," although it is as sophisticated as a bellboy in the Hotel George V. I couldn't possibly go into his attitude toward the opposite sex or its attitude toward him. At a time when he ought to be writing his memoirs (and tearing them up, like a true gentleman) he goes calling or has callers daily. But it is not what is sometimes called *tomcattin'*. When he comes home he does so trotting like a fine hackney pony, with that same high-stepping action and almost insufferable conceit. You also, if you are hip to poodles, know how he gets his revenge on humans who speak harshly to him, and that I won't go into either.

As to Pat, the golden retriever, he makes me think of the boy Victor McLaglen. I did not know Victor McLaglen as a boy, but my guess is that he was oversized, given to lying on the floor in whatever position gave him the most comfort, and amiably resistant to any prolonged schooling. It is difficult to train a dog that will obey for a little while and then look at you with an expression that plainly says, "You and I know this is nonsense, so let's knock it off." It is especially difficult for me to be a disciplinarian because I have spent the best and worst years of my life in rebellion, and dogs and children catch on to that. I have known a great many horses in my day, and I never for a moment doubted that I was boss there, but they are not as smart as children and dogs and I consider myself lucky when I am able to hold my own on equal terms with the latter.

This, I am confident, qualifies me to retain my franchise as a writer of a column. But I draw the line (oh, what a temptation!) at fishing. I will never write about fishing. It bores the hell out of me.

\*\*\*

I HAVE BEEN ASKED. "Well, how does it feel to win the National Book Award?" (I just won the National Book Award for my novel, *Ten North Frederick*.)

There are about 46 answers to that one. There is an Irish answer: "It's better than a poke in the eye

with a sharp stick," and there are 45 others that range from the solemn to the flippant, depending on the tone and the manner of the question and the interrogator.

I will say here that I am pleased that I got it, because if I hadn't got it I'd have been sore as hell. I am too old a hand, and for that matter too old a man, to get a swelled head about it. Any author who gets a swelled head because he has been given a prize or a plaque is a foolish man. All he has to do is consider the names Roger Martin du Gard, Frans Eemil Sillanpaa, Johannes V. Jensen, Lucila Godoy y Alcayaga, Herman Hesse and Par Lagerkvist. Recognize them? They all won The Big One, the Nobel prize, in the past 20 years.

I think it was some baseball player who, when he got the Most Valuable Player award, said: "Yeah, that and a nickel will get you in the subway."

Now it takes three nickels.

\*\*\*

I FEEL COMPELLED to tell you that NBC has requested permission to dramatize a short story of mine and has offered me \$25 for the radio rights.

Not to be entirely original about it, I have decided to offer \$37.50 for NBC.

\*\*\*

SPEAKING OF NBC, which I do with a curl of my lip, I noticed that almost the second official act of Sylvester-Pat Weaver after getting made chairman of the board was to go out West and Do Something about the Comedy Hour. Almost his first official act was to hire Leo Durocher, whose job, I gather, was to Do Something about the Comedy Hour.

It created in my mind a fascinating picture. Weaver going out to the Coast, kicking the dirt around, rubbing his hands up and down the small of his back, not looking at Durocher, and finally taking the ball away from Leo, who then takes that long, long walk from the NBC studio to Beverly Hills. At the moment I don't know who has been waved in to relieve Durocher, but I got news for him: that Sullivan hasn't got anything fancy, but he's awful tough.



I got news for whoever has come in to relieve Durocher on the Comedy Hour

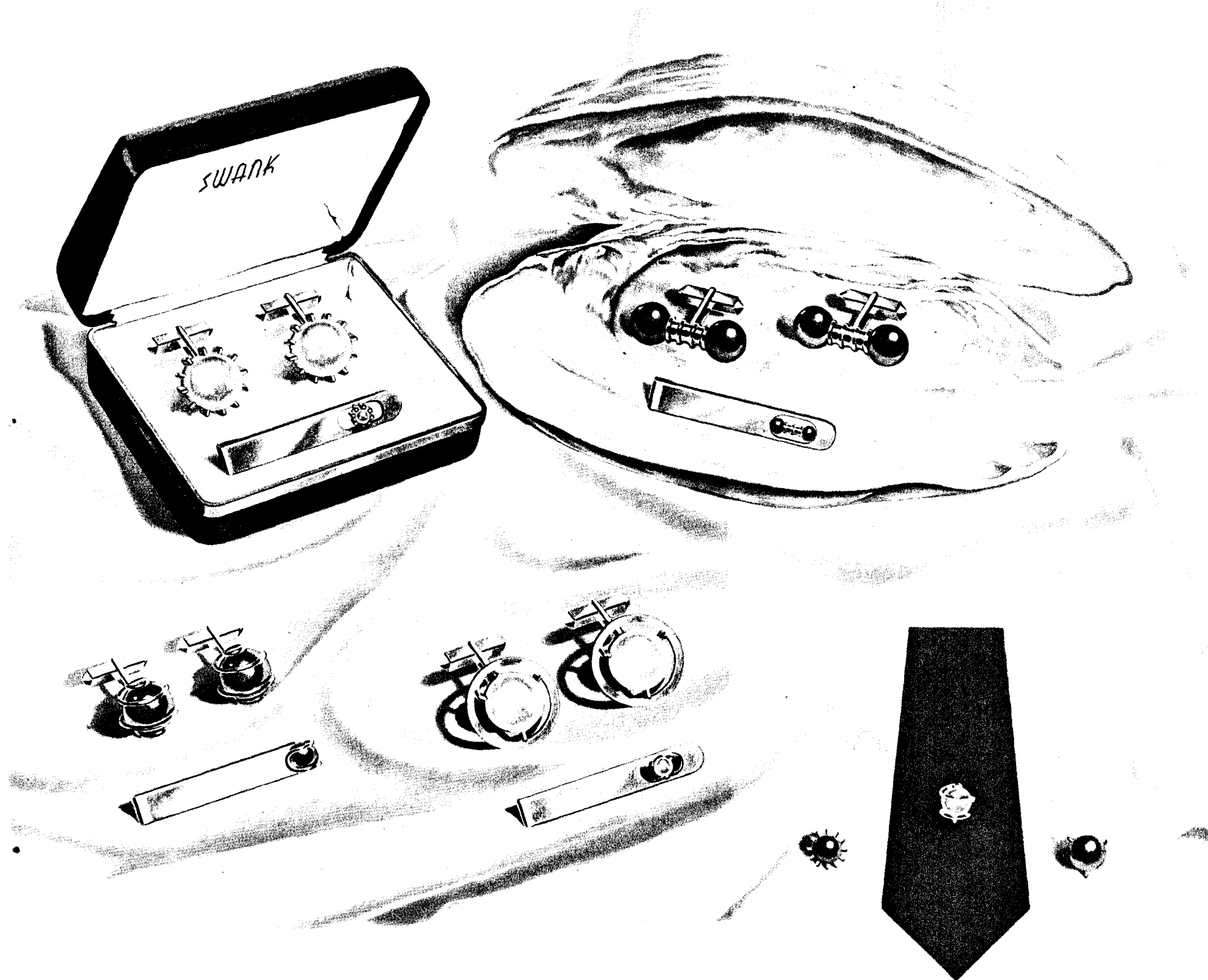
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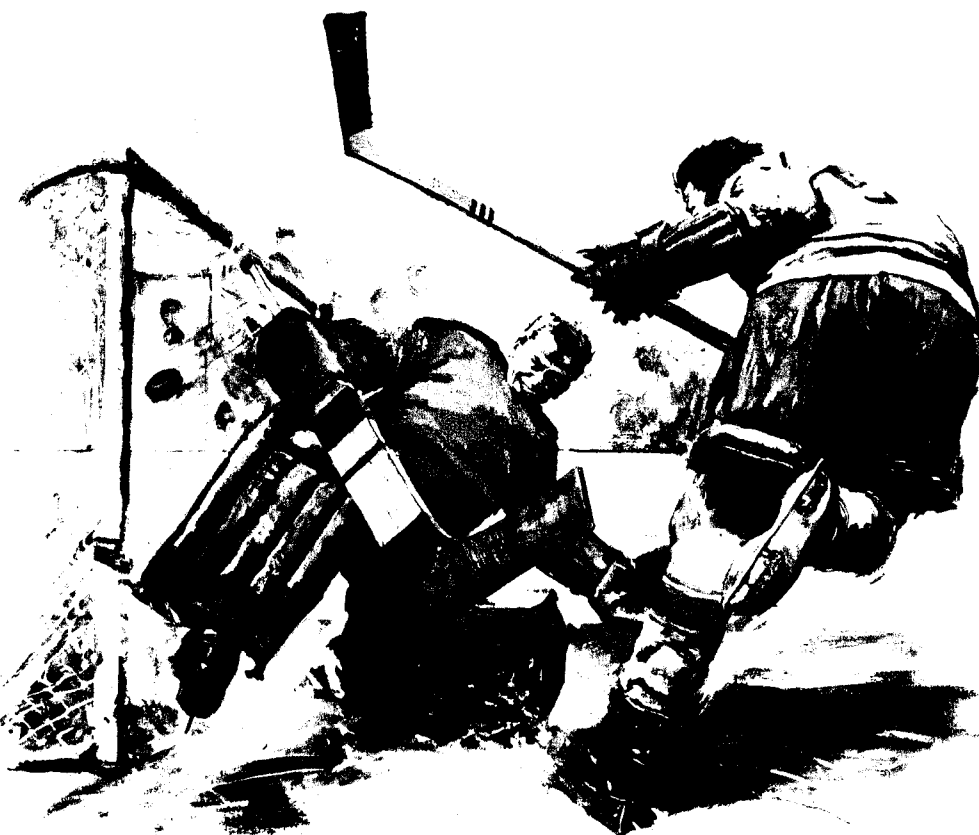
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TONY KOKINOS

The next shot bounced in over Henry's stick. A blind man could have stopped it

# Crazy Guys Are Best

By TIMOTHY FULLER

IN ONE way or another all hockey players are crazy, and sometimes the craziest ones are best. I, Ace Doucette, know this because I played the game for thirteen years and have been coaching the Cougars for eight. Only a crazy man could coach the Cougars that long and keep his sanity. Do you remember the night the Blackhawks beat us 13-1? I was out of my mind. Do you recall the stretch of seven straight games when the Cougars didn't score a single goal? My hair turned white.

But then we found Henry Brulard, and I thought my troubles were over. In his first five games, only one goal was scored against Henry. From the bottom of the league we were on our way to the top. And then the Cougars went to Toronto.

We hadn't been in the hotel an hour when Henry knocked on my door and came in. "Mr. Doucette," he said, "I'm going to quit the team and go home."

It was the first sign of craziness I had found in Henry. It was lucky I'd had so much experience in this line. "Sit down, son," I told him, "and tell me your troubles."

"I don't have any troubles," he said. "I'm just going to quit."

I liked this boy very much. I would like any boy very much who could tend goal like that, but Henry was also nice without skates. He was quiet and shy and he never even read the publicity he was getting in the newspapers. I'd taught him to play checkers, and that's what we did together most of the time. I don't care much for checkers but I have more intelligence than to allow an eighteen-year-old country boy to roam loose on the city streets. Not a goalie like Henry, anyway. They turn up once in a lifetime, if then.

"Henry," I said, "I feel like a father to you. I'm as fond of you as I am of Anna-Marie. Sit down and let's talk this over together."

"No," he said.

It's essential for a goalie to be stubborn. If he's not stubborn there will be times when he'll grow weary of attempting to get some part of his body in front of a cold hard puck coming at him at eighty miles an hour. Henry had been a goalie since he was nine years old, and he'd chosen that position partly because of this natural stubbornness—but also because, until he was twelve, he'd been too poor to own a pair of skates. In Canada a boy must be very poor indeed not to own skates. Henry had been raised in a shack by an uncle who worked in the woods, and he'd been on his own most of the time, playing goal and building his character.

"Well, Henry," I said, "if you quit like this without giving a reason you'll be breaking your contract and the owners will put you in jail."

"Will they?" he asked.

"They certainly will," I told him. Perhaps they would, at that.

He frowned, thinking this over. He was just an average-sized boy, still growing, but naturally there were lumps on his face and his nose was bent flat to the right. "Okay, then, Mr. Doucette," he said. "I'll play." And he turned and went back to his room.

I thought I knew what was troubling him. He had been happy enough on the train, but there'd been a letter waiting for him here at the hotel and fortunately I had seen the handwriting and the postmark. It was from my own daughter, Anna-Marie. Henry had put the letter in his pocket and gone straight to his room.

Now, my daughter is sweet and smart and pretty like her mother, but she's at that age, sixteen, where she has a great interest in boys. Therefore, Anna-Marie must have written something to Henry that had hurt him very deeply. Anna-Marie wouldn't

have meant to do anything like that, but sometimes she's thoughtless.

You see, I had taken Henry to my home for Christmas, because the boy had never had a real Christmas. My wife, Jeanette, had bought presents for him: a fine leather belt from me, a wallet from herself and a pen-and-pencil set from Anna-Marie. We had the tree and a large roast goose for dinner, and afterward Anna-Marie played all her phonograph records for Henry.

"Oh, Daddy," she told me when he was washing up for supper, "I think he's cute!"

"I'm glad you like him," I answered, "because he's the greatest goalie who ever lived and you'll be seeing a lot of him. Perhaps it would be best if you thought of him as a brother."

"I've always wanted a brother," she said sweetly and winked at her mother.

AND SO NOW, although it was beneath my dignity, I would have to read her letter. I got it that night after the team had gone onto the ice to warm up before the game. It was in the pocket of Henry's jacket, which was hanging in his locker. It read:

Dear Henry,

*This is the first letter I have ever written to a boy, but Daddy says you are already part of the family and so I trust that makes everything okay!*

*I have bought three new records, real cool, and I'll play them for you the next time you're here.*

*I give you permission to write to me, if you like, with your new pen-and-pencil set. Sincerely,*  
Anna-Marie

So I was wrong. It had to be something besides the letter, unless Henry was by far the craziest hockey player I had ever seen in my life.

He was certainly crazy enough out there on the ice that night. The Leafs, of course, had heard all about him, and at first they were using nothing but five-man power plays to try and get in close. As a result the Cougars scored twice before a shot was fired at Henry. The first Toronto shot came midway in the period and was a looper from thirty feet away. Henry stuck out his mitt but the puck went sailing by into the net. Two minutes later the Toronto right wing let one go from out by the blue line and it bounced in over Henry's stick. A blind man could have stopped them both.

At the end of the first period, I took Henry into the office off the dressing room. I've been mad in my time but nothing like this. I locked the door.

"Now I guess you'll send me home," he said quietly.

I brought back my arm with the palm open to hit him across the face, but I couldn't do it. He was a kid. He was even younger in many ways than my own Anna-Marie.

And that was how it came to me. It was really very simple, and also extraordinary—unless you think how it might be for a boy brought up with no one to care and look out for him. You have to think about pride and shame and what they mean when you're eighteen and, perhaps for the first time, in love.

"Henry," I said and let my hand drop onto his shoulder, "you don't have to quit the team and go home. You can stay right here, and now we'll have something better to do than play checkers. It'll be a secret between us."

I turned my back to him because I thought he might want to cry. Also I was not so sure about myself. But Henry didn't want to cry. "I better get back," he said.

"But, Henry," I said. "The letter from Anna-Marie . . ."

"Later," he said. "After the game."

So, after all, he is a crazy hockey player. Winning comes first with them, ahead of anything else.

It's the same with me, I suppose. Tomorrow the Cougars start the Stanley Cup finals, and I could be out with the crowd sharing the glory. But instead I'm up in a small hotel room alone with Henry. As I promised, I'm teaching him to read and write.

THE END



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## COLLIER'S CREDITS

**T**IMOTHY FULLER owes his success as a writer to an unused water tower on his land in Norwell, Massachusetts. Up a ladder, in the top of the structure, is a workroom where he can get away from the wife and children (that's what he told us) and do some writing.

When not up there, he's throwing



ALFREDO VALENTE

Author Timothy Fuller makes tracks for the ivory tower where he does his work

himself into his work. When he wrote a prize-fight story once, he visited a gym and put on the gloves for back-ground, and got a bloody nose. When he did a nonfiction piece on breakfasts for Collier's a couple of years ago, he drove his family to distraction with his morning prandial demands. His current piece (page 10) is authentic for the reason that he took a turn as goalie on a local hockey team last winter.

"Sooner or later," Fuller theorizes, "every writer must come down out of his tower and mingle with the populace. Now I am taking the good old 7:22 every day to Boston, where I am employed as a printer. Commuting is fun."

No telling what kind of story will come from *that*.

\*\*\*

**T**HIS isn't the first time we've covered the San Francisco earthquake and fire (page 32). Collier's did a brilliant reporting job on the event only two weeks after it occurred, in the May 5, 1906, issue.

For today's story we had Robert O'Brien turning out his own impressive prose on a new typewriter, and photographer Mason Weymouth hovering over Sixth and Harrison Streets in a Hiller helicopter. Fifty years ago it was a mustachioed, now-forgotten fellow in a "captive airship" who snapped a panoramic view of the city (page 35); and O'Brien's writing counterpart was Jack

London, who used a black copy pencil.

A native San Franciscan, sailor, stoker, mill hand, janitor and friend of the poor, London lived 40 miles away but had visited the burning city.

"I'll never write about this for anybody," his wife Charmain later reported he'd said. "What use trying? One could only string big words together and curse the futility of them."

But the Collier's offer of 25 cents a word was too much for the author to ignore. Soon he was scribbling the story, his wife typing each page as he finished. They wired the report to New York and sent a confirming copy through the mail.

London was wrong about the futility of his words. He strung them together in one of the memorable bits of journalism of the time. (It can be found reprinted in *A Treasury of Great Reporting*, published in 1949 by Simon and Schuster.)

"San Francisco is gone," he wrote. "... All the cunning adjustments of a twentieth century city had been smashed by the earthquake. ... All the shrewd contrivances and safeguards of man had been thrown out of gear by thirty seconds' twitching of the earth-crust. ..."

\*\*\*

**T**HEY made me welcome as the flowers in May," John McNulty says of the three Fitzsimmonses, when he visited them in Florida to do his



John McNulty (left) and Mr. Fitz watch Nashua gallop on an early Florida morn

story (page 21). In the photograph here, McNulty is doing his best to look pleased at having arisen at 4:30 A.M.

"In spite of the hours I had to keep I had a good time. I always thought I missed my calling. I ought to be a stable hand."

"After watching Nashua work out, I'd be back at the Fitzsimmons' house about ten o'clock for lunch. After a nap Mr. Fitz would be off to the races at Tropical Park—he had horses running there. Me, I was too tired; that eighty-one-year-old man ran me ragged. I'd sleep a little and maybe help Mr. Fitz's sixty-two-year-old son, Johnny, answer Nashua's fan mail."

McNulty has his own Johnny, about whom he wrote a book (*My Son Johnny*). He took home to his Johnny a picture of Nashua, who had obligingly autographed it by stamping a hoof thereon. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

# You're right with white

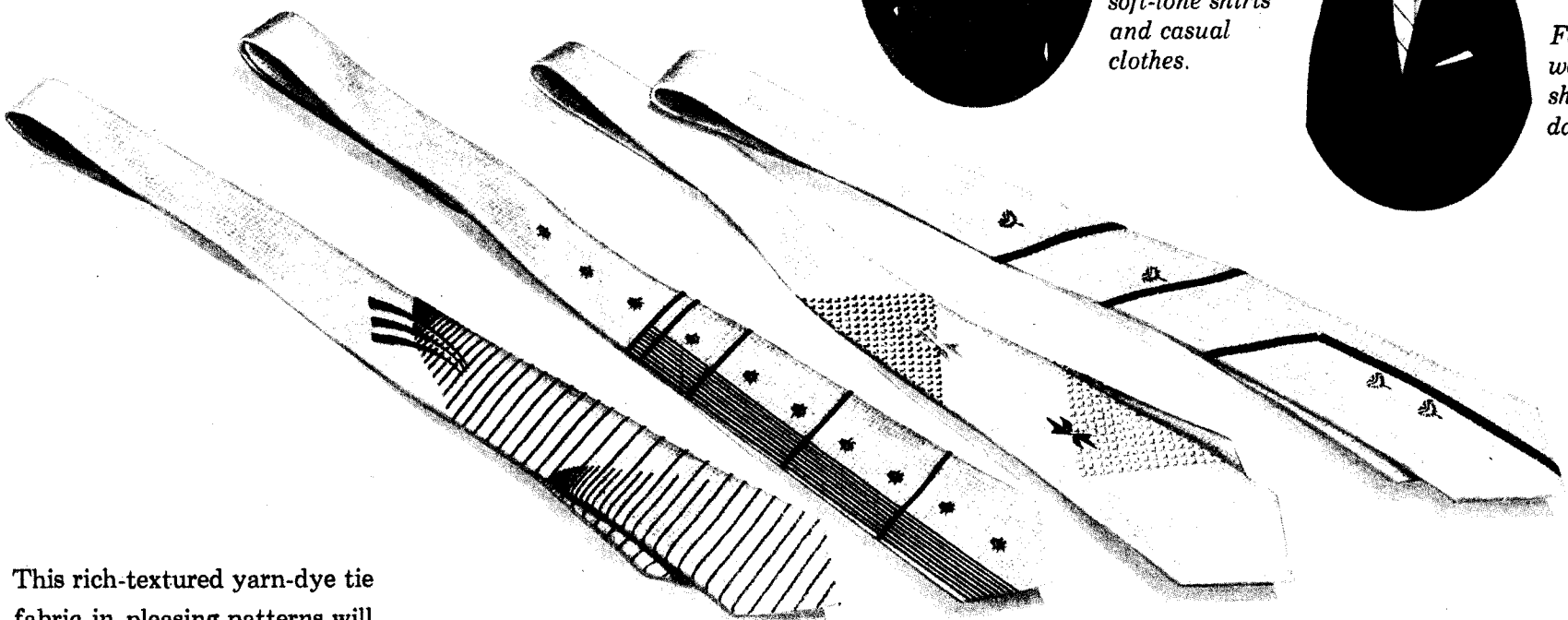
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IF YOU LIKE IT...  
YOU'LL LOVE IT... PREAM





Tenley Albright up close (see below)

# LETTERS

## Picture of "Poem"

EDITOR: Your pictures of Tenley Albright (Champion's Dawn, Feb. 17th) showed "a poem of swift motion" as the beautifully written article said. But what does this radiant child look like when not veiled by the mists of dawn?  
C. H. SWIFT, Greenville, Miss.

## Land of Liberty

EDITOR: Such inflamed criticism of the United States as that in the enraged letter signed by the four immigrants (Letters, Dec. 9th) would not have been published in this country. There is still plenty of freedom here—for the conformist. . . .  
H. H. BRINDLEY, Staffordshire, England

. . . I came here from England almost 10 years ago, and now we have a small farm of our own. I went back to England three years ago, and it is a beautiful country with lovely buildings and stately homes—for the privileged few. . . .

MRS. GEORGE GILLEN, Forest, Ohio

. . . America is ugly, full of jerks, psychos and nincompoops. You turn Italian nationals into crooks and then deport them back to Italy. . . .

JOSEPH R. MESSINA, Baltimore, Md.

. . . I am a German immigrant. Wages here are high, but prices are terrible. Wages in Europe are low, but so are prices. I work hard, have three jobs. I have a wife and three children I seldom see. . . .

HERMAN EBERHART, Baltimore, Md.

## New Mexico

EDITOR: There has been a tremendous amount of resentment by practically all of the Spanish-American people of New Mexico on account of the slant in Modern Medicine—Where the Clock Walks, by Albert Rosenfeld (Feb. 3d). The article shows only one side of a picture, and that side apparently attempts to set us apart as an example of "group ignorance." Certainly it is true that we, like you people in New York or in other parts of the country, use many home remedies. Perhaps few of them have any medical value, but isn't it true that 80 per cent of all human ills are taken care of by the body processes? Also isn't it true that many of modern medicine's magic pills are made from herbs? No one can deny that there is a certain amount of super-

stition among people of all races or ethnological groups. What fundamental difference is there if I believe that a slice of bacon is good for a sore throat and you believe that a black cat crossing in front of you brings bad luck? Only that my belief is positive and yours is negative. Perhaps it is true that we Spanish Americans have a different concept of time. In a way, in this day and age when speed is of the essence, when scientific men, not necessarily wise men, are working day and night to invent instruments of death that may yet destroy the world, we here in northern New Mexico are undergoing a struggle to improve human relationships. . . .

ALBERT AMADOR, JR., State Representative, Santa Fe, N.M.

. . . It is to be hoped that the good doctors will not be mistakenly blamed for the smart-alecky tone of the article, which has set my pure Anglo blood to simmering. At least three fourths of the United States have areas equal to those described. The author chooses to ignore many younger Españolans who are educated, intelligent, progressive, e.g., my husband who earned a Ph.D. with honors at a large Midwestern university. . . .  
MRS. J. G. RODRIQUEZ, Lexington, Ky.

*It was not Collier's intention to present a distorted picture of the northern Rio Grande Valley nor of the people in it. Mr. Rosenfeld presented a fair picture of the operations of the doctors at the Española Medical Center. As to the article's discussion of the folkways of the people among whom the doctors work, it does make a point of local superstitions and their bearing upon modern medical practice. But it also quotes Dr. Ziegler as saying: "The people here keep their homes and children scrupulously clean and neat. They maintain a great personal pride and dignity. Their manners are gracious and charming. . . . And, as direct descendants of the Spanish conquistadors, they are the inheritors of one of the oldest cultural traditions in the Western Hemisphere."*

. . . The article reminded me of many experiences I had back around 1940 when I was employed by the Agriculture Department in that same area working with these same people. . . .  
THEODORE M. GAGE, Cleveland, Ohio

## Out of the West

EDITOR: In the article The Gentlemen from California, by Theodore H. White (Feb. 3d), I was struck with the thought that the sources of information used in describing Richard Nixon were quite inimical. It should be pointed up that Mr. Nixon was one of those who originally perceived and one who has consistently supported the middle-road aims of President Eisenhower. Certainly he deserves the most serious consideration for the Presidency if Ike decides not to run.

H. A. ANDRESEN, Exeter, Cal.

. . . Knight is a jolly good fellow without executive ability for President. Warren is too socialistic, too expensive. Ike is too far to the left. Nixon is a mighty fine young man with ability. Knowland is magnificent, bold, active, and the Kremlin could not push him around. Herbert Hoover, Jr., is of Presidential timber. . . .

F. E. SIMPSON, Glover, Vt.

. . . Theodore H. White shows he understands California's Republican statesmen, but he misunderstands the conservative Democrat voter who holds the balance of power. Earl Warren has enough bitter enemies among both conservative Democrats and conservative Republicans to defeat him in any Presidential race. Warren got the legislature to pass an FEPC law but a referendum voted it down. . . .

EARLY VAN DEVENTER, Glendora, Cal.

. . . The article lacked in depth and seemed rather superficial and gossipy. It would be an international calamity if the way to the Presidency of the United States was pictured as filled with personal political intrigue and smartness as the article seems to indicate. Mr. White writes the story as if they were characters for a projected movie in Hollywood. . . .  
REV. SARGON Y. IBRAHAM, Timonium, Md.

. . . White says "San Francisco is a city of tolerance . . . queen over a metropolitan area of 3,000,000 people . . ." Apparently the queen has little control, for San Francisco's suburbs are notoriously intolerant. Hillsborough's and Piedmont's Ku Klux Klan zoning ordinances were outlawed by the California Supreme Court on October 27th. Ross, another suburb, denied a Seventh-day Adventist church a building permit. Many S.F. suburban service clubs either openly exclude racial or religious minorities or restrict minorities. . . .

PAUL BRINDEL, Novato, Cal.

## It Was Fiction

EDITOR: The "Lomokome" Papers (Feb. 17th) is as realistic as Orson Welles's drama of the invasion of earth by Mars. Just as this radio drama brought about station identification so might Herman Wouk's novel bring about "script identification." I'm not a

science fiction fan, but this was excellent. It was fiction, wasn't it?

MRS. GENE MCCLINTOCK, Denver, Colo.

. . . Had you chosen to run Mr. Wouk's piece without announcing it as a piece of fiction, you might well have got more reaction than Dulles' "brink of war" statement. . . .

DON LEVENSON, Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . The biggest piece of farcical nonsense you have ever published. If some little-known writer had sent you this, I bet two cents to a thimble you would have turned it down. Collier's has forgotten that fiction should entertain. If a man wants to relax, be amused, he reads fiction. . . .

JAMES C. SMYTHE, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Reeks of A Modest Proposal and has suspicious nuances of Gulliver's Travels. Plagiarizing the classics is not unheard of, but for an author not to acknowledge his source is an insult to the intelligence of his readers, as well as an uncomplimentary reflection of his and my opinion of the quality of a magazine which would publish such a hoax. Allow me to extend condolences to you as the victim of the greatest practical joke ever perpetrated by an author against a national magazine. . . .  
WILLIAM M. BRADY, Santa Monica, Cal.

. . . It resulted in a five-dollar bet between my uncle and myself. He insists that the "Official Navy Report" at the beginning of Mr. Wouk's novel is in truth an official report, made by the United States government. I contend that the entire story, including the first two pages marked official and confidential, is fictitious. . . .

DAVID RHODENHISER, Macon, Ga.

## Right Hook Shot

EDITOR: "In one game he scored two points by batting the ball into the basket with a clenched fist"—that sentence is from your article on "Hot Rod" Hundley (Jan. 6th). This is a violation of Rule 9, Sect. 4: "A player shall not run with a ball, kick it, or strike it with his fist." The ball is awarded to the opponents at the out-of-bounds spot nearest the violation. . . .

JULIUS GOLDMAN, Detroit, Mich.

## The Cover

The cover picture of the great San Francisco fire is from a lithograph by C. A. Beck, owned by the fire prevention library of San Francisco's Industrial Indemnity Insurance company. The picture shows the city on the evening of the first day of the fire, when the flames covered an area five miles across; the Embarcadero is in the foreground. Robert O'Brien's dramatic story of the conflagration is on p. 32. In the upper right: actor James Stewart as Charles Lindbergh, photographed by Sanford Roth. On p. 30 Stewart tells what it was like to play the great flier



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The Kelly Celebrity was built to provide car owners with the safest, most Worry-free Driving made possible by modern science. No other tire combines the unique beauty of the Celebrity with all these features: nylon cord blowout safety . . . most advanced tubeless construction . . . Kelly's exclusive Power-Stop Tread. See your Kelly Dealer for a trade that will interest you.

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*An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life*



At a modern printing plant, highly skilled pressmen examine a plate on the rollers of a huge 4-color offset press.

## Should your child go into the Printing Industry?

by **WILLIAM H. WALLING**

Past President of Printing Industry of America, Inc., Chairman of the  
Executive Committee of Publishers Printing—Rogers Kellogg Corp. (As told to ROGER DAKIN)

**C**AN YOU IMAGINE a world without printing—a world without books, magazines or newspapers? A world without paper money, letterheads, signs, business forms, posters, calendars?

If these and all the myriad other products of the printing industry were to be wiped out tomorrow—products that today we take for granted—civilization as we know it would come to an end.

Without printing, the world would be plunged back into the Dark Ages overnight.

No intelligent American needs to be told at length how printing contributes to the diffusion of knowledge, the development of science and the advancement of religion. When we think about it, we recognize at once that printing keeps up our standard of living, helps make democracy work, enlightens the world.

If your child enters the printing industry he may hold his head high. Few other occupations have such far-reaching importance.

Printing is an exciting occupation, too.

Your child can have the thrill of seeing type come alive—of getting into print the news that within a few hours will have his community buzzing; of designing a book that could influence the destiny of the nation; of reproducing the art masterpieces of the world to bring beauty out of the museums and into our homes.

Or he can have the sturdy satisfaction of turning out a well-done piece of commercial copy—to the profit of both his client and himself. There's a thrill in that, too.

"No printer is ever bored."

That's a saying we printers often repeat. On the whole, I think it's a true saying. Certainly there are enough

varieties of occupation in printing to satisfy the interests of any man.

A printer can be a scholar, an artist, a businessman or a craftsman. The word "printer" always has been elastic and its meaning today stretches wide. When a man says he is a "printer" he can be identifying himself with any one of the eight major fields in the printing industry and with any one of the more than sixty-five different kinds of employment in those fields.

What are the eight major fields? Generally, they are thought of in these groups:

1. **Composing Room.** Here three occupations are dominant. The typographer who designs printed matter. The compositor who sets the copy into type, by hand or machine. The make-up man who, after the type is set, assembles it according to the typographer's design.

2. **Platemaking.** Copies of the assembled type are often cast in or engraved on metal so that one setting of type can be used many times or in more than one press at a time. These copies are called plates. Making them is the job of the photoengraver, electrotyper and stereotyper.

3. **Pressroom.** Here pressmen fit plates into the press, feed the press with ink and paper and keep it rolling.

4. **Bindery.** Here men and women fold paper into books and pamphlets, sew the books, put covers on them.

5. **Offset lithography.** This branch of printing uses a different technique from letterpress—the original and still most widely used method. Dot etchers, engravers, photographers in offset lithography perform many specialized tasks calling for a high degree of artistic skill;

the mechanically minded also find a place as platemakers and pressmen.

6. Office and sales. From the office boy to the owner of a printing shop, there are many positions for those who can persuade, organize or lead—the salesmen who sell printing, equipment, supplies; the estimators who calculate in advance how much a complete printing job or bindery job will cost; the reproduction superintendents who oversee the foremen of various departments.

7. Professional. Here are the layout counselors or master typographers who may work independently, selling their skills for a fee; the printing engineers who design plants and machinery; the graphic arts teachers who staff high school and college printing courses.

8. Allied. Here are the many occupations in the growing art of silk-screen printing; the special skills demanded in photogravure, copperplate printing, the technicians of the collotype or photogelatin printing process.

It would make a fat book to name and explain all the occupations in printing. But even in this short list, I think it's clear that printing has a hunger for many different kinds of talent.

What's the demand for these occupations? Is the work steady? Is the pay satisfactory?

Right now in the United States the printing industry gives employment to more than 750,000 men and women. But the industry could use many more heads and hands. The manpower shortage is acute and growing.

A recently published study by the Union Employers Section, Printing Industry of America—a study in which the national trade unions participated—gives one fact alone that highlights the problem. Printing needs almost double the number of apprentices now in training merely to replace the men who will move on before the present class of apprentices is graduated.

The industry is stable. Layoffs and bad times are not to be expected.

"Printing employment," says the United States Department of Labor, "tends to be less affected by declines in general business activity than employment in manufacturing as a whole. Moreover, the long-run trend in employment is upward in most printing occupations."

Printing is also well paid.

What your child can expect to earn in the printing field depends on the particular job he chooses—and to some extent on the community in which he works. Across the nation, the salary range runs from a starting pay of \$32.50 a week for an apprentice to incomes of more

than \$25,000 a year. With more than sixty-five occupations to consider, it is difficult to be more specific. But quoting the United States Government again, there is one strong point that applies to all printing industry salaries:

Regardless of the particular occupation your child chooses—or the community in which he works—his pay in printing will be "better-than-average," compared with the pay for comparable jobs in other industries.

Parents often ask whether printing offers their child an opportunity to go into business for himself. I think it offers a splendid opportunity. Although printing is a big business—it pays out more than a billion dollars a year in salaries—it is an industry of many small plants. Of the 42,500 establishments throughout the nation, more than a third are "one-man" shops. That speaks plainly for the possibility of successful individual enterprise.

Indeed, I could say that the goal of every beginning printer should be to establish a shop of his own.

I don't say that having one's own shop is automatically the way to a fortune—although fortunes can be made in printing. But simply as a way of life the management of a small shop is tremendously satisfying. Years of experience have convinced me that as a worker—or as an employer—printing is the most rewarding, as well as the most exciting and friendliest business in America.

The way into printing has many paths. But the industry needs, above all, men who come to it well educated or willing to become well educated.

Graduation from high school can be sufficient for many who wish to begin their careers in office and sales—and their chance of success is good if their willingness to learn continues strong.

A high school education, plus on-the-job training, can be sufficient for prospective craftsmen such as compositors, lithographers, pressmen, binders and photoengravers. A beginner would go to a shop or plant where the work of his choice is done and there apply for a position as apprentice. If accepted, he is paid as he learns his craft. After serving an apprenticeship of four to six years—the time varies with each craft—he becomes a full-fledged journeyman.

In some large cities graphic art courses are available at the high school level. Along with general high school subjects, courses are given in printers mathematics, printers estimating, applied physics and chemistry, trade drawing, layout and design in printing, and art appreciation. Such courses should be utilized when available.

But for high positions in printing—and above all if your child plans to go into business for himself—he should have a college education. Many printing engineers, production managers and graphic art teachers are graduates of the Printing Department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology or of the Department of Publishing and Printing of the Rochester Institute of Technology. But many go into the printing industry from other colleges after majoring in chemistry, physics, engineering or business administration.

Printing is a universe in itself. Since a printer can be a scholar, artist, businessman or craftsman, the welcome mat is out for a wide range of educational backgrounds.

Does that mean that printing is a career for any child?

No, not at all. Some men ought not to be printers and there is no use trying to make printers of them. These are the men who care nothing for the appearance of a printed page, who do not respond to the heft and feel of a well-bound book, who cannot see the art that has gone into a brilliant poster or attractive illustration.

For success in the printing industry your child must have an interest in printing for its own sake.

But if that interest genuinely exists, I think it no exaggeration to say that if a child is of average intelligence or possesses a high IQ; if he is cooperative or

urged on by the competitive spirit; has a flair for business adventure or a tendency to work best with routine; if he has a "bent" for science, is artistic, or a born manager, there is a job in printing that asks for just his set of qualities. And once such a youngster is working in the trade, the odds are that his interest in printing will ripen into love.

Every printer I know—whether he is in the business side or the production side of the craft—shows his love for printing at every turn; feels his position is important in itself; knows his work has dignity. You may have heard the expression: "I've got printer's ink in my veins." That's more than a boast. That's affection.

None of us in the industry today has reached or ever will likely reach the eminence of Benjamin Franklin—one of the first American printers and a man whose versatility, wit and learning were equaled only by his patriotism. But all of us enter into and understand his love for his profession—a love made obvious many times in his life but never so touchingly as when his life was drawing to a close. Franklin was then Governor of Pennsylvania and had only just returned from Europe, where he had been our Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France. He was 86. The time had come for him to draw up his last will and testament. How would he, this famous man, identify himself? Proudly, the preamble to his will begins:

"I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer . . ."



## HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

*Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

*Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.*

*Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.*

### Booklets available on many careers

*This article on the Printing Industry is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking and Home Economics. Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

## NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company

51 Madison Ave., Dept. 19-C, New York 10, N. Y.

*The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know*  
Copyright 1956, New York Life Insurance Company



One of the greatest advantages the Printing Industry offers as a career is the tremendous variety of human skills—specialized as well as administrative—it utilizes. Above, a printing plant's supervisory staff checks daily production schedules on a control board.

THE NINETEENTH OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE



Nothing so good...



for good company!



Whether they're biting or not, any fishing trip is a success if there's a good supply of Carling's Black Label Beer. Its light, dry flavor (wonderful with fish!) is the tip-off to its top quality. Yet there's no premium on Black Label... it sells at the popular price. That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day more people say...

Hey, Mabel-  
Black  
Label!



THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING  
CARLING BREWING CO., CLEVELAND, O., ST. LOUIS, MO., BELLEVILLE, ILL.

# 48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The sheriff of Wichita County, Texas, Mr. Weldon Bailey, has vowed to put a definite stop to dope addiction in his domain. A laudable action, if we ever heard of one. But Sheriff Bailey's first step was to ban pianos and piano playing in all taverns; says piano playing makes hopheads of players and folks within earshot. Musicians' union looking around for a reliable lawyer.

\*\*\*

Seems that no matter how hard the government tries, its most sacred secrets spring a leak. Even such proven patriots as Mr. Palmer Hoyt, editor of the Denver Post, is guilty. To an amazed audience Mr. Hoyt said recently that government officials who suppress and censor news do so because they don't want the public to discover their blunders. Naturally, Pravda promptly spread that all over its front page.

\*\*\*

Our informant, who naturally doesn't want his name mentioned, doesn't say where in Oklahoma this happened. Nevertheless, the church's congregation decided to boost the preacher's pay. (We nearly called it salary.) But the good man refused. Said that he was already having trouble raising what they were already paying him.

\*\*\*

Mr. Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, dropped in to talk about some new automobiles he'd been ogling. Mr. Greenlegg just can't get over the built-in automation of the



IRWIN CAPLAN

latest ones. "No bother about shifting gears or anything any more," he said. "Why, they've got some down there that even shift the blame."

\*\*\*

The machine said that she weighed a trifle more than one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. And if you don't know what she said when she stepped down, we will be very glad to let Mr. George Leomen, of Santa Clara, California, tell you. She said: "Well, what do you know about those lying scales? It says there on the chart that I'm five inches too short."

\*\*\*

In San Francisco this cop saw and heard a truck driver whistle at a lady driver who was blocking traffic. The

cop asked the truck driver why he hadn't honked. "With women you can honk your horn until your wrist breaks," said the truck driver, "and they won't even look up. But I've never yet seen a dame who won't pay attention to a wolf whistle."

\*\*\*

Our Crime Special this week concerns a fellow who was sentenced in Columbus, Ohio, to two life terms in



the pen and an assortment of other prison terms varying from 17 to 85 years. Before being led away to start serving this impressive stretch, he asked for a new trial. The reason: "One lawyer wasn't enough to defend me against so many charges."

\*\*\*

To assist you in the months ahead comes Mr. J. W. Trimble, member of Congress from Berryville, Arkansas. Watch carefully the campaign orator's eyes, he advises. Are they direct or furtive? Does your spellbinder make sweeping gestures with his arms? If he does, beware. And, Mr. Trimble goes on, note particularly his lips. "If they're moving," he says, "he's lying."

\*\*\*

From a gentleman named Mr. Odd Stromberg, in La Crosse, Wisconsin, we receive a letter reproving us for neglecting to give you samples of Swedish humor. Naturally we'd be glad to. In fact, we do so this minute and thank Mr. Stromberg in the name of all of us for this rib-cracking sample: "Ibland känner vi oss frusna och olustiga. Även en gladlynt människa har sina mörka stunder. Då är man tacksam för en värmande läga." This, Mr. Stromberg says, actually happened in Oskarshamn mit Vaxjo. And not long ago, either.

\*\*\*

This is merely to notify all persons planning to organize a group to do something about something that it will be a waste of time to invite Mr. George Zebulon. He won't join. From Spokane, Washington, Mr. Zebulon wishes it understood he has already subscribed to 13 such organizations, 10 of which, he says, have all but forgotten what they originally had organized to do. "Besides," says he, "everybody's so busy organizing to do something that they don't have time to do it."

Why **TEXACO SKY CHIEF** gasoline is the finest . . .



**1 PETROX** — Texaco's exclusive petroleum-base element. Cuts wear! Adds up to 60% longer engine life! Gives you *more miles per gallon!*

**2 TOP OCTANE.** The highest octane Texaco Sky Chief gasoline of all time. Gives you all the *knock-free power* your engine can deliver!

**100% CLIMATE-CONTROLLED.** Only TEXACO gasolines are *specially* blended for *specific* altitudes and climates, and available in all 48 states. It's your exclusive guarantee of faster starts, warm-ups and getaways; freedom from stalling. You get top performance wherever you fill 'er up! Only Texaco Sky Chief gives you *1-2-3 power!*



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IN ALL 48 STATES

*Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America*

TUNE IN . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER starring JIMMY DURANTE on television, Saturday nights, NBC . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA radio broadcasts on Saturday afternoons, ABC.



# WARNING!



Today's high-powered engines need frequent spark plug checks to prevent dilution of oil

## Don't change to summer oil without a spark plug check!

*If you haven't checked your plugs in the last 5000 miles, they may be misfiring – and will dilute your new oil with gasoline.*

Do you realize that every time a spark plug misses, raw gasoline remains in the cylinder and drains into your crankcase?

This thins the oil so it can't properly protect costly engine parts . . . and may put you in line for a big repair bill.

So replace your winter-worn plugs with new 5-rib Champions *before you change to summer-grade oil!* Whatever make or model car you drive, new full-firing Champions will protect your oil from dilution. What's more – they'll give you quicker starts, greater horsepower – and more miles per gallon of gasoline.

Ask your serviceman to check your spark plugs today. If you need new ones, insist on 5-rib Champions – the finest money can buy.

To get all the power you paid for . . . drive in where you see this sign



Collier's  
March 30, 1956

The turf's most successful team today—Nashua, "the horse," and the man who has been his trainer all his four-year life, James E. Fitzsimmons, "Mister Fitz"



A visit  
with

# Mr. FITZ and NASHUA

By JOHN McNULTY

*Long, serene days with a calm old man teaching a million-dollar horse the business he's on earth for—to be crazy to run, to run till "the other guy" quits*

IT WAS MODERATELY EARLY, about ten past, quarter past seven on a smartly chilly morning, and three of us were standing in front of a horse in Stall 45, Barn A, at the Hialeah Racetrack in Florida. The three of us were:

(1) Mr. James E. Fitzsimmons, eighty-one-year-old race-horse trainer, and probably the best man at his trade in the United States. However, "best" and all other superlatives are doled out only with the utmost caution at the race track.

(2) Alfred Robertson, forty-seven-year-old groom, who has been in the employ of Mr. Fitzsimmons since 1927, with the exception of a couple of years when he was doing a hitch with the Coast Guard—and even then he was riding horses on patrol on islands near Cape Hatteras.

(3) Myself—a reporter and aging horse player on a small scale. I love horses but I am not a horse lover, because as James G. Thurber, the writer, says: a horse lover is one horse who loves another horse.

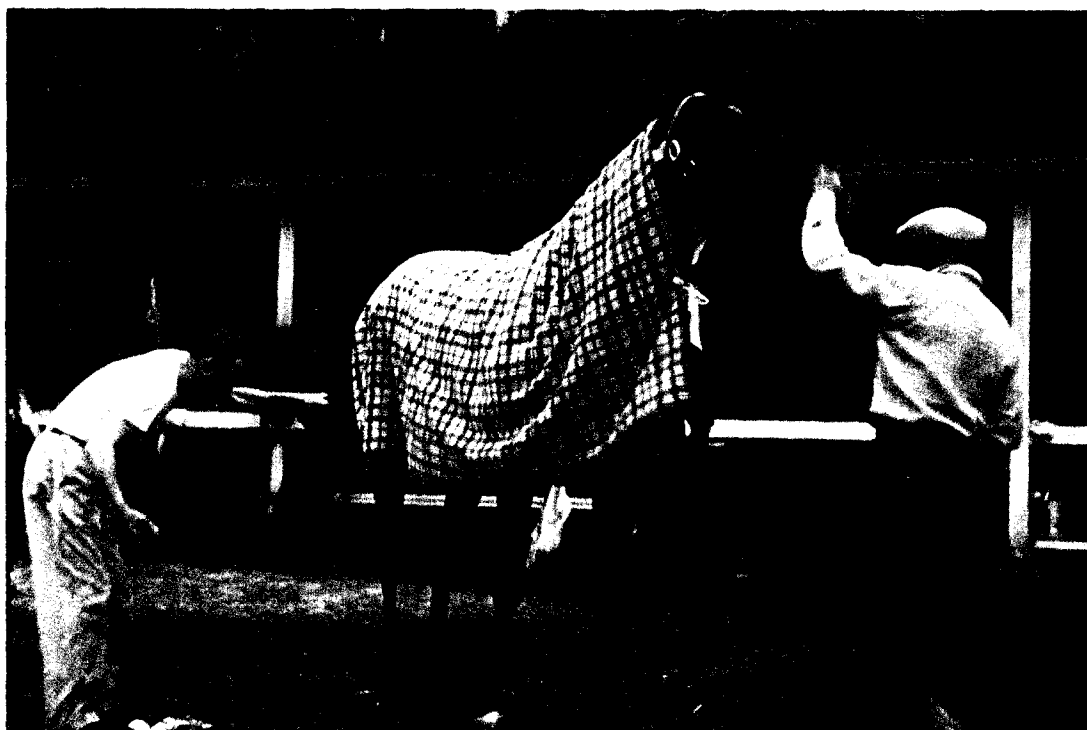
The horse in the stall, a big, strong bay with nervously alert ears and a

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STAN WAYMAN





Rain drives Mr. Fitz from his "place" at the rail to the grandstand



After the workout—Al Robertson and Bill McCleary cool Nashua off



Susie, "a fox terrier in the old days," pays a visit to Robertson and friend



Mr. Fitz and his son Johnny check the jockey silks of Leslie Combs's stables

*"Give me 25 more years and I'll have a pretty good holt on the horse-training business," says 81-year-old James Fitzsimmons, who makes \$100,000 a year at his trade*

tiny star and a tiny trickle of a blaze a little way down his nose, was Nashua, who on December 15th last was sold to Leslie Combs II, of Lexington, Kentucky, and six other men for \$1,251,200. This is the equivalent of 625,600 bets of two dollars each, enough to last any horse player, no matter how devout he is, pretty near a lifetime.

Mr. Fitzsimmons, who hereinafter shall be called "Mister Fitz" because that is what he is most respectfully called wherever racing people gather, was there because he is the trainer of Nashua, and has been all Nashua's life, which is now in its fourth year. Robertson, who hereinafter shall be called "Al," was there because he is Nashua's personal groom, who is with Nashua all day long. The horse is never alone. Another man, Jim Driscoll, stays by his stall all night.

I was there because on the day Nashua's sale was announced I said to the delicatessen man on my corner in New York, "It must be a terrible responsibility to have charge of a horse worth more than \$300,000 a leg. Anything could happen." I wondered what it would be like to be around him and his family—of humans, that is—and I arranged to go down to Florida and try to find out.

"How's he acting, Al?" asked Mister Fitz.

"He's doing real good," said Al. "He slept good and he ate good, and a little while ago when I was bandaging his legs for his gallop, why, he leaned over and took my hat off and waved it around in his teeth, just for the pure hell of it, Mister Fitz. He's beginning to feel real good, after the farm. He got lonesome for the race track out on the farm, like the rest of us."

"He's playful," Mister Fitz told me. "But sometimes his idea of having fun is r'arin' up in his stall and that ain't good. Dangerous."

STROLLING UP TO US came a dog who, Al said, was Susie. She is a small, old, round, black-and-white dog who used to be a fox terrier in the old days, and she comes over from the barn of Alfred G. Vanderbilt to get bones Al brings to her from the trailer where he lives. There is plenty to eat at Vanderbilt's, but Susie has taken a fancy to Nashua, and Nashua to Susie, and so she comes over. The horse arched his neck and leaned over, so Al opened the half door to let Nashua nuzzle Susie's back with his nose.

Mister Fitz stroked Nashua's nose and said, "I got twenty-three other horses here to train. I got to go out with a set now."

At the race track, a "set" is a group of horses, usually four to eight, going out on the track for exercise under the supervision of one trainer.

Mister Fitz walked away toward his car and the track itself. He walks with considerable difficulty, but with a remarkable agility and determination, sometimes using one aluminum crutch. Arthritis has practically immobilized the upper part of his spine, pushing his head down and forward, so that his posture, walking or standing, is a most awkward one.

As Mister Fitz moved away, John Fitzsimmons came along, with a newly opened letter in his hand. John, who hereinafter shall be called Johnny Fitz, is sixty-two, one of Mister Fitz's six children, five sons and a daughter, and it is Johnny Fitz who takes care of the voluminous paper work of the stable.

"Hey, Pop!" Johnny Fitz yelled. "More fan mail for the horse!" (Hereinafter Nashua will mostly be known as "the horse" because that's how his human family refers to him.)

Mister Fitz stopped and turned his whole body round to look at Johnny Fitz. The arthritis makes it impossible for him to turn his neck. He took the letter Johnny gave him. Mister Fitz's clear, young, blue eyes shone and he smiled happily as he read the letter. He handed the letter to me.

"All these years, must be sixty years I'm training, I never had nice little kids write to me before about one of my horses!" he said. "Some of them write right to the horse himself. He gets letters every day, doesn't he, Johnny?"

The letter was from a fourteen-year-old girl from Wyoming, a girl with the uncommonly beautiful name of Milady Suppes. She was staying with her folks at nearby Pompano Beach. Her last paragraph said:

"If you could find time to answer this letter and tell me if I can come to the barn and when it would be o.k. to see Nashua, that would be just fine. I really would like to pet him if I could, but if it's against any rules or regulations, I would be satisfied just to stand there and look for awhile."

"Write to that little girl, Johnny," Mister Fitz said to his son. "Tell her she can come over and see the horse."

Mister Fitz hustled away in his laborious but (Continued on page 58)

Collier's for March 30, 1956



In the stables' shade, after a gallop . . .



The horse is toweled, brushed, "made comfortable" . . .



"Take a real hot day, he'll drink about 15 gallons . . ."



Robertson sponges and (below) shares the day's last laugh







Soaring into the sunset over darkening village square of El Vellon, lithe-limbed Teresa del Rio treats townsfolk to an unexpected display of ballet leaps



While villagers wait for dance to resume, Teresa pauses at doorway for a glass of water



A farm girl imitates the ballerina as Teresa turns the pole of hay wagon into practice bar

# at *Twilight*



As Persian princess, Teresa becomes the film bride of Alexander the Great

*In a little Spanish town, a talented cutie from Cádiz turns from Alexander the Great's bride into a vision of dancing beauty to bewitch hard-working villagers*

WHEN the ballerina came whirling through the twilight into the tiny Madrid suburb of El Vellon (pop. 834), farmers faltered in their furrows, children ran after her, horsemen hollered. All knew the dancing vision was connected in some way with the filming of *Alexander the Great*. For ever since the American company had come to make "*Alejandro el Grande*," there were near miracles in the air. Overnight, on the hill overlooking the town, a Persian palace had risen, glistening white. Daily, in the fields, armies of bearded soldiers fought and fell and rose to fall again while cameras whirled. And now a dancer in a tutu!

The dancer was nineteen-year-old Teresa del Rio (born María Teresa del Rio Martinez del Cerro), a diplomat's daughter from Cádiz. Raven-haired, Madonna-faced and sultry, Teresa learned English in Ireland, ballet in London, and Hollywood methods on a Madrid dance floor, where a casting director cut in on her to offer a screen test. Next day, producer-director Robert Rossen picked her to play the Persian princess Roxane, whom Alexander marries.

Struck by the awed looks of villagers watching the film being made, Teresa one day decided on impulse to entertain them in her own way. She doffed her film robes, donned a ballet costume, and danced through El Vellon. To her delight, as dusk ended the impromptu performance, an old village woman called out: "*Niña muy encantada* (a very enchanted girl)."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE COOK



Teresa on toe nearly stops Spanish cavalry in its tracks



Her dance ended, Teresa is followed like a pied piper by the tots of El Vellon



# “DO INCOME-TAX EXEMPTIONS MAKE SENSE?”

By STANLEY S. SURREY

*No! Special privileges tend to undermine the system, this expert argues. And he says taxes would drop for the many if we wipe out preferential rates for the few*

**T**HE American taxpayer is a lucky man. Given the necessity of paying federal taxes, he pays them in the fairest possible way—on the basis of his income.

Because the policy of relying on income taxes compares so favorably with any other yet devised for the financing of government, we all have a stake in protecting it and keeping it strong.

Yet this policy is being jeopardized by a trend that, unarrested, could ruin it. And ruin would mean that the fairest form of taxation would have to be replaced—by another less fair.

The theory—and the strength—of our income tax is that each man pays in terms of what he makes. If he makes what another man makes, he pays what the other man pays. If he makes more, he pays more.

But recent practice has strayed dangerously far from this theory. The United States Congress is itself creating ways for certain people to escape the very taxes it imposes. So persistent has this practice become that Congress and the country must now awaken to these consequences.

As special favors are granted, the income-tax system becomes unfair, and thus loses respect. As it loses respect, it loses effectiveness, until finally it does not work at all. Here is why:

From personal incomes, the federal government today takes income taxes of \$32,000,000,000. No matter what arrangement is made as to who pays how much, the government must get that \$32,000,000,000 to pay its present bills. If someone, somehow, escapes his burden, or even a portion of it, someone else must pay up for him. Every time Congress exempts a special group from the income tax, or a portion of it, the tax load becomes heavier for the rest of us.

Already a number of individuals have been shorn almost completely of their tax burden.

Already this trend is producing a deterioration in our tax morals and a psychology of contempt for our tax laws.

Already groups sophisticated in money matters are beginning to say, “Why pay high taxes when we can go to Washington and have our congressman change the law for us?” As this attitude flourishes, taxpaying becomes a game of lobbying.

When some taxpayers receive favors from Washington, others are going to expect favors, too. Failing as lobbyists, they will seek out experts who, through the adroit use of gimmicks, can ease them into tax shelters created by Congress with other groups in mind. And many an American taxpayer, angered by Congressional favoritism, will indulge in a bit of self-help as he makes out his return each year.

Our income-tax system rests to a great extent on the voluntary compliance of the taxpayers. Without honesty, enforcement becomes a vast impossibility. Without high taxpayer morale, the United States tax system is without value. Yet it is this very morale that is now being threatened.

How did such a system—where the concept of fairness is so basic to success—suddenly find itself becoming unfair, and in danger of failure?

The answer hangs on one fact: Ever since it adopted tax rates rising all the way to 91 per cent, Congress has been acting as though possessed by an uneasy conscience.

A recent Harvard Business School study indicates what has been happening. According to the tax tables, anyone who makes \$1,000,000 or more a year pays an over-all tax of 87 per cent. There are many millionaires in the United States, yet figures indicate that few of them pay taxes at the rate of 87 per cent on their total incomes. The study shows that the average over-all tax paid by our wealthiest groups is less than 50 per cent!

A Congressional hearing disclosed that one individual with a total income of \$14,000,000 from 1943 through 1947 paid taxes of only \$80,000 over that period—a rate of less than 0.6 per cent.

Ten other individuals, with a combined income of \$62,000,000 during the same period paid a total of only \$14,000,000 in taxes—an average rate of 22.5 per cent for the group.

Each of these individuals simply took advantage of special provisions in the tax laws. Yet all of them, according to the tax tables, had sufficient income to be taxed above 90 per cent for those years.

Here is a clear illustration of our current income-tax schizophrenia. In one moment, Congress sets high rates. In the next, it creates ways to escape those rates. Obviously, Congress must believe that the very rates it has created are too high. So, often when a special group vigorously complains about them, Congress listens sympathetically and almost every time grants the group relief.

Let us assume that each time Congress enacts a measure granting relief, it does so in the conviction that it is correcting an injustice. The trouble is that Congress is not reducing the tax for everyone, but only for those with sufficient pressures and skills to make their case appealing. Others whose problems are different in detail but just as acute—for everyone has problems under high taxes—get no relief at all.

An income tax is not the kind of tax that can tolerate many distinctions among persons of the same income group. Its basic principle is that a person with so many dollars of income is treated the same as any other person with the same amount of income. Arguments which seek to make distinctions among dollars that are earned from oil or dividends or salaries or interest are not—and should not be—sufficiently persuasive to produce a different tax for each.

Yet look at the numerous ways in which Congress has already made such distinctions:

A single person with a salary of \$100,000 a year pays a tax of \$65,928.

A single person with an income of \$100,000 a year from oil royalties pays a tax of \$42,829.

A single person with an income of \$100,000 a year from the sale of stock-market investments held more than six months pays a tax of \$25,000.

A single person with an annual income of \$100,000 a year from interest on state or municipal bonds pays no tax at all.

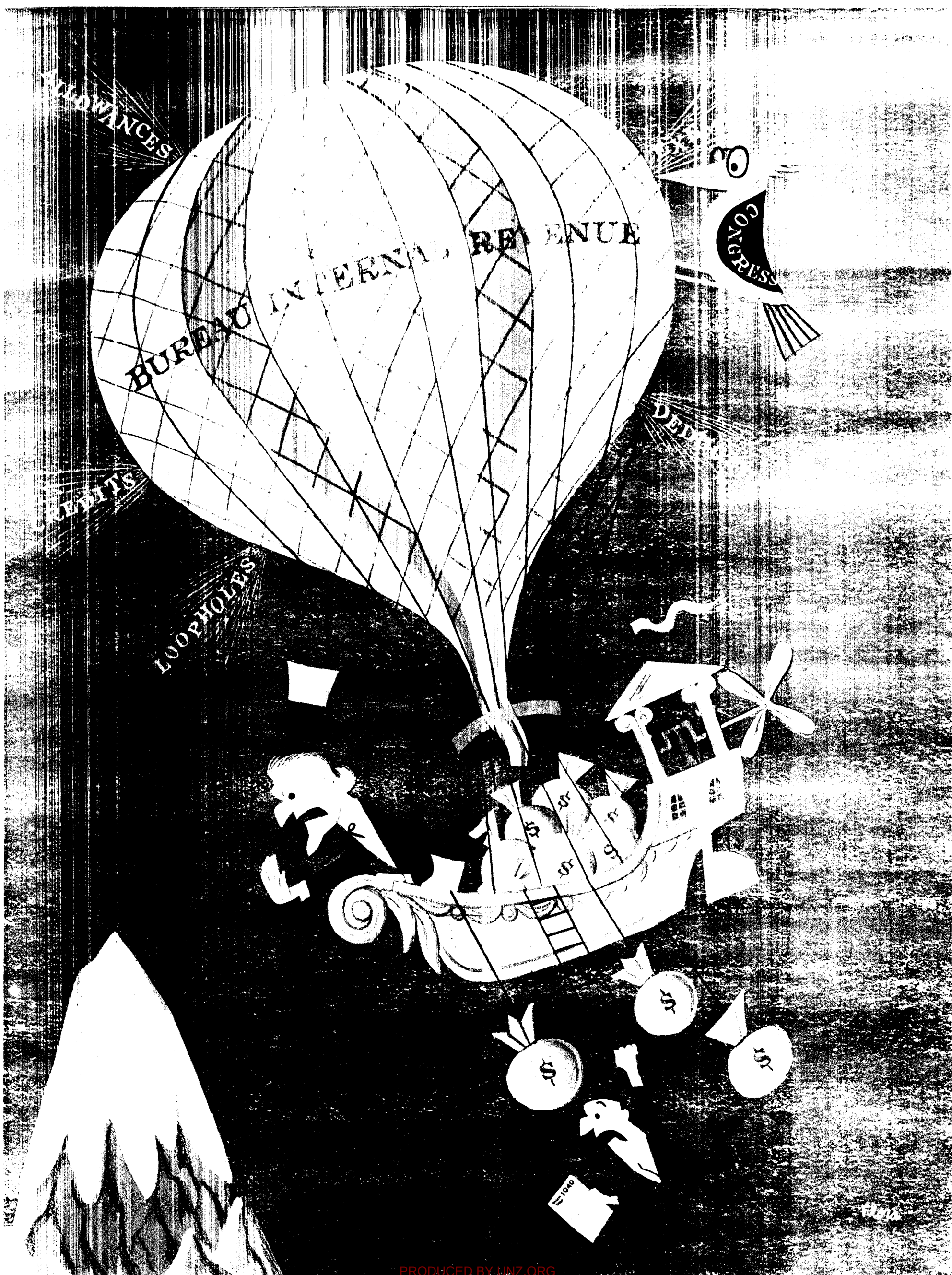
Only the salaried person pays the tax at the rate prescribed in the tax tables—65.9 per cent. The others pay in accordance with Congressionally sanctioned exceptions to that table.

The holder of state and municipal bonds pays nothing, because Congress has exempted from taxation the interest received on those bonds. The stock-market investor pays at the rate of 25 per cent on his profit, because Congress has established that “capital gains” shall be taxed at that rate, and no more. The holder of oil royalties pays under a law that first permits him to pocket 27.5 per cent of his royalties before figuring his tax. His \$100,000 of oil royalties thus becomes \$72,500 for tax purposes. If his royalties are from uranium, he may subtract 23 per cent of those royalties, and if from a host of other minerals, 15 per cent. Oil-property investors may also deduct about 80 per cent of the cost of drilling a new well—even though the well may be an income-producing success.

These preferments are quite different from personal and family exemp-

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES FLORA







*"The strongest objection to special exemptions is that when Congress grants one favor, it is encouraged to grant another and still another until the basic fabric of our tax system begins to unravel"*

tions which make tax laws easier to administer and which recognize the subsistence needs of the lowest income groups.

There was a time when the practice of granting special tax favors was confined largely to the upper income-tax groups. But now Congress has begun to play favorites among the lower income groups. For instance:

Persons over sixty-five are allowed two exemptions of \$600 each, instead of the one to which we are all entitled.

Retired persons over sixty-five, in addition to \$1,200 of exemptions, need not pay tax on a second \$1,200 of their income.

CONGRESS MAY WELL have been acting from its heart when it granted these tax shelters for elderly persons. But many retired persons also have dividend income from stock investments, and dividends are themselves partially sheltered.

The total effect is to permit some retired couples over sixty-five to be free of taxes up to \$6,100 yearly.

What of the young married couple with a salary income of \$6,100 a year? Their \$6,100 buys no more than that of the elderly couple. Yet the young couple must give \$864 of their \$6,100 to the government.

So lenient has Congress become in granting favors to special groups that it has adopted preferences which are sometimes hard to fathom.

An author's royalties are taxed as ordinary income, just like salaries. If the royalties are sizable, so is the tax. But an inventor never pays more than 25 per cent on his royalties, no matter what their size, because they are classified by Congress as "capital gains." Both forms of royalties are the result of creative talent and personal effort, yet when it comes to taxes they are judged unequally by Congress.

Another distinction by Congress is in the field of rewards for top executives. This distinction has made a method known as the "executive stock option" an extremely fashionable one in recent years. It works like this: the company tells the executive that at any time in the next five years he may purchase a certain amount of its stock at a fixed price. Let us say that the stock is now selling at \$100 a share. The company gives the executive an option to buy 2,000 shares at \$95 a share. If the executive buys right

away, he makes \$10,000. But assuming he waits and the stock improves to 145 and he then buys, the executive makes \$100,000.

Why doesn't the company simply reward its executive with an outright \$100,000 bonus? The tax distinction explains why. The outright bonus would be taxed along with salary at the regular high rates of tax, and the executive would pay anywhere from 70 to 90 per cent of it in taxes. But if the \$100,000 comes from a stock option, the tax rate is only 25 per cent, and the executive saves anywhere from \$45,000 to \$65,000.

By comparison, this 25 per cent tax paid by the executive on his \$100,000 stock option profit is one per cent less than the 26 per cent rate an unmarried clerk making \$5,100 a year pays on a bonus of \$100.

And corporations also seek to soften the impact of high rates on their executives by sending them on vacations at company expense—calling it business. Or by maintaining yachts, airplanes and vacation lodges which the corporations write off to business and which their executives use for pleasure.

Many believe that the success of our economic system is linked to the rewards it can offer the men who work or risk their money. The smaller the reward—a reward shriveled by taxes, for example—the less the urge to work and to invest. Thus, when there are high taxes, many feel that a special lower tax for income from oil wells is necessary to induce investors to allocate their money for oil exploration. Likewise, it is felt, a tax concession on dividend income and a low capital-gains tax is needed to stimulate investment. Stock options—with their benefits taxed at special low rates—are urged as a desirable method of providing executives with a more direct interest in the success of their corporation.

Knowing as little as we do about the long-run effects of high tax rates, we must recognize that high tax rates might have an adverse effect on work and investment. We must remember that while our present remarkable level of prosperity was achieved under such high rates, it was also achieved under a tax system in which investors, by holding their stocks six months, paid only a 25 per cent tax on their gains.

And yet, no one can say flatly what the "privileged" taxpayer would have done if he had been required to pay the same taxes as everyone else; and as a result, we don't really know whether the tax concessions are really as vital as claimed. Further, what yardstick can one use in choosing among enterprises and industries to determine which is more valuable for the country and should therefore be given a preferential tax break?

ARGUMENTS FOR SPECIAL PRIVILEGE based on the belief that incentive will be harmed are inconclusive and difficult to weigh. Many a group pressing for a tax break is simply dressing up in high-flown economic terms the dislike for high taxes that we all share. And the need for fairness—for treating equal incomes equally—is so vital under our tax system that if a particular industry is really in need of governmental aid, a direct grant or subsidy, wholly apart from the income tax, is the more appropriate method of furnishing that aid.

Other tax privileges are defended as necessary for relief against hardship, as in the case of the aged. But here also an income-tax concession is not the fair way to relieve hardship. The greatest benefits of such deductions go to people with the most taxable income. But if the hardship is suffered by those whose income is low, the special deduction offers insufficient aid.

The strongest objection to special exemptions, however, is that when Congress grants one favor, it is encouraged to grant another and still another until the basic fabric of our tax system begins to unravel.

The extent to which taxpayer cynicism has developed as a consequence of special Congressional legislation was illustrated not long ago in a federal courtroom. A woman was being cross-examined in connection with a partnership set up by her husband to include not only herself but their small children as well. Under the law, a partnership group pays a lower over-all tax than a sole proprietorship.

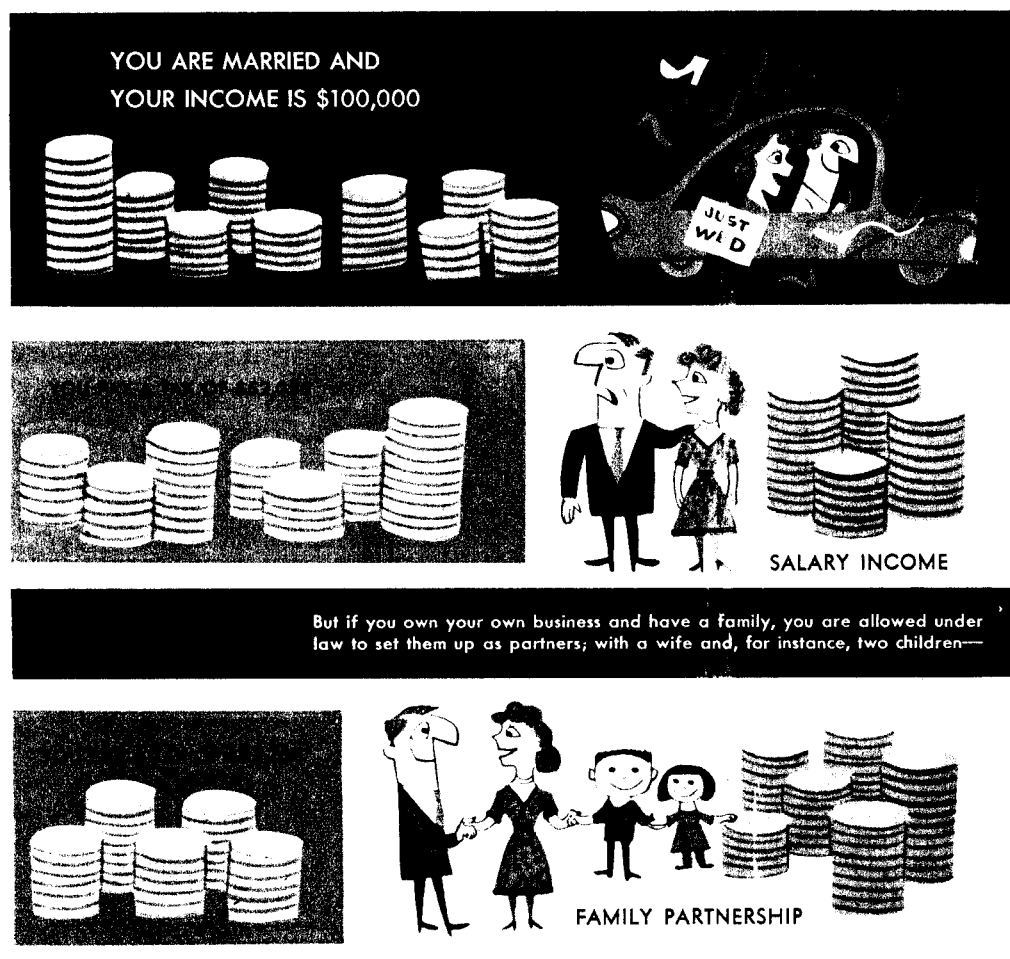
"Now," the prosecutor asked the wife, "do you participate in the management of the business?"

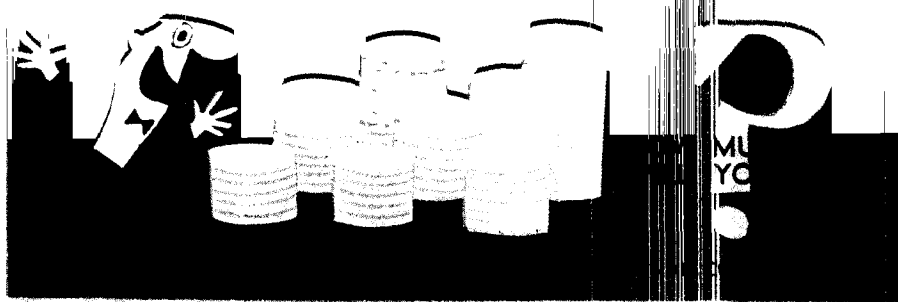
Well, no, the wife replied. She had been too busy recently to participate.

"Too busy doing what?" the prosecutor demanded.

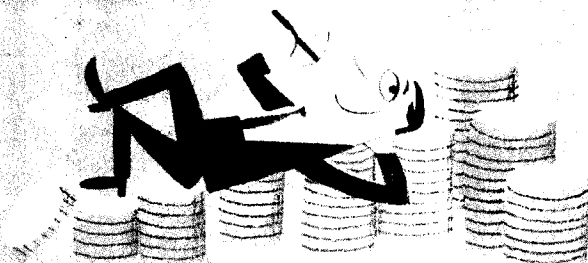
"Producing partners," the wife said.

Congress should call a halt to this income-tax schizophrenia. If it really thinks that very high tax rates are needed in the upper brackets, then it should apply the rates to all in that class. But if, as it appears, Congress really believes that those high rates impair incentives to work and invest,

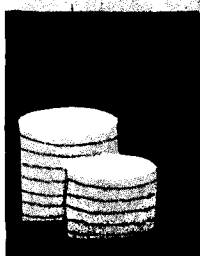




STATE AND  
MUNICIPAL BONDS,  
YOU PAY NO TAX



LONG-TERM CAPITAL GAINS, YOU PAY \$25,000



OR ROYALTIES, YOU PAY \$42,849



A STRAIGHT SALARY, YOU PAY \$65,928



then it should lower those rates for all—equally. This reform should be accomplished directly in the tax tables, and not through the addition of still more escape routes for favored groups.

Let Congress, then, lower the top rates of tax from 91 per cent to 60 or 65 per cent. But at the same time it lowers the rates, let it wipe out the existing tax shelters. And then let it stick to the new rates and resist all further requests for special tax relief, no matter how strong the pressures.

The results would be quite startling.

Rather than losing money, the government would be money ahead. If the top rates were reduced to 60 per cent, the revenue loss, according to Treasury Department figures, would be \$461,000,000; if top rates were reduced to 65 per cent, the loss would be \$314,000,000. Revenues now lost because of tax shelters erected by Congress against high rates easily exceed either figure.

If the government then overhauled the *whole* tax shelter system, it would find itself in possession of so much new revenue that it could cut all present tax rates by a considerable margin.

To put the case in its extreme form: If Congress were to eliminate all present departures from the basic rate table, all of the various exemptions of special items, and all of the deductions for personal, nonbusiness expenses, then the income-tax revenues from individuals would rise from \$32,000,000,000 to at least \$46,000,000,000. Since the government now needs only \$32,000,000,000 from individual income taxes it could therefore cut all existing income-tax rates by *about one third*.

While it may be too difficult after all these years to change *all* of these special treatment provisions today, the decrease in rates if only a few were changed would still be quite startling.

Collier's for March 30, 1956

Stanley S. Surrey was tax legislative counsel to the U.S. Treasury Department from 1942-'47, and special counsel to the House subcommittee whose investigation of the Internal Revenue Bureau unearthed the tax scandals of 1951-'52. He is the co-editor of two books on taxation. From 1947 to 1950, Surrey was a professor of law at the University of California. Since 1950 he has been on the faculty of the Harvard Law School



Suppose that Congress were to eliminate the exemption on state and municipal bond interest, much of the preferential treatment of capital gains, the special treatment of oil investors, the dividend and retirement credits, the deductions for interest on personal debts, state and local sales taxes and for real-estate taxes on nonbusiness property. The total tax yield would increase by \$3,000,000,000; therefore Congress, in addition to lowering top rates, could lower all rates sufficiently to save every taxpayer at least \$50 a year.

Can this be done? Would it be political suicide for any congressman to take the first step and vote to lower directly the rates of tax on our wealthiest citizens?

Certainly there are political overtones in the history of income-tax rates in the United States. In 1913, when the Sixteenth Amendment authorized the federal government to levy taxes on incomes, the rate on the highest incomes was placed at 6 per cent. As recently as 1932 that top rate was only 25 per cent. Then, in the 1930s, the rate skyrocketed to 79 per cent, first because there was a great need for revenues, and second because the extremes of wealth and poverty created by the depression and accentuated by the general atmosphere of the New Deal generated pressures that could permit no other action. But the income tax was still a tax on the privileged classes—it affected only 4,000,000 taxpayers in 1939. When World War II came, the income tax spread from the country-club district down to the railroad tracks, and then to the other side. By 1945, it covered 43,000,000 taxpayers, and its rates started at 23 per cent and rose to 94 per cent. The Korean war and defense expenditures have kept the tax at high levels ever since.

APPARENTLY CONGRESS HAS FELT that the only way it could justify the high rate for the mass of voters affected by the tax was to preserve at the same time the fantastically high rates in the top brackets. But out of sympathy for people paying those fantastic top-bracket rates, Congress has time and again granted exceptions.

Thus the congressman can be friends with everyone. He can prove to labor that he favors high rates of tax on the wealthy by pointing to the tax tables he has supported with their awesome ceilings of 91 per cent. At the same time, he can respond to special pressures by voting for the complex technical jargon that the people don't read but which transforms the 91 per cent bracket to 25 per cent for this select group or that particular taxpayer.

Compromise is the life of politics, and a congressman must live that life. And compromise he will, so long as he believes that any open, direct reduction of the top income-tax rates would result in political reprisals.

But *would* labor protest strongly against tax reduction for the privileged —thereby making the needed reform impossible? Or would labor realize that these high rates are steadily bringing the entire income tax into disrepute through legislative cynicism, administrative inability to enforce those rates and increasing taxpayer tendency to cut corners? Would not labor understand that the alternative to a hopelessly weakened income-tax system is a federal sales tax on consumer goods that would hurt its own members more than it hurts the wealthy?

In its simplest form—whether labor would agree or not—the argument against the present top rates comes down to this: tax rates are too high if Congress believes they are too high and will not enforce them. And if Congress, instead of enforcing these rates, permits them to be tunneled through, the entire system is menaced. If Congress stops granting privileges, we all someday may be able to enjoy appreciably lower tax rates. If Congress does not, that day may never come.

Only when we have lower tax rates will we be rid of the special privileges and tax dodging that high rates create.

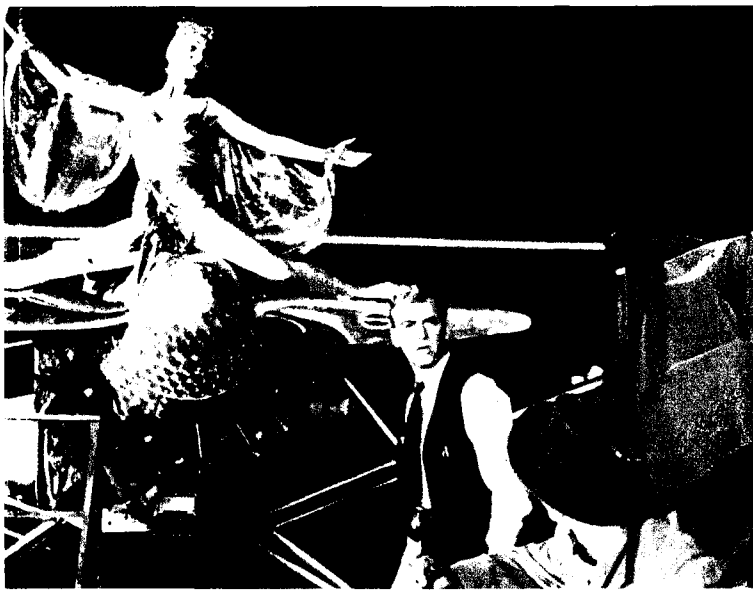
Only when we have lower tax rates will management and investors be free to make decisions on the basis of business factors and not of tax lures.

The cost of government must be met by taxes, and we must pay those taxes. As long as the load is distributed fairly, we will. But when the load shifts to one side, look out.

The overriding consideration is that our tax system must be kept fair. Let us give Congress the strength to resist political pressures for favoritism by supporting a tax law that permits no favorites. Only in this way will our taxes be kept sensible.

THE END





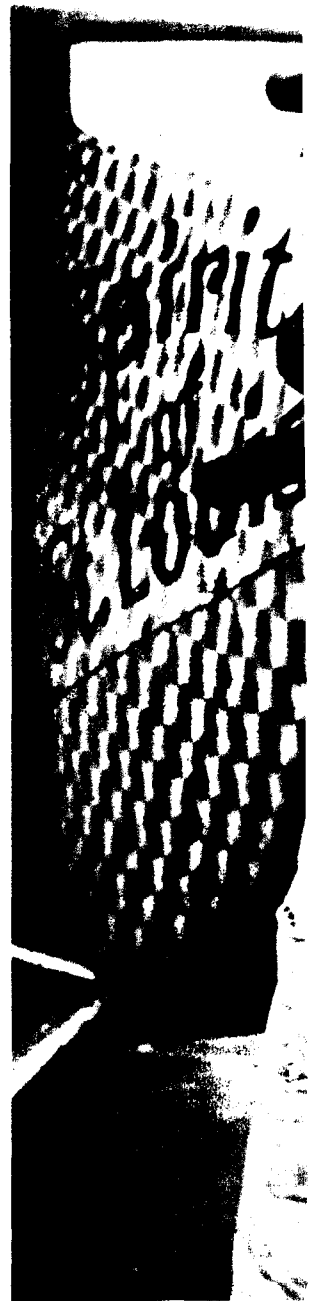
A fictional touch (at left) added to film, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, shows dancer (Sheila Bond) posed on the plane for publicity photos. Lindbergh refused to permit stunt on eve of real flight, but okayed use of it in film version to add some sex appeal to factual record



Hazards of pioneer aviation are dramatized when Stewart as Lindbergh is forced to bail out (above) in blizzard while flying Midwest mail route. (At right) Lindbergh's ancient Jenny boils over and begins to fall apart just after he lands at Brook Field, Texas, to receive his Army Air Force appointment



SANFORD H. ROTH



# LUCKY TO BE LINDY

By JAMES STEWART  
with JOSEPH LAITIN

WHO'S Lindbergh? And what's the Spirit of St. Louis?" That's what my ten-year-old boy asked me when I came home with the news that I was going to play Lindbergh. It was a jolt to realize that a whole new generation was growing up that had never heard of him.

When Charles A. Lindbergh electrified the world with his flight from New York to Paris in 1927, I was in my teens and I like to think I was one of his first all-out supporters and admirers. So when producer Leland Hayward asked me to play Lindbergh in *The Spirit of St. Louis*, I didn't ask for details. I simply said: "When do we start shooting?"

I first saw Lindbergh's picture in the local newspaper of my home town, Indiana, Pennsylvania. The caption merely said he planned to fly the Atlantic alone in a single-engined plane. That clipping was the beginning of my Lindbergh scrapbook. When I was laid low with scarlet fever, I combed the newspapers day after day for more details. Then I carved out a model of the Spirit of St. Louis and asked my father for a large piece of beaverboard.

I drew on it a map of the North Atlantic. On one side I crayoned a silhouette of the Woolworth Building, to symbolize New York, and in Europe I drew the Eiffel Tower, to identify Paris. Then I bent the beaverboard in a semicircle to show the curvature of the earth, and tacked the model of Lindbergh's plane over the drawing of the Woolworth Building.

I had carefully charted the course Lindbergh had said he would take, figured his speed, and where he would be every hour during his flight. The day before he took off, I got out of bed and went down to my father's store, cleared out the window, and put the map on display with an announcement saying the Spirit of St. Louis would be placed in Lindbergh's approximate position every hour during the flight.

Collier's for March 30, 1956



Looking remarkably like the real Lindy, Jimmy Stewart as Lindy (in helmet) matches the famed flier's pose in front of the Spirit of St. Louis (photos at left). Plane in film is exact copy of the historic craft. (Below) On landing in Paris after the 33½-hour flight, Stewart as Lindy crumples from exhaustion while wild crowd acclaims the Lone Eagle and hoists him on shoulders



From the moment he took off from New York and landed in Paris 33½ hours later, I don't think I got any more sleep than Lindbergh did. Lindbergh's problem was staying awake; mine was staying asleep that Friday night while he was unreported over the Atlantic between Newfoundland and Ireland.

I was at my father's store at dawn on Saturday and moved the plane to the southern tip of Ireland, where he had just been reported. As other stores opened for business and farmers began coming to town for weekend shopping, people gathered in front of my display as though it were a World Series scoreboard. By noon you couldn't fight your way into my father's store. I imagine my father lost a lot of business that day, but he never said a word to me about it. In fact, he was rather proud of what I had done.

Months later, while Lindbergh was on his triumphal tour, I journeyed the 47 miles to Pittsburgh in the hope of getting an autograph, but the crowds were so immense I barely caught a glimpse of him. Bitterly disappointed, I returned home and it wasn't until a few months ago that I caught up with him. We had dinner together to discuss my portrayal of him in the movie. However, it seemed a little late to ask for his autograph!

After Leland had bought the screen rights to *The Spirit of St. Louis* to produce it for Warner Brothers, he thought it would be a good idea for Lindbergh and director Billy Wilder to meet. A few months later, Lindbergh called from a Pasadena hotel and agreed to come to Wilder's home in Beverly Hills at 4:00 P.M. the following Sunday. Leland's wife suggested they stop by the Pasadena hotel to pick Lindbergh up but Leland laughed at the idea. "He must have fifty cars and chauffeurs at his disposal," Leland told her. So they drove straight to Wilder's house.

Lindbergh rang the front doorbell at 4:03 P.M.—three minutes late—

apologizing profusely for his tardiness. He had come 20 miles by streetcar and bus, then walked to Wilder's house. He had calculated his arrival time to the minute. But those four blocks from the bus stop to Wilder's house were five times as long as the street map indicated, Lindbergh explained apologetically.

"Why didn't you tell us you had no car available?" Wilder asked, incredulously.

"Oh," replied Lindbergh, "I *like* to ride on a bus."

During the filming, Lindbergh was a stickler for detail. His barnstorming pal, Bud Gurney, a technical adviser on the film, checked out every scene. Sometimes Wilder had to phone Lindbergh anyway—for instance, did he wear cotton in his ears during the flight? Lindbergh said he did.

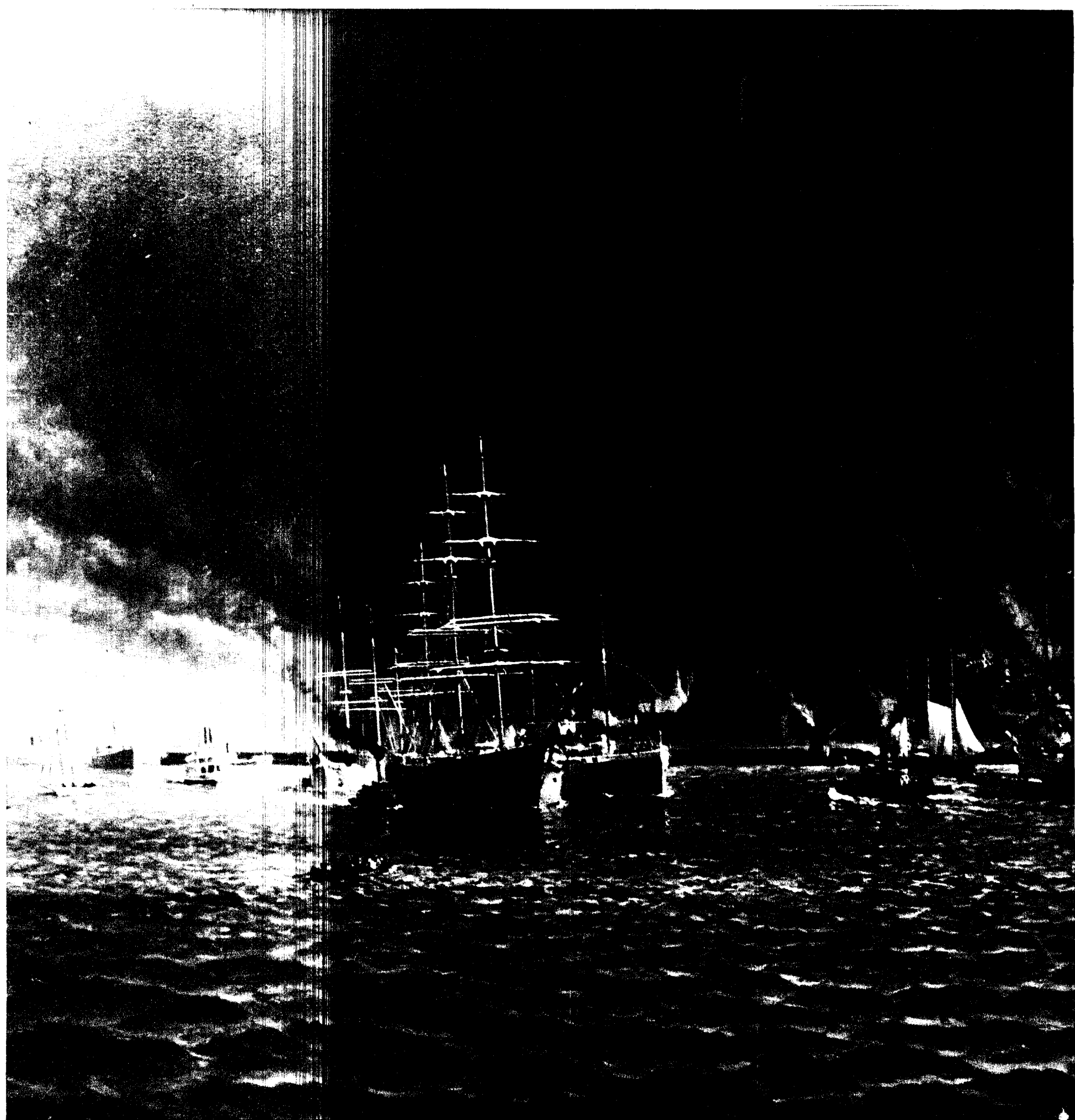
Only once did Lindbergh himself visit us on location during the shooting of the picture. We were on Long Island, New York, taking landing shots with an exact replica of the Spirit of St. Louis. He turned up unannounced one afternoon. Lindbergh asked pilot Stan Reaver all about the performance details of the substitute Spirit of St. Louis—which was built from the same plans as the original—and expressed nostalgic satisfaction when he learned that its flying characteristics also matched the original.

When Reaver was ordered to take the plane up for a final landing shot, Lindbergh warned him: "Don't forget to sideslip her in for a perfect three-point landing. Remember, I'm supposed to be flying that plane."

Lindbergh wasn't kidding, either. When it came to flying scenes, he would settle for nothing less than perfection. And we all did our best to give it to him.

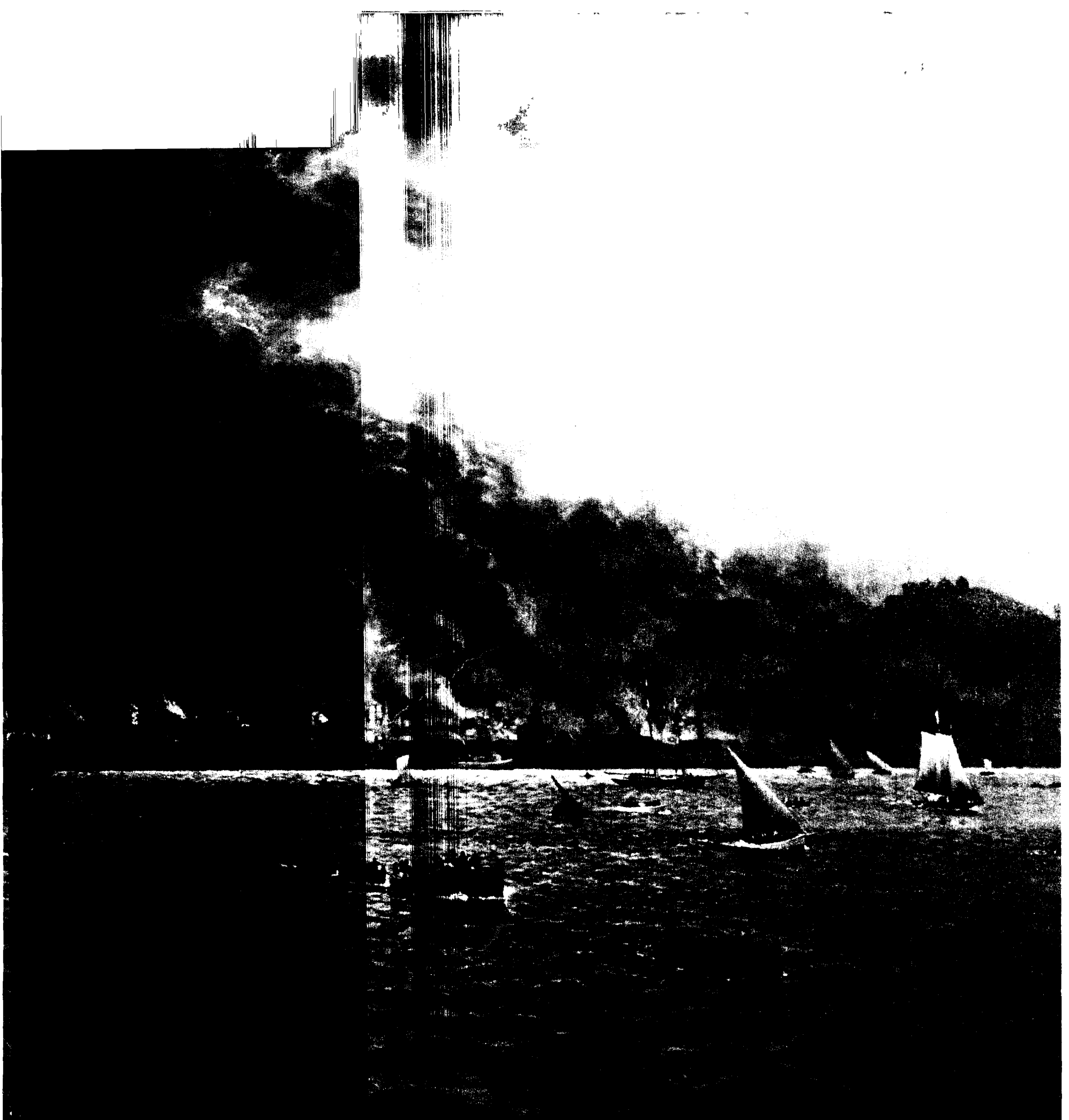
Well, my kids know who Lindbergh is now. And they're flying a model of the Spirit of St. Louis. As for me, I'm lucky to be Lindy.





APRIL 18, 1906

# San Francisco



FROM A PAINTING BY W. A. COULTER. COURTESY SAN FRANCISCO COMMERCIAL CLUB

*The West's most colorful city was just beginning to stir, that soft spring morning 50 years ago, when suddenly the earth buckled under it. As shocked San Franciscans swarmed into the streets, buildings collapsed, pavings gaped open, water mains broke—and one of history's most awful fires swept the stunned and reeling city. Here is a brilliant re-creation of that time of trial and triumph*

By ROBERT O'BRIEN



# San Francisco

THOSE who lived to tell the tale remembered that Wednesday, April 18, 1906, came in on the fairest of dawns. It was a dawn filled with tremendous, pale-green light and bird song, and quite lovely enough for the birth of a world, or the death of one.

Across the Far West and down the Pacific littoral, everything stood still, everything stood expectant, everything waited for the majestic sun to come rising up beyond the curve of the continent, the way it always does in this kind of daybreak, as if to a crescendo of triumphant golden trumpets.

By the shore of the Pacific, on the ranches, in the mountain cabins, beside the vineyards and orange groves, in the hamlets and towns and cities, the people slept, or drowsily picked up the tempo, the rhythm, of another day of living.

High in Paradise Valley, in the desolate buttes north of Winnemucca, Nevada, a rancher sat his horse and watered his cattle beside a dark, dawn-still pond. Four hundred miles west to the tumbling surf and still another 150 miles at sea, the schooner John A. Campbell heeled lazily before the fresh morning breeze, steering for the Golden Gate.

South of San Francisco, a cramming Stanford student scowled over his textbook in a dormitory room. In the telephone company office at Salinas, an operator chatted sleepily with her friend on the switchboard 180 miles down the coast at San Luis Obispo. Awake in his bunk in a Sierra shack 50 miles east of Bakersfield a mountaineer idly studied the tooling on the holster of the six-shooter that hung from a nail above his head.

Beside her peaceful bay and across her more than 40 hills, San Francisco also waited. To many she was many things—third-ranking commercial center in the United States, gateway to the Orient, skyscrapered metropolis of the Western shore. Others remembered her as a bad town, a bawdy town, a hell-raising boom camp and as rollicking and wild a port as any on the seven seas—a town with a past, a warmhearted hoyden of a town with spangles in her hair.

But as many more would never forget her because they had known her the way she was in April. She had filled their hearts with springtime light and laughter, with song and soft desires. She had cast her April spell and on such mornings as this had made them poets and adventurers and enchanted them forever.

Graceful and touching rose her spires in the breathless air. The smoke drifted drowsily from her cottage breakfast fires. Milkmen's horses clip-clopped along the quiet streets. Here and there a cable car clattered through a crossing.

Four hundred thousand strong, her people were, and known the world around for their devotion to this blithe and bonny city, their bright-lipped Pacific queen.

In rose-covered shanties on Telegraph Hill, in reeking waterfront warrens, in the teeming tenements of Chinatown and the gilt-and-crystal splendor of Nob Hill mansions they slept, in tindery flats South of Market Street, in solid, bow-windowed homes of Russian Hill and Pacific Heights and Cow Hollow. On their bureaus, in downstairs halls, on living-room mantels and kitchen shelves, their clocks ticked on.

In a bedroom adjoining his wife's above Engine No. 1 in Bush Street, fifty-four-year-old fire chief Dennis T. Sullivan lay abed as if bodily felled. He had fought a three-alarm fire at Bay and Mason Streets that night, and had turned in without finishing his report.

In an airy, second-floor bedroom west of Van Ness Avenue, a novelist who had come from Carmel the day before to confer with her publisher's agent slept deeply, and without dreams.

On the southern slope of Nob Hill, Arnold Genthe, the talented portrait photographer, reposed amid his books and his collection of ancient Chinese porcelains. He had arrived home after midnight from the Metropolitan Opera Company's production of *Carmen*, and the last thing he remembered before dropping off was a confused composite—the lighted stage of Mission Street's Grand Opera House, tiers of diamond-bedecked ladies and their attentive escorts, the theater's high, glittering chandelier, and, superimposed against them all, the weaving mesmeric baton of conductor Arturo Vigna.

The company's chief conductor, Alfred Hertz, slept soundly in a room on the sixth floor of the Palace Hotel, a few steps from the chamber of Enrico Caruso. The stocky tenor, who had thrilled the brilliant audience with his dashing Don José, was deep in abandoned sleep, head flung back on a sea of pillows, mouth open, sonorously snoring.

On the fourth floor of a seven-story hotel not quite so elegant as the Palace slept a reporter for the San Francisco Call. Strewn on the floor, where he had dropped it before turning off his light, was a late edition of that morning's paper. A headline reported that San Franciscans had raised \$1,048 for the relief of sufferers in the recent eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The weather box said, "Fair and warmer. Light north wind."

The U.S. Weather Bureau forecaster who had filed this report was sound asleep, too. Neatly arranged on his bedside table were his astronomically timed watch, a pencil, a clean pad of paper and a small electric torch. Every night for 20 years he had placed them that way beside his bed, in case something should happen that he would need to record for science.

Six blocks north of Genthe's studio, on the northern ridge of Nob Hill, the home of Brigadier General Frederick Funston, acting commander of the Army's Pacific Division, was dim and quiet. General Funston had been studying a lengthy memorandum; he read until the type swam before his eyes, then snapped off his light and immediately fell into deep slumber. The hands of the night-stand clock stood at precisely eleven minutes after five.

Down on Sansome Street two men unlocked a door and entered a type foundry. They put their lunch pails on a bench and took off their hats and coats and tied on grimy aprons.

"Looks like another scorcher, don't it, Ed?" one of them said.

"Yeah," Ed replied. He glanced out a window. The eastern sky was filled with promise. "Hot and hazy," he grinned, "and a day to be fishing off the heads."

The watch at the scientist's bedside and the clock on the general's night stand ticked away—ticked off another 60 seconds—and hung poised at twelve minutes after five.

At that moment it happened.

THE STRESSES, THE UNIMAGINABLE tensions, had accumulated miles down, in earth drifts made millions of years ago. Now the hour struck, the instant arrived when the earth's crust could no longer bear the strain, and gave way and cracked along the San Andreas Fault.

It was an old break. Scientists knew it well. For years the tremors and stirrings along its vertical walls told them something big was building up. And now it was here. In one tectonic jolt, one wall slipped in one direction, the other wall moved in the opposite direction. The grinding thrusts, the agony, the tearing wrench split the earth open in a wound 270 miles long.

The rip came in from the sea, striking northwest to southeast and traveling at three miles a second. It hit first the rugged bulge of the Humboldt County coast, some 200 miles north of San Francisco. It crossed the redwood country, the bleak mountain spurs, the black shale bluffs, and passed into the sea again.

Along the ocean floor it broke past the crescent Mendocino Beach and came ashore again at Point Arena. Down the lonely benchlands and along the leaning sandstone bluffs it slashed its gigantic plowshare furrow. It knifed through the sandspits of Bodega Head, and raced across pastures to the fishing village of Bolinas, where it vanished again into the sea. It emerged once more at the beetling cliffs above Mussel Rock, eight miles south of San Francisco. Then it struck across the peninsula uplands, down valleys and a chain of lakes and through the Coast Range notches to the old mission settlement of San Juan Bautista. There, in a marsh, the great wound ended.

The disturbance centered from 12 to 25 miles below the earth's surface and exploded with cosmic force. The earth quaked as if it had been struck a fantastic blow from outer space. Tremors radiated across mountains and under seas.

In a matter of minutes seismographs in distant lands—South Africa and Siberia, Japan and Argentina—would quiver and begin recording perhaps the most stupendous temblor ever experienced by man.

As if they had heard a shot, the cattle at the pond in Paradise Valley, north of Winnemucca, raised their heads. They stood frozen, ears up. Momentarily, the pond's glassy surface ruffled, as if a breeze passed by. But the air was quite still.

Far at sea, the John A. Campbell shuddered. Her crew piled out of their bunks in alarm; undoubtedly she had rammed a derelict, perhaps even a whale. They ran to the rail and stared at the sea. Nothing. Her keel dragged, her stern trembled for an instant, then she sailed on as serenely as before.

In Medford, Oregon, an unlatched door in a dawn-dim house creaked slowly open, then just as slowly closed. In a house on the coast at Coquille a ceiling lamp cord swung a few times east to west, then stopped. In ghost-town cabins in the Mother Lode foothills, rocking chairs spectrally rocked, and at that moment, with a rumble as of distant thunder, great falls of rock and shale detached themselves from the False Cape cliffs of Humboldt County and fell a thousand feet into the sea.

In San Luis Obispo the telephone operator heard a scream and the Salinas connection went dead in her headset. The pistol holster swung back and forth from its nail in Isabella, church bells pealed in Pescadero, and

Collier's for March 30, 1956

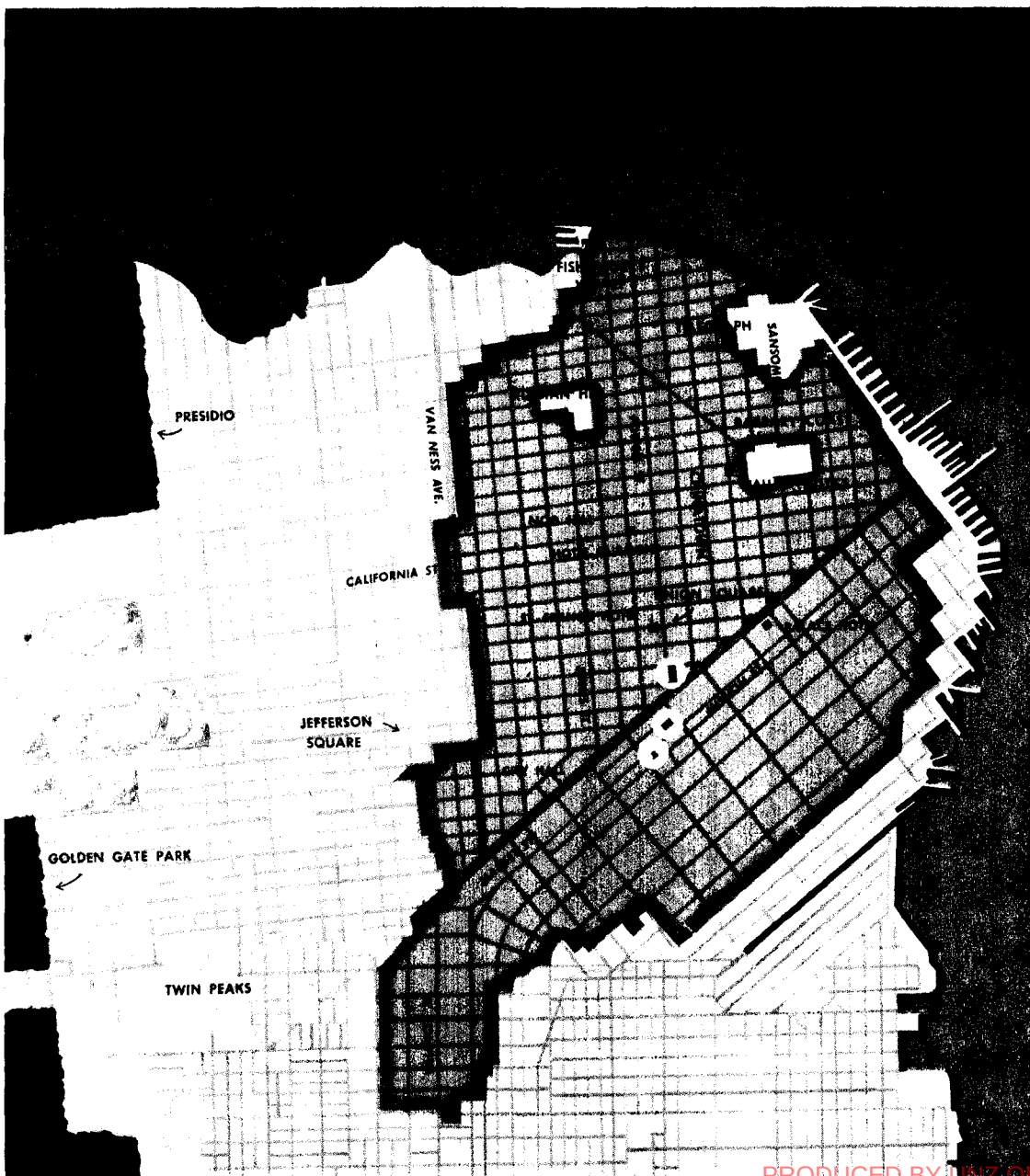


1956



MASON WEYPOUTH

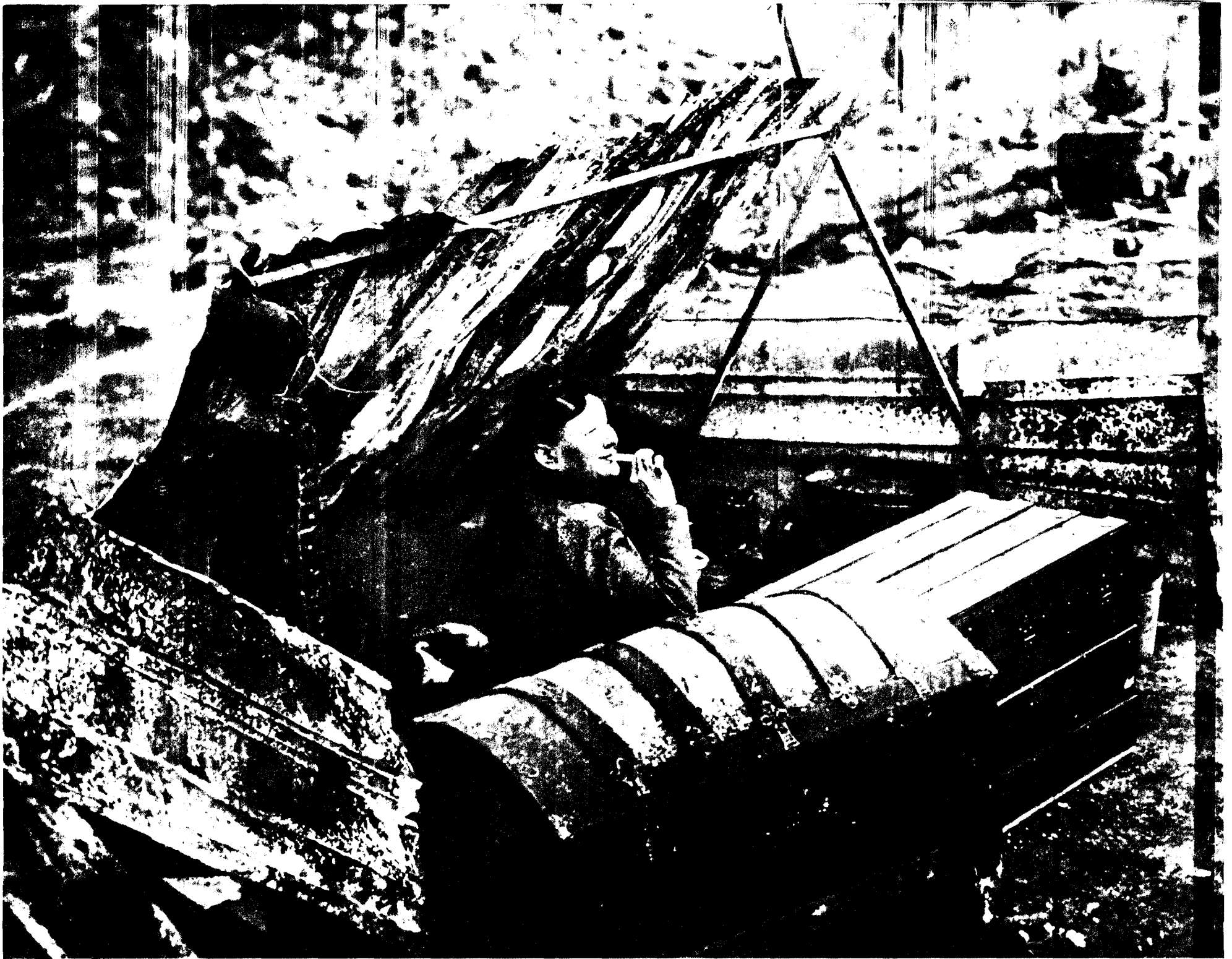
AL TARTER



These striking photographs, with the map at left, show the burned-out section of the city—immediately after the fire, and today. The 1906 picture was taken from a captive balloon, looking northwest; the 1956 picture was made from a helicopter hovering over the same spot. Among the buildings which still stood after the fire are at least three—marked in red in both photographs and map—which are still visible today. The one in the center (half hidden in 1956 photo) is old United States Mint—saved by heroic workers who stayed inside through fire

*The fire burned three days,  
reaching a temperature of 2,000  
degrees and casting enough  
light to read by 40 miles away*





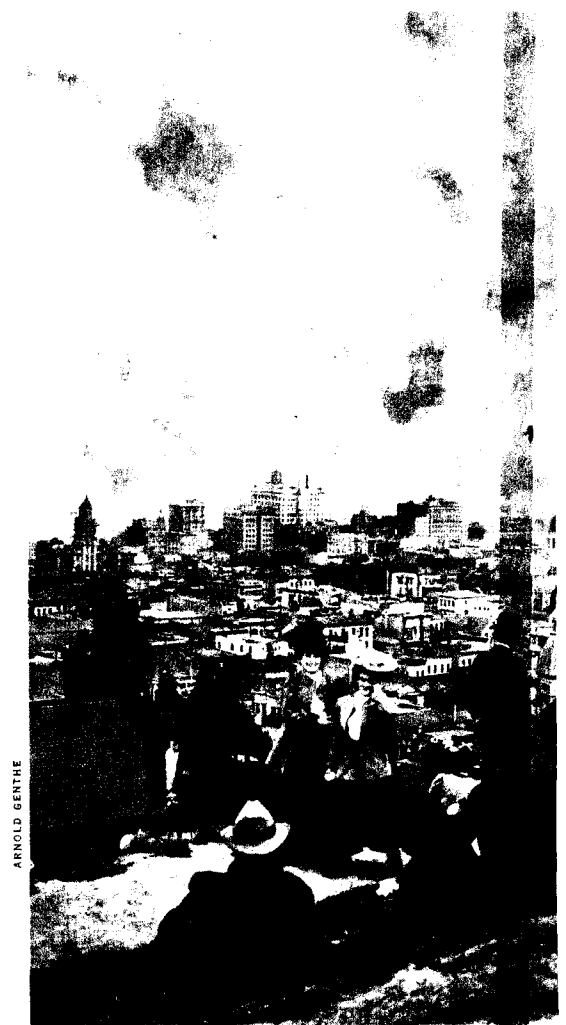
BROWN BROTHERS

Indomitable townspeople like this woman made huts out of rescued possessions and set up housekeeping outdoors. In many cases they had to move again as fire advanced



ARNOLD

Photographer Arnold Genthe ran from his lurching apartment, borrowed a cheap snapshot camera, and made some of the memorable disaster photos of all time. The top one shows householders amid wreckage, watching the fire creep toward them along Sacramento Street. Right, two women pose against burning city



ARNOLD GENTHE

# San Francisco

*The quake drained four inches from San Francisco Bay and felled 1,200 chimneys in one suburb*

deep in their Coast Range canyons 500-year-old redwoods lashed furiously at the windless sky and split asunder and crashed to earth.

In a museum in San Francisco, the mummies of Egyptian princes, inviolate for 60 centuries, crumbled in a twinkling to dust. Bay Area seismograph pens covered their plates with a frenzy of scrawls, or left the plates entirely. Fire Chief Sullivan, awakening to the sound of avalanching bricks, leaped from bed and burst through the door to Mrs. Sullivan's room. The turret of the hotel next door had punched through the roof and carried away part of her bedroom floor. Blinded by mortar dust, Sullivan lost his balance and pitched into the blackness.

On its remote and rocky headland where it had stood since 1870, the 110-foot Point Arena lighthouse cracked in the middle. High in its lantern room its massive lenses and reflectors crashed to the floor.

As a schoolteacher watched openmouthed from her window, a 10-foot wave formed on Tomales Bay and rolled shoreward, and a two-story hotel and its stables at the bay's edge tilted and slid gently into the water. In a Marin County dairy corral the earth opened beneath a cow, then closed again, leaving only her hind hoofs and tail sticking out.

The conductor of the Point Reyes local train sang out, "All aboard!" to the empty station, swung aboard a coach and yanked the signal cord, and at that moment his train—locomotive and all—flipped like a hooked trout, and suddenly lay on its side among the right-of-way poppies.

Genthe awoke to the smashing of his Chinese porcelains. Books cascaded from their shelves. His bed shook violently, as if a lunatic poltergeist were intent on spilling him to the floor.

The scientist who had waited 20 years to record a phenomenon for science groped for his watch and pencil to note the minute, but they rocked out of reach. The precious precise seconds ticked into chaos.

A cataract of bricks crushed the Stanford student at his desk. A landslide engulfed a Santa Cruz mountain sawmill, and buried alive nine men and a mastiff.

In the marshy lowlands south of San Francisco, the great iron pipes carrying the city's water supply from its peninsula reservoirs buckled and snapped and were twisted and crushed and even telescoped. White fountains plumed from the breaks into the morning air.

In her airy, second-floor bedroom the lady author awoke to see her marble-topped bureau lunging across the room; it rose first on one caster, then on another, then wagged its top, "like a table at a séance," she thought.

Six million dollars' worth of stone and brickwork shook off the San Francisco city hall and left its frame standing amid the shattered columns like a monstrous bird cage. Conductor Hertz's Palace Hotel room tossed like a ship's cabin in a line squall. Hertz sprang to the protection of the door-frame and cocked an ear to the orchestration of the temblor. It was, he concluded, a *mezzo forte* roll on a gong or cymbal.

He pulled on some clothes and ran downstairs into the wild hubbub of the lobby and the great Palm Court. In one corner a Chinese houseboy calmly dusted the lobby chairs. Caruso, in a fur coat, a bath towel around his golden throat, embraced Hertz. The tenor was sobbing.

"Alfredo!" he cried. "We are lost!"

The two men clung to each other, and waited for the end of the world.

At the Angel Island Light Station in San Francisco Bay it sounded as though an express train had left the rails and was charging at full speed down the ties. Twelve hundred chimneys toppled simultaneously in San Rafael. The Presidio tide gauge began to drop and kept dropping until four inches of water drained out through the Golden Gate from the 450 square miles of San Francisco Bay. In San Jose the heavy brass pendulum of a Western Union clock beat frantically back and forth against the walls of its wooden prison.

THERE WERE TWO GREAT SHOCKS in San Francisco, the first starting (as accurately as could be determined) at 5:12 A.M. The quaking sharpened in intensity for 30 seconds, held its peak for more than 10 seconds, then abruptly ceased. A lull of about 10 seconds followed. Then came a devastating second shock of equal intensity. This lasted for 15 seconds, then passed off in shuddering aftershocks that would occur at an average rate of one an hour for the next 24 hours.

The two shocks ripped with satanic power and purpose into the sandy artificial lands reclaimed from Yerba Buena Cove, and from the swamps, tideflats, creek beds and reeded lagoons in the South of Market and Mission districts.

In terms of people, these two districts represented the warm, the vital.

the happy and humble heart of San Francisco. Their tumble-down tenements and flimsily anchored cottages were the homes of mill hands and factory workers, shipwrights and foundrymen and printers—the Irish and the Scotch, the Swedes and the Poles and the sons and daughters of a dozen other countries. This is where they lived, they and their patient, strong-backed wives and their many children.

Their bare bedrooms and calico-curtained parlors came crashing down about their heads in the vast clattering immemorial collapse of the earthquake. Scores of them lay pinned and broken-limbed and helpless in the basement debris, and the rest ran numbly into the alleys and streets, leaving their flaring gas jets, their broken flues and breakfast fires behind them.

In this soft insubstantial earth, the temblor waves tore apart the gridiron pipes of the water system. Gas mains ruptured and exploded. Steel street-car tracks writhed like wounded snakes. Asphalt buckled. Cobbled streets caved in and sank 10 feet below their grades. In Valencia Street, along the filled-in bed of the old Mission creek, a score of roomers perished as the rickety underpinnings of the Valencia Street Hotel gave way. The hotel collapsed like a telescope. Survivors stepped out of fourth-floor windows at street level.

The roof peaks of buildings fell in and spread their rafters and the rafters in turn kicked out the walls. Without their walls the roofs kept on falling and the buildings simply flattened out.

This was the way it was at the type foundry in Sansome Street, and the



The Valencia Street Hotel collapsed so completely in the earthquake that the bewildered occupants of fourth-floor rooms found themselves at street level



Another Genthe picture, showing families camping out on the sidewalk. Note the fireplace in the gutter and the primitive living quarters at far right



# San Francisco

*Two men trapped in a building by the quake called desperately for help. Passers-by heard, and struggled for hours to save them—until a great wall of fire approached. “Good-by! God help you!” called the rescuers. Then they fled for their lives . . .*



foundryman named Ed and the other one were trapped between two upright type racks. They began to shout long-drawn calls for help.

A warehouse in lower Mission Street also collapsed in this manner and one of its brick walls rained down upon a herd of steers that cowboys were driving to a cattle boat. A black, wide-horned brute bolted clear and ran around a corner and into Beale Street. A jittery policeman drew his pistol and shot it three times. Bellowing, it ran down the heaving pavement into Market Street.

General Funston awoke clearheaded and aware that a catastrophe was taking place. He began swiftly to dress.

In his downtown hotel room the reporter heard the earthquake coming with the sound of tearing silk. A blasting concussion shook the building. Plaster showered down.

He staggered to the window, and as he reached it the window and its sash and the fire escape outside the window fell silently away from the room. The sky beyond was the pale, tender green of dawn.

A shadow swooped down the side of the building and vanished into the roofs of a row of wooden houses, and ragged holes appeared in the roofs. He looked up. The shadow had been the brick wall of the upper three stories of his hotel.

He got dressed. The lobby was filled with staring, gray-faced men and women. He shouldered past them and went out into the street. . . .

OUT IN THE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICTS, the rooftops of houses on the hills still saw-toothed firmly against the daybreak sky line, but on the “made-ground” in the swales between the hills they had shaken down entirely or sagged in one direction or another like drunken slatterns.

People fled into their suddenly Humpty Dumpty world, and stood shivering in their nightclothes in the dawn. The earthquake had aimed its blind, malevolent force at each one of them. It had seized each one and rattled his bones as if it meant to kill him in a maniacal frenzy. Standing there, they looked around and listened and tried to relate what they saw and heard to the sane, solid, dependable world they had lived in all their lives.

Across the street was a lodginghouse without a front wall, its abandoned rooms and halls exposed in cross section like the chambers of a biology-class ant colony. In the square was a dowager in nightgown and spangled opera cloak, with a silver teapot in her hand.

Here was the old lady from down the street holding a bird cage with four kittens in it. There was a man hurrying along the sidewalk with coat, hat, suitcase and no trousers.

“Quite a rocker, wasn’t it?”

“She’ll have to shake harder ’n that to bring this town down!”

“‘Twarn’t nothin’ to the quake in ‘68.”

Teeth chattering, shaking in sudden bursts of chills, they uttered the platitudes and giggled as if it had been nothing, really, at all; but the lady two houses down had got up 10 minutes ago to put out the milk can and now her bed was buried under three tons of bricks that would have crushed

her to jelly if it hadn’t been for the milk can, and she was laughing about it and no one could make her stop.

Stocky, bearded General Funston, in civilian clothes, ran down his front steps. The streets were filling with people, but there were no cable cars on the hills. The ropes in the slots were silent. The tracks stretched empty as far as he could see.

He hastened down Jones Street to California, past the towered and turreted mansions of the Central Pacific railroad barons and Comstock silver kings—the \$450,000 redwood château of the Crockers, the brownstone palace of the Floods, the gabled villa of the Townes, the \$2,500,000, 35-room Gothic castle that housed the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. Beside the Fairmont Hotel, that rose in a white citadel above the streets and squares of the old Gold Rush town, the general stopped to catch his breath.

Below him, Market Street, 120 feet wide and three miles long, cut straight across the city from the waterfront to Twin Peaks. Beyond Market and south to the ship channels and the stockyards stretched the factories, and lodginghouses, churches, saloons and corner groceries, the grimy parks, clapboard schools and tinderbox homes of the workers. Two or three miles south and east, the streets trailed off into cow pastures along the rolling spurs of Twin Peaks.

The general himself, there on Nob Hill, stood roughly in the center of the city’s second great division, north of Market Street. Compact, closely built since pioneer days, it encompassed the financial and shopping districts, the theaters and hotels, Chinatown, the waterfront warehouses and wharves, the steep streets and hillside houses of Nob, Russian and Telegraph Hills, the dives, cribs and rat-ridden gin mills of the Barbary Coast, the North Beach shacks and tenements of the Mexican, Spanish and Italian quarters, the piers, lateen-rigged fishing boats and net-festooned bulkheads of Fisherman’s Wharf.

The section north of Market extended on his left to the bay, and, behind him, to Van Ness Avenue. This was a residential boulevard, 125 feet wide, that left Market Street halfway to the Peaks, and struck north for two miles to the bay at Fort Mason.

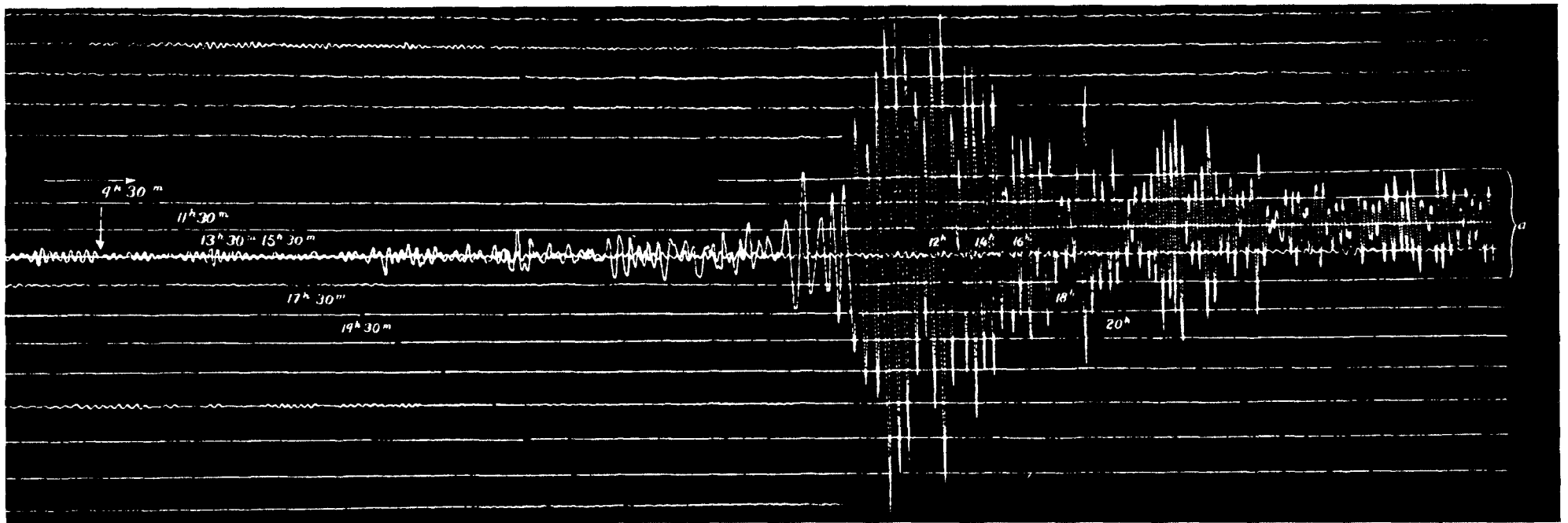
Beyond Van Ness, to the seaside dunes and the palm-shaded barracks of the Presidio, ranged San Francisco’s third general area: the long, quiet streets of the Western Addition, the modest homes of the inner Richmond and Sunset districts, the green lawns and stately pavilions of Golden Gate Park.

The general had indeed been swift; it was five twenty-nine o’clock; far across the hills the sun was coming up in a blaze of red and gold. But fire was swifter still. Here and there, in a dozen different places across the lower city and South of Market, he saw the young scarlet forkings of flame playing above the roofs and cottagetops. Black smoke drifted languidly into the lovely morning air.

The general stared, appalled. The tongues licked greedily higher. The insolent smoke bloomed like an evil flower in the sky. The general broke into a run down the steep California Street grade.

Collier’s for March 30, 1956

The earthquake followed the line of the San Andreas Fault, which runs almost entire length of California. It had a marked effect on seismographs—which measure earth shocks—all over the world. Below is seismographic chart made 5,600 miles away, in Potsdam, Germany. Vertical lines show the earth vibrations



A bank was burning at Sansome Street. An engine company was already there, its hoses down in the street. But the hoses were flat, the gleaming nozzles dry. The firemen ran from one hydrant to another.

"Where's your water?" the general asked.

"The quake broke all the mains."

The general was of well-tempered steel. But keen and resilient as he was, it took a second to recover. For what the fireman had said was that San Francisco was doomed.

For an instant, he felt a fleeting admiration. An enemy general, bent on wiping the city from the face of the earth, would have been a genius to conceive a plan so classic, so stunningly simple, as coldly beautiful as an ending in chess.

General Funston found a policeman and identified himself. "Where is Mayor Schmitz? I must telephone him at once."

The policeman shook his head. "All lines are dead, sir."

"Then find him. Tell him General Funston is turning out 1,700 armed Regulars. They will report to the Hall of Justice by seven forty-five o'clock. They will be at his complete disposal."

The general raised his arm in a brusque salute, then quickly made his way back up the hill. . . .

JANGLE OF AMBULANCE BELLS, clatter of galloping fire horses, rumble of engine wheels on cobblestones, shouts of rallying men rose in strident medley over the South of Market streets.

Wagons, carts and here and there a high-wheeled, brass-lamped Franklin or Pope-Hartford automobile with goggled driver jounced along the littered pavements with earthquake victims for the already hard-pressed nurses and doctors of the emergency hospital in Mechanics Pavilion, across the square from the ruins of city hall.

In Southern Pacific Hospital, fire chief Sullivan, unconscious and dying from injuries received in his fall, would never know how his men broke their hearts for him in the bitter and hopeless battle, and down in the South of Market alleys the flames raced with a ravenous snarl into the flimsy dwellings, the rows of splintered kindling. The unfortunates trapped and at their mercy screamed, or stoically waited, or closed their eyes and prayed.

Photographer Arnold Genthe, in riding habit, walked along Powell Street to Union Square. It presented a reassuring sight. The palms rustled pleasantly in the light air. The familiar, 13-story façade of the Hotel St. Francis loomed sheer and solid, like a Yosemite cliff.

People in makeshift garb milled across the square's two acres, many of them refugees from the Palace who found it comforting to stand free of tall buildings and overhanging cornices. Members of the opera company were there: Sembrich and Fremstad, Hertz, the great Scotti, Caruso in his fur coat, scowling and trilling to test his voice, and carrying under his arm a large, autographed portrait of President Theodore Roosevelt. Twenty-four-year-old John Barrymore, in town with Richard Harding Davis's The

Dictator, strolled about in flawless full dress and told amusingly how the quake had interrupted his dawn-tender love scene with the fiancée of a Venetian glass collector.

Nine separate conflagrations, each one of which would ordinarily have been rated a general-alarm fire, blazed south of Market Street. Toward the waterfront three others crackled along narrow streets.

Here and there, by freak of fortune, a hydrant still functioned, or water from broken mains formed a sump, or there was an artesian well or cistern. Firemen tapped any source they could find. It was bitter going. Time after time a company seemed on the verge of winning. Then its water supply went dry, and the blaze roared higher than before.

A Western Union operator, probing and testing for a live wire in the Bay Area's communication system, found one atop a telegraph pole in West Oakland. It was open to Sacramento. As the smoke mounted the sky above San Francisco like a volcanic cloud, he perched there and tapped out his message to the world.

Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz, with rich black beard and snapping black eyes and the sword of a graft investigation hanging over his impressive head, paced the lobby of the Hall of Justice, across Kearny Street from Portsmouth Square.

A onetime theater orchestra fiddler, he had been blatantly unfit for office. Many looked upon him as a weakling, a pawn, a sawdust mayor. But now he was astounding his severest critics. From somewhere in his make-up, he summoned forth a hero.

At this moment, under his orders, General Funston's troops were deploying on the double, with full cartridge belts and fixed bayonets, to protect lives and property. Couriers were abroad calling a crisis Committee of Fifty into session at 3:00 P.M. at the Hall of Justice. Meanwhile, in a voice charged with authority, he laid down the law.

No water to check the fires? Get dynamiters from the Army. Get dynamite from the powder company at Pinole. Bring it down the bay by tugboat. Blow up buildings in the path of the flames. That was how they controlled the big fire in Baltimore.

Drunkenness and disorder in the streets? "I forbid the sale of alcohol . . ." Looting? The mayor dictated a proclamation: "The Federal Troops, the members of the Regular Police Force and all Special Police Officers have been authorized by me to KILL any and all persons found engaged in Looting or in the Commission of Any Other Crime. . . ."

South of Market Street the landmarks were beginning to go. One incredible sweep of flame was now destroying Metropolitan Hall, the Lincoln Grammar School and The Emporium, the largest department store west of Chicago.

Across Fifth Street, the square, three-story, granite-and-sandstone United States Mint, with \$220,000,000 in its vaults, stood lonely and indestructible in a wallowing sea of fire. Behind its barred iron shutters 40 men choked in refinery fumes and wet down sills and sashes to keep the flames at bay.

Two blocks east on Mission Street the blazing roof of the Grand Opera



# San Francisco

*Rumors flooded the city—of Chicago in flames, Seattle engulfed, New York fallen into the sea*

House crashed down upon the stage where Carmen had danced and died the night before.

The fire leaped the alley behind the theater to the power shed of Market Street's proudest skyscraper, the 18-story Call Building. A mighty draft sucked the fire through the tunnel and up the skyscraper's elevator shaft. With the wild scream of a thousand windows shattering at once, the building burst into a 300-foot gusher of pulverized fire.

Down toward the waterfront the fire had crossed Market to join the earliest blazes that General Funston had seen from Nob Hill. Now in one advancing comber of flame they rolled unchecked over the ramshackle warehouses and wholesale sheds of Drumm and Battery Streets.

A block north a band of rescuers tugged impotently at the wreckage of the type foundry at Sansome and Clay Streets. They had been working for hours to free the two trapped men. They were near the limit of their endurance. No help was in sight. They stopped and with ashen faces stared at one another. The flames roared closer.

"Good-by! God help you!" they cried, and ran away.

From the mass of debris rose a muffled shout of despair. "For the love of Christ, give us a pistol!"

But the street was deserted. . . .

SO NOW THE BONNY CITY, the proud city, the lovely happy city was burning to death, and it was a heartbreaking hour, a passing of things loved and lived with, an hour of farewell and good-by forever.

A new sight appeared on the streets, and a new sound mingled in the tumult of death and destruction: the straw-bedded wagons flying red flags and laden with dynamite cases, and the hunched figures of the crews, silhouetted against the glow as they ran with their charges into the buildings, and then the thumping boom as the charge exploded, and then the slow collapse of walls, the unfurling of cloud of dust, the fall and crash of roof.

During the forenoon the people had sat in the hilly streets, looking down on the fires, at the backdrop of smoke they hung against the sky. In the Gold Rush days, San Francisco had caught fire six times, and six times had all but burned to the ground. Each time, the pioneers went to work in the smoking ruins and rebuilt her.

After the sixth great fire, they chose a symbol for San Francisco—the phoenix, the mythical bird that burned to death, then emerged reborn from its own ashes, and flew upward, swifter-winged and more beautiful than ever.

The San Franciscans recalled their fathers and grandfathers telling them about the phoenix. "Remember it," the old men said. "It's part of your heritage."

But San Francisco then had been a primitive settlement of tents and crate-wood shacks, made for boom-camp bonfires. Now she was a modern metropolis, substantial, enduring. Someone, something, would save her—if nothing else, the wind and fog from the sea.

Genthe, with a borrowed Kodak, walked among them taking their pictures—the women in wide hats, long gored skirts and puff-sleeved shirt-waists; the men in derbys and dark suits, the children in sailor hats and long black stockings. And beside them in the street, quite forgotten for the moment, the sewing machine, the victrola, the basketful of pans, the roll of blankets that they had pulled or carried from their homes in the moment of the earthquake, and before all this began.

The spectacle bewitched them. They told themselves that none of this was real. They were dreaming. They sat waiting to wake up—or for the rising wind.

But no wind came. Instead the holocaust soared fiercer and higher heavenward. They felt its heat on their faces. It advanced toward the hills on which they sat, in an unbroken front three miles long. They stirred

uneasily. Ashes began to drift down. A fetid smell filled the air. Slowly, in twos and threes, they stood up. They began to comprehend that it was true. And to understand that no miracle was going to save them.

Stone-faced, they hurried away then, headed for the open spaces of the parks and the Presidio. By the tens of thousands they toiled across the hills, sweating and panting in the hot stifling air, in the fall of ash and cinders. The trunks, bedsprings, cots and crates in which they dragged their belongings gave off a long-drawn, never-ending, rasping screech. Children wailed and clung to their mothers' skirts. Beside them all, out-distancing them, trotted packs of silent dogs with dripping jaws and lolling tongues.

Rumors, tidings of catastrophe, flew up and down the lines. Chicago was in flames. A tidal wave had engulfed Seattle. New York had toppled into the sea. Confusion and chaos were besetting the world. San Francisco's fate was merely a tick of the clock of doomsday.

Behind them, fire of a magnitude never before experienced by man was reaching toward its climax in vast, heaven-soaring banners of smoke and flame. There was no wind. Yet from every compass point fire-generated drafts flowed toward the city. Meeting above the streets, they turned skyward, whipping the flames to fresher vigor and carrying with them in their enormous up-rush a curtain or pall of smoke that was now visible a hundred miles at sea.

Down in the streets, in the blocks of blazing structures, the flames were the flames of a fire that was destroying property at the rate of \$1,000,000 every ten minutes. They burned with blast-furnace heat ranging up to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Sash weights and window glass turned liquid. Steel bars were welded solid. Porcelainware softened and dripped in blobs, like colored wax.

At two o'clock that afternoon the lady novelist, one of thousands packed in Jefferson Square west of Van Ness, wrote down her notes on a pad of white paper.

She had seen an Italian woman kneeling in the yard of a demolished house. The woman was weeping and praying. The crowd passed her by without a glance. On a heap of clothes nearby lay a two- or three-year-old girl, with a doll cradled in her arms. It did not occur to the lady novelist until later that the child was not breathing.

A young man passed a grocery store. Its door was sprung loose, its plate glass had fallen out and the young man and his mother and fiancée had no food. He gathered an armload of canned goods, and stepped back into the street, and a National Guardsman shot him dead for looting.

Then, with the note she had saved for last, she finished the page. On the front steps of an abandoned house she had seen a young Chinese mother nursing a baby. The mother's face was besmirched, and drawn with weariness. Her own child slept in swaddling blankets beside her. The child at her breast was white.

At three o'clock the Palace, the bonanza caravanserai and the pride and joy of three generations of San Franciscans, went blazing up in glory.

They were blasting along Kearny Street, near the half-wrecked Hall of Justice, and Mayor Schmitz held the

meeting of his Committee of Fifty across the street in Portsmouth Square. Striding among the dynamite kegs, he outlined his plans for the relief of the refugees, the hospitalization of the injured, the maintenance of public health and safety, the striking of a last-ditch resistance line along Van Ness Avenue.

The committeemen might have been resurrected from vigilante days. Grim-faced and solemn, yet with a flint-edged courage that would never surrender San Francisco, they sat beneath the poplars with the ashes pattering down on the square and the city burning behind them.

Down one end of the square ranged the raw mounds of 39 hastily dug

*How much damage was done by the great San Francisco fire and earthquake?*

*Compared to it, the equally famous Chicago fire of 1871 shows up as a much less costly catastrophe. Although approximately the same acreage was destroyed—2,100 in Chicago, 2,600 in San Francisco—Chicago's death toll of 250 was little more than half that of San Francisco, the number left homeless roughly one third as many. Here is a statistical look at the damage in San Francisco (about 20 per cent of it was caused by the quake, the rest by the fire):*

*—490 city blocks destroyed, 32 partly destroyed  
—between 225,000 and 265,000 left homeless  
—between 452 and 498 dead  
—1,500 injured*

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# San Francisco

*More than 250,000 people were driven from their homes by the earthquake and the fire combined*

graves, and up the hill in back of the old Monumental firehouse the flimsy tong rooms and banner-hung bazaars, the joss houses and honeycombed cellars and tenements of Chinatown awaited their fate.

There, prone in a cobbled alley called "The Street of a Thousand Flowers," was the carcass of the great black steer. Bawling in pain from its bullet wounds, flanks bright with blood, it had looked for a field, a meadow, a corral, and labored up a hill, and came to a throng of Chinese milling in the street.

Howls of terror broke from them at the sight of the gory beast. The legend that four bulls held up the world was true! This was one of them, and he had run away! That was why the earth had trembled!

"Go back! Bull, go back under the world!" they cried, reaching for stones. "Your brothers need you!"

They drove the dying steer down Dupont Street. It staggered into "The Street of a Thousand Flowers." There it fell before the pelting stones and lashing sticks, and soon lay still.

Then the Chinese fled west by the thousand up Clay and Washington and Jackson Streets in a procession set to the crashing of temple gongs and the wail of moon fiddle—stolid coolies bearing pole-slung baskets of quacking white ducks and jute bags of rice and tea; round-faced children shuffling in embroidered slippers; mincing slave girls carrying cosmetic pots and lily bulbs; pig-tailed merchants sweating under brassbound chests; lily-footed wives in brocaded satins, teetering along, arms outstretched for balance, in their tiny shoes and for the first time in their lives appearing on a public street with their husbands.

The flaming billows leaped skyward at their backs. Below the square, the theater where little Lotta Crabtree's buck and wing had brought the miners cheering to their feet was blazing, and the old saloons of Montgomery Street's "Ambrosial Path," and the three-story, iron-shuttered, brick buildings the pioneers had built after the Gold Rush fires.

In one of them that dynamiters had marked for blasting sat a stern, dark-haired man in his thirties. On the desk before him was a cocked revolver. The door burst open. It framed an Army lieutenant. At his back stood his crew, dynamite cases on their shoulders. The lieutenant ordered the man to leave at once.

The man picked up his pistol. He was deadly calm.

"Lieutenant, I am not leaving. This was my father's building. This was his office, and his desk. If you think I am going to desert them, you are mistaken. I am telling you that if one of your men tries to lay a stick of dynamite in these rooms, I'll blow his brains out . . ."

The lieutenant hesitated, and then with his crew was gone. The man put down his pistol and locked the steel doors and shutters. Then he soaked his sacks and curtains in the water-filled fire buckets, and prepared to make his stand.

BY SEVEN O'CLOCK the fire front was advancing methodically at the rate of two blocks an hour along Bush and Sutter Streets. The editorial staffs of the Call and the Chronicle held a conference. Executives reported that their presses were useless. The plan was to prepare copy in San Francisco and send it by launch to Oakland. There, on Thursday, in the plant of an Oakland paper, they would issue a joint paper until other arrangements could be worked out. The conference adjourned.

"All Chronicle men," said the Chronicle editor, "will meet at 1:00 P.M. tomorrow at the Chronicle Building—if there is a Chronicle Building." The Call editor said good night to his men. "All Call men will meet at 1:00 P.M. tomorrow at the Fairmont Hotel—if there is a tomorrow."

The fire was a monster that now, at its leisure, was eating its prey. What it could not devour or feed upon—concrete, brick, steel—it tumbled into rubble or left behind in ravaged smoke-blackened shells. The throbbing glare it cast across the night heaven was an awe-inspiring sight. Residents of San Jose, 40 miles south, stood outside their homes and read newspapers in the ruddy glimmer.

In the squares on the heights west of Van Ness, on the grassy meadows of Golden Gate Park, in sheltered Presidio hollows, the refugees—some 250,000 of them—numbly watched the glowing sky, or talked, or tried to rest.

In the makeshift hospital tents men died and were borne on litters to makeshift graves. Doctors and Red Cross nurses, limp with fatigue, set broken bones and administered drugs, bandaged wounds and delivered babies.

There was no disorder. People walked slowly through the camps calling the names of lost loved ones. Someone sang, or played a salvaged piano.

The refugees tried to cheer one another up. But sadness was everywhere in the air.

At midnight, Union Square was empty. Fire advanced on it rapidly from three directions. For blocks around, massive buildings sat dark and abandoned. They had a remote, meditative air, as if they were brooding to themselves. There was no water. There was nothing anyone could do. The light fall of ash drifted down like soft gray snow. The only sound was the sound of the hungry flames. . . .

TOMORROW DAWNED, AFTER ALL. The morning smoke, flickering with orange and lavender lights, boiled majestically heavenward in a vast cumulus that reared 10,000 feet into the motionless air. The rising sun turned its billowing summits a creamy white against the blue, like the caps of trade-wind clouds at sea.

And now an outside world, that didn't quite know yet what had happened, was involved. It knew only that San Francisco was in trouble, and her people needed help, and it was responding.

The Navy's Pacific Squadron steamed into the bay and put ashore blue-jackets and Marines. Regulars from the Presidio of Monterey were marching north. Mule trains of food, clothing and medical supplies filed south from the barracks at Fort Vancouver. U.S. Revenue tugs and fireboats converged on the waterfront. Relief trains sped from Los Angeles and Portland. Red Cross funds, supplies and fieldworkers were on their way from the East.

It was, in truth, San Francisco's darkest hour.

A quarter of a million men, women and children, stupefied with exhaustion and shock, their homes destroyed or in danger of destruction, lived a nomad existence in open spaces, and over them all hovered the dread specter of typhoid and smallpox. Another 70,000 had fled or were fleeing to the safety of the Oakland and Berkeley beaches and the communities of Marin County. Still another 20,000 or 30,000 had boarded trains, or were in headlong exodus to the south in a variety of other vehicles or on foot.

Behind them they left the heart of a metropolis in Carthaginian ruin. Banks, commercial buildings, schools, churches, hotels, stores, warehouses—all were destroyed or under tons of rubble. The telephone system, except for improvised military lines, was useless. Every telegraph office was gone. One million books had burned. Two hundred and sixty-one miles of railways were paralyzed.

And incredibly, the nightmare of sound and fatigue and fury continued as if it would never end until every trace of the living city had been obliterated.

The vortex swept up the southern slope of Nob Hill and up from Chinatown to the ridgetop where General Funston had stood looking down at the rising smoke wisps, the lifetime ago that was yesterday morning, and now the lofty aeries of the rich, with their costly woods, their cut-crystal chandeliers and lace-canopied beds, were blazing as brightly as the hovels of Chinatown had burned.

Their inhabitants had fled to Burlingame in silver-mounted broughams, or to New York or Newport or Europe, and it would be years before they came back and some would never come back at all.

But now in the afternoon of the second day, the fire worked its way westward. Troopers on guard fell back along the hillcrest, driving homeowners before them.

An elderly man said, "I was worth \$600,000 yesterday. All I have left is my house, and in another 15 minutes that'll go with the rest of them." An Irish policeman from South of Market, who didn't have anything left either, consoled him.

At that moment they were brothers. The cast of the drama was so vast identities had become meaningless. The great and the famous of yesterday blended back into the crowd today. The dowager stood in line for soup with the scrubwoman.

The firemen pumping from sumps and wells and partially repaired mains, and indomitable men and women with mops and wet blankets had stopped the fire that morning South of Market, out on the hill beyond Mission Dolores and east in a ragged line to Townsend Street. Along Townsend Street to the Bay fire tugs turned it back with sea water from the China Basin channel.

But down the western slopes of Nob Hill the fire blazed 75 feet high on a front 14 blocks long. Consuming a house, a tier of flats, a store, at the rate of one every three minutes, it crackled toward Van Ness Avenue, and the heights and valleys of the Western Addition beyond.

The fire seemed to be traveling from housetop to housetop in a macabre

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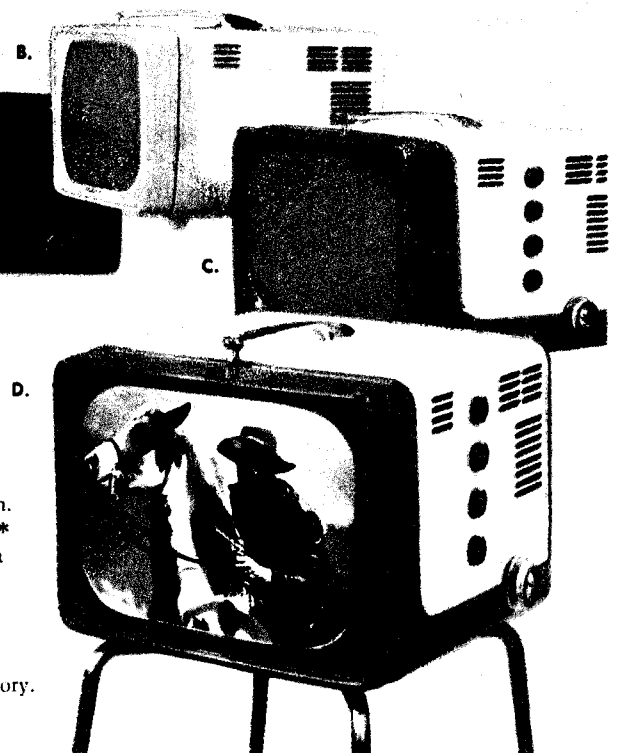
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# San Francisco

*At last it ended. People came back and began removing debris—and planning reconstruction*

game of leapfrog with the beleaguered firemen, who now fought on nerve and heart alone. When they dropped exhausted in the gutters, doctors revived them with strychnine and they struggled on. Their hoses burned, the engine fuel gave out. Helmets baked to their heads. Rubber coats shredded from their backs. The courageous fire horses collapsed in their harness.

That forenoon, in a bursting spray of sparks, the fire jumped Van Ness Avenue and attacked the bell tower and gilded cross of Saint Mary's Cathedral. Hundreds of refugees who had sought sanctuary in the great nave poured screaming into the street. While the cross burned brighter and brighter, the Reverend Charles Ramm climbed into the tower and with an ax chopped away the blazing timbers. From a vantage point in Jefferson Square, the lady novelist saw him; he was a tiny figure at the tower peak, grimly hacking "with the constrained small movement of a mechanical toy."

But he had saved the church and stopped the fire. Angrily it turned to its shortened front. Most of the flamboyant Nob Hill villas and châteaux had been built in the 1870s by the railroad giants and the silver kings; these were the solid middle-class mansions of a second generation of nabobs, the later merchants and burghers.

Along this stretch of boulevard, the time had come for the showdown. Here the fire fighters came to grips with the monster at last.

They smothered it with flame and blasted it with dynamite. They drowned it in salt water pumped two miles from the bay, and flailed it with blankets and brooms and sticks and their bare hands in a reeling struggle that endured long after the sun had set. In the smoke and turmoil and flaming confusion of the battle, five blocks of homes on the east side of Van Ness were put to the back-firing torch; on the west side of Van Ness, five blocks of homes were dynamited.

One small flame, bright yellow and wriggling with evil life, raced to the far side of Franklin, the next street west. Groggy firemen converged on it. A brief, desperate struggle and it was dead.

Maimed and crippled, harried by a rising west wind, the fire wheeled back to the north and east as if it were now its turn to seek an escape. The line along Van Ness held fast. At the avenue's end, by the docks of Fort Mason, the fighters cut off the flames and drove them down to the bay and the soaring white streams that feathered from the nozzles of the swarming fireboats.

But back up the sides of Russian Hill, the fire front went sweeping up over the high, brown-shingled houses that for 30 and 40 years had looked down upon Alcatraz and the bay. Many of their inhabitants, hoping for a miracle that would spare their homes, had stayed with them. Now they, too, fled for their lives.

Others, with homes in hilltop open spaces, had a chance to fight back. One man, believing everything lost, dipped the American flag on his rooftop staff three times in a gesture of defiance, and prepared to flee. Fort Mason troops, taking it for an Army signal, rushed up the hill to the rescue and saved the house with buckets of wet sand.

While nearby homes went up like kindling wood, "Humphrey's Castle," a turreted landmark on Russian Hill's north ridge, was saved when its owner and son wet down its shingles with squirting seltzer bottles and three cases of Roederer's champagne.

As Friday ended, the flame banners flared skyward from the narrow alleys of the foreign quarters that nestled against the base of Telegraph Hill. They rippled with a strange lazy ease up the rocky eastern slopes of the hill, through the ramshackle rookeries and unsavory deadfalls of the Barbary Coast. Higher still, swarthy Neapolitan fishermen fought the conflagration for their rose-grown cottages. Barrels of sharp red Chianti and zinfandel were aging in their cellars from the fall crush, but what was wine if you lost a home to drink it in? Swinging wine-soaked blankets, they drove the fire from their roofs and porches, and bested it in the last, most spirited revolt of all.

Hour after hour along the waterfront that night, 30 tugs tied to the smoking piers threw their streams into the flames. Now at last they had it cornered. The scene was one of wild disorder and excitement. Firemen, staggering with weariness but sensing the finish, lowered their helmets against the searing heat and carried their nozzles time and again toward the savage flames, then, with warning shouts, fell back in retreat. Walls crashed to earth and sent the flames shooting skyward amid geysers of snapping sparks.

Then, at the end of an endless dawn, the life went out of the fire. Suddenly it flickered lower. And all at once, there at the foot of the smoke-black cliffs, in the foggy daybreak with the gulls wheeling and crying overhead, it was all over.

When the firemen grasped what had happened and what they had done, they sank to the streets beside their engines. The tugs kept their strong white streams arching into the smoldering expanse of embers, but their whistles shrieked, and climbed, and joined in a long shrill blast of triumph.

Moments later, jaunty victory notes broke out over the camps from Army bugles, and brought the refugees laughing and cheering and weeping for joy from their tents and blanket rolls. In another hour the whole world knew that San Francisco's ordeal had ended. . . .

AS THE APRIL SUN BROKE THROUGH the mist that morning, a band of San Franciscans picked their way through the ruins. They had come to look at what was left.

As far as they could see, the city—four fifths of her—lay destroyed.

A footpath led them down Market Street. On every side loomed tottering walls, piles of rubble, twisted skeletons of steel, incinerated shells of buildings open to the sky, and, where the city had proudly crowned her hills, mile upon mile of—nothing.

Acrid yellow smoke drifted slowly across the desolate scene. A brooding silence hung in the air. The men and women might have been travelers, exploring the remains of a long-perished race, a long-dead civilization.

But the curious thing was, they did not see, really, the ashen waste. They saw instead the rocklike mint, still standing as it was when its valiant crew stumbled choking into the street, their battle won. Two blocks west, they saw the imposing post office and federal court building; the quake had battered it and the fire had scarred it, but men had stood fast and fought for it, and it had come through.

Down in the devastated streets of the Gold Rush town, the Montgomery Block, erected in the '50s, rose solid and fortresslike among the wreckage. And there was the building that the son of the pioneer had saved with the spirit of '49. On Russian Hill were the homes, scorched but intact, that resolute men had snatched from disaster. To the cliffs of Telegraph Hill clung the cottages the fishermen would not yield.

The San Franciscans took off their coats and rolled up their sleeves.

"Let's go," they said. "Let's get started."

The bricks in Market Street were still hot, and blistered their hands. But they could not wait. Bending over, they began to clear away the rubble, and if at that moment they had looked up, they might have seen the phoenix—the mythical golden bird, with the shimmering golden wings.

Somewhere near the city's heart, it must have risen from the ashes. On immortal wings it must have flown triumphantly toward the sun, higher and higher into the sky, until it was a shining speck, until it disappeared.

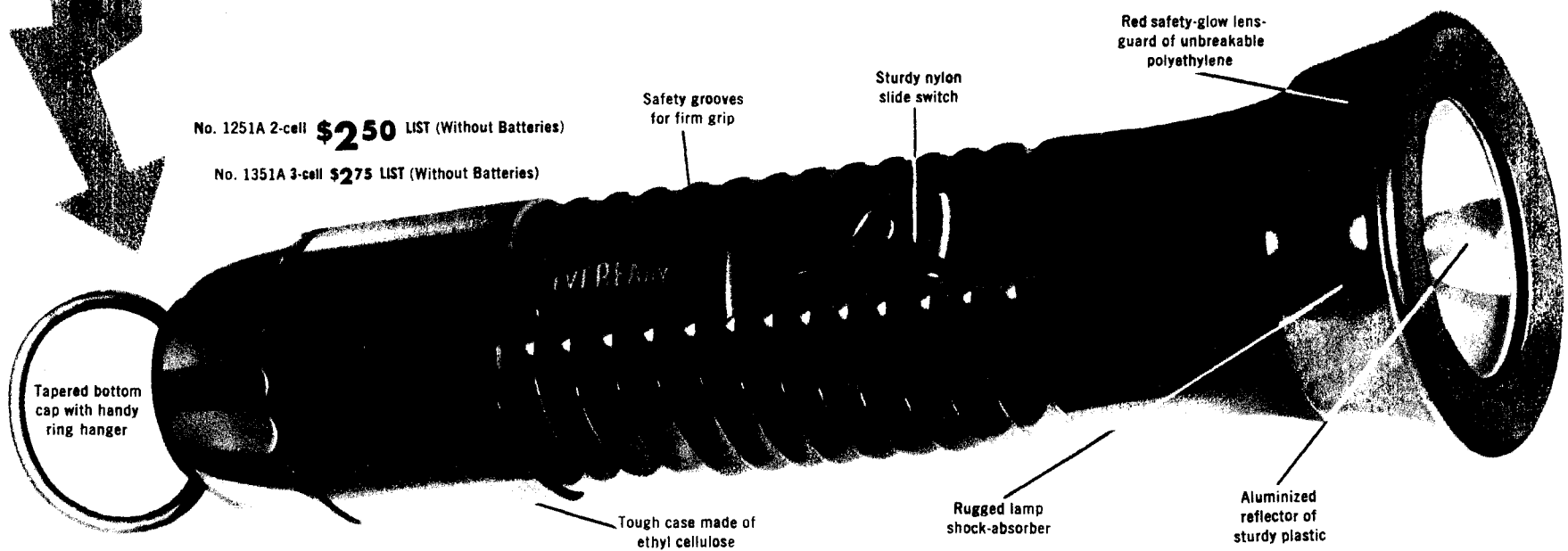
THE END



San Franciscans drift back into their smoking, gutted city to start cleaning up

Collier's for March 30, 1956

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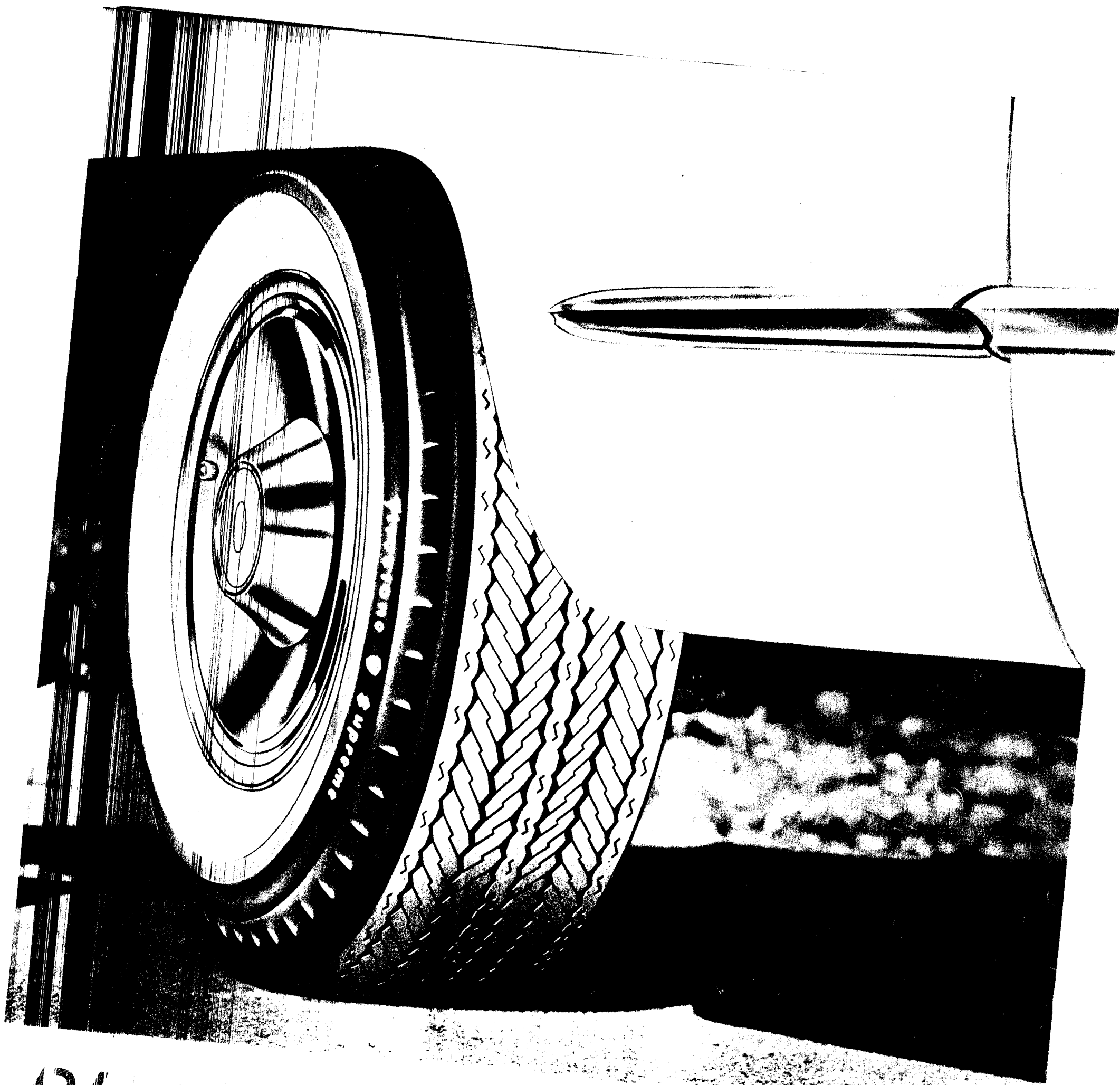
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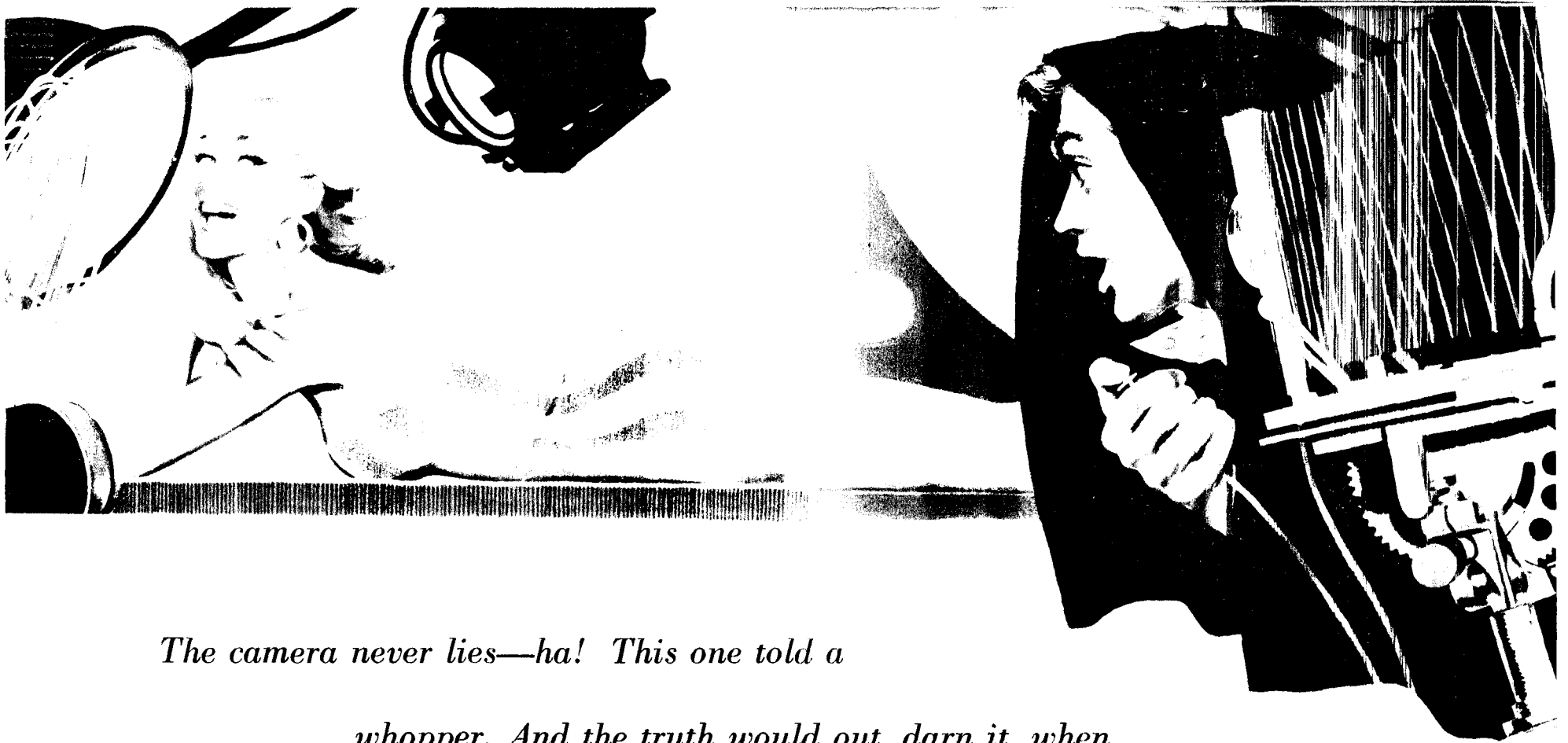
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*The camera never lies—ha! This one told a  
whopper. And the truth would out, darn it, when  
my dream man saw the real, unglamorous me*

# All in the mind

By RUTH HENNING

I STOOD on the sidewalk and looked up at the building. It was all stone, glass brick and lines. Even amidst the opulence of the Sunset Strip it looked expensive. In front was a photograph, blown up bigger than life-size, of a girl lying on a leopardskin couch—a very short couch, obviously, since her head and shoulders hung down over one end, and she greeted passers-by with a languid, upside-down smile. Her long hair touched the floor, and she was all but falling out of her black lace gown. Down in the lower right-hand corner of the photograph was a scrawling, almost illegible signature: “bergerhoff.”

What I should do, I decided, was count to ten, take a deep breath and walk in. I had an appointment to have my picture taken, I had fifty dollars in my purse, and, most important, I had a purpose. But I was beginning to have cold feet. I knew darn’ well that even in my best suit I didn’t look like a potential upside-down photo; Heaven only knew what bergerhoff with a little “b” would do when he saw me.

Inside the building the atmosphere was hushed, cool, and scented with Fleur d’Amour. I gulped and walked across the deep carpet to the desk.

The receptionist looked me up and down distastefully, her frown deepening at the sight of the disreputable suitcase I carried. “Yes?” she inquired in a cultured, pained voice, turning her head away slightly to get a reviving whiff of Fleur d’Amour.

I drew myself up haughtily. “I’m Yvonne St. George,” I said, subtly indicating by my tone of voice that people were *always* taking my picture and that I was terribly tired of it all. I was glad I’d decided not to use my real name, Bertha Griffler. It was for sure that bergerhoff with a little “b” would never click his artistic shutter for anybody named Bertha Griffler.

The receptionist glanced down at her appointment book. “Will you go

in, please, Miss St. George?” she said. “Mr. bergerhoff is ready for you.”

So, I thought nervously, Mr. bergerhoff is ready for me. But am I ready for Mr. bergerhoff?

Perhaps I should explain how I got into this situation. On this particular morning, my self-confidence was at an all-time low. I’d have felt timid about going into one of those little four-poses-for-a-quarter places, not to mention bergerhoff’s. The reason was that several days earlier I had been forced to take stock of my life and to admit openly that it contained no love—not even a reasonable facsimile.

I hadn’t just drifted into this forlorn state; I had, in fact, tried everything short of kidnaping—church groups, night school, the bird watchers club, even Muscle Beach. But everywhere it was the same story: women, beautiful women all over the place, outnumbering the men two to one. And I always arrived with too little, too late. Well, what can you expect in Hollywood? I asked myself, and started packing to go to Alaska. Then I got my job at KWOW, the television station; you know—“Loads of fun on Channel One!”

At first I was beside myself among all those actors, singers, dancers, announcers, comedians and wrestlers—all of them handsome, all of them male. I worked at the switchboard, watched them come and go, and tried to decide whether I would choose Ron Roland, the Teatime Troubadour, or Beautiful Benjamin and his Bulging Biceps.

I don’t know exactly when it was that I began to realize the truth: that for every man on Channel One, there was a wife or a girl friend or, sometimes, both. A free-lance girl didn’t have a chance. Even the few confirmed bachelors had crowds of adoring fans waiting for them at the door.

I was finally willing to settle for Curly Landon—and believe me, that was

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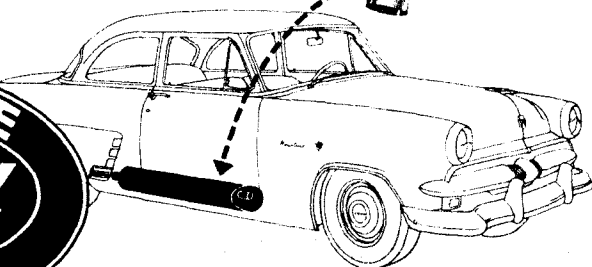
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scraping the bottom of the barrel; he wasn't even a full-fledged prop man yet. But Curly was kind of cute at that, and he definitely noticed I was a girl, which was more than you could say for the rest. But then the blow fell, the final humiliation: Curly eloped with Alice Weeboldt, who runs the Joyful Kitchen program.

When I heard that news, I gave up hope. That evening I settled down resignedly with a copy of *Lively Love Tales*. By nine o'clock, I'd finished *My Heart Was His Playground* and *Reckless Debutante*—and I still wasn't sleepy. So I turned to the back of the magazine to a section I hardly ever glanced at—*Pen Pals*—where lonely people write to find friends. I was thumbing through it idly, thinking how hard up some people were for something to do with their leisure time, when I saw his photograph.

He had wavy hair, a wonderful profile, pipe, tweed jacket, white shirt open halfway down the chest, faithful dog alongside, books in the background. He had everything, and his letter read: *Dear Pen Pals: Somewhere in this world there's a girl—beautiful, sweet, warmhearted, intelligent—a girl who's looking for a guy, just an ordinary guy who works hard, saves his money, and looks like Cary Grant. Where are you, girl of my dreams? It was signed Montgomery Massey, and the postscript read: Please send photograph.*

As I read the letter through and gazed at the photograph, I realized that this letter might have been written to me alone. Feverishly, I sat down and wrote an answer, pouring my heart out in purple ink. I was about to seal the envelope when I remembered that postscript: *Please send photograph*. My heart sank. No photograph or snapshot I had would do. And then's when this idea came to me: I would go to bergerhoff and have a real glamor photograph taken! It would probably take all the money I'd been saving for a fur stole, but it would be worth it. The best things in life may be free, but sometimes a girl has to make a sizable investment before she lands any of that free goods.

**W**ELL, that's how I, Yvonne St. George, nee Bertha Griffie, came to be waiting nervously inside bergerhoff's dim studio, wishing I were dead, wishing I'd never seen Montgomery Massey's picture nor read his letter.

"Come in, come in!" a man's voice said to me from somewhere in the shadows. "You are—?"

I gulped. "Yvonne St. George," I told him.

"I see," the voice replied. "The dressing room is there on the right." I stood there, hesitating. "You surely aren't planning to be photographed in *that*!" he said finally.

"Oh, no," I said quickly, although that was my best brown gabardine suit. "I have an evening dress and a bathing suit with me." I told him.

"Try the dress first," he said in a bored tone. "And take off your make-up, all except lipstick."

In the dressing room, the lights were very bright and there were mirrors all around. My reflection frightened me. I looked hollow-eyed and ghastly, as though I'd spent the night in a damp cellar. My hair, which usually looks thick and shiny, stuck out in every direction. Without make-up, I felt like unpainted furniture.

Miserably I walked out into the shadowy studio and stood waiting for some kind of explosion. How could I

have been so stupid as to try to palm myself off as a glamor girl—especially to someone like bergerhoff, who had photographed the world's most celebrated beauties?

"Come over here, please, Miss St. George," said bergerhoff from the shadows. "Stand here." He indicated a patch of brilliantly lighted floor against a stark white backdrop. I obeyed, feeling as though I were facing a firing squad. For ten or fifteen minutes he stared at me while I twisted and turned at his command. He was probably trying to find my good angle, if there was one, I told myself.

"Sit down and rest now," he told me after a while, "until I'm ready."

**I** WALKED out of the circle of light gratefully and sat down on a couch. It felt soft enough, but somehow prickly. As my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, I peered down, and sure enough, it was leopard. I wondered if he'd pose me on it. Somehow I hoped he wouldn't. I didn't think Montgomery Massey's dream girl was the type for a leopardskin couch.

"I'm ready now, Miss St. George!" bergerhoff said, and I looked up and caught my breath. It was fantastic. The backdrop was now a soft blue. In front were several white, Grecian columns. "That column in the middle," he said as I came closer. "Lean against it, please." I leaned. "Turn a little to the left." I turned. "Arch your back." I arched. "Extend your right leg." I extended. "Raise your chin." I raised. "Take a deep breath." I inhaled. "Put your hands in back of you along the column." I did. There was a long silence.

"Is it hopeless?" I asked resignedly. "Hopeless?" he asked, startled out of his concentration, as though he hadn't realized I could talk at all.

"Yes—me, I mean," I said. "Not at all," he said impatiently. "You have a lovely figure. Your face is unusual—good bones."

Before I could react to this startling pronouncement, he began adjusting the lights. I began to relax. So this is genius, I thought. It was worth the fifty dollars just for the experience, and it would be something to tell my grandchildren. Then I remembered with a pang that there might never be any grandchildren. Such a pity, too, when I had such good bones to pass along to them.

"Hold your pose, please," he said, and stepped into the circle of light. For the first time I got a good look at him, and what do you know? He was young, with intense brown eyes and wavy hair. He was wearing denim slacks, striped T shirt and sneakers. He looked more like a college boy than a genius. He stood very close to me and studied me intently from head to toe. Ordinarily it would have made me self-conscious, but somehow, with him, it didn't. I guess it was because of what he'd said about my bones.

"Now," he said softly, "we want just the right facial expression. You are married?"

"No," I answered.

"Engaged?"

"No."

"But there is someone. For so beautiful a woman, there must be someone."

"Yes," I admitted, thinking of Montgomery Massey.

He sighed ecstatically. "Yes," he said, "that's it! That's the look I want. Now hold it!"

From then on, he snapped pictures furiously. I laughed, I brooded, I

smiled enigmatically; I stood, I sat, I sprawled. Sometime later, I changed into my bathing suit and we began all over again. Through it all, bergerhoff changed lights, switched scenery and reeled off directions. I felt like Trilby under the influence of Svengali. Under bergerhoff's guidance I became a different person—fascinating, a *femme fatale*. I was sorry when it was over.

When I got home that afternoon I ran to take a look at myself in the full-length mirror on the bathroom door. I wanted to see the fabulous new me I hadn't known existed. I looked and looked, but somewhere between bergerhoff's studio and my apartment, the new me had been lost. And no matter how I twisted and turned and postured, I couldn't make out anything but the same old Bertha Griffler. Good bones, indeed!

But the pictures, when I finally got them, were really something. They looked like me, I suppose—the me I'd been that day in bergerhoff's studio. It wasn't his fault I'd stopped being Yvonne St. George, goddess, and gone back to Bertha Griffler, human being. I paid for them and then, doggedly, I sent one to Montgomery Massey, care of Lively Love Tales magazine, with a letter saying I hoped to hear from him soon.

I watched the mails like a hawk, waiting for some kind of acknowledgment from Montgomery Massey. Surely he couldn't disregard my photograph entirely!

WHEN the response finally came, it was from an unanticipated direction. It was Friday afternoon and the switchboard at the studio was buzzing. "KWOW—Lots of fun on Channel One!" I said into my transmitter.

"Long-distance, person-to-person for Miss Yvonne St. George," the operator said.

"One moment, please," I answered automatically, and made three more connections before I realized what she had said. "Did you say Yvonne St. George?" I cried. "Just a moment, please. I'll try to locate her in the studio." I beckoned frantically to one of the page boys to take over the switchboard for me. "Put that long-distance call on number three through to Dan Shirmer's office," I said as I dashed down the hall. I'd just seen Mr. Shirmer go out to lunch.

I closed the office door and picked up the telephone with trembling hands. "Hello?" I said, disguising my voice.

"Yvonne, darling," said a masculine voice. "This is Montgomery. I'm at the airport in San Diego. My plane leaves in five minutes. I'm coming to you on wings!"

"You're what?" I gasped.

"I'm coming to you!" he repeated excitedly. "Now that I've found you, I don't want to waste another minute. My plane gets in at three ten. I'll come straight to the studio!"

"Oh, no," I cried shrilly. "Not here! I'll meet you at—at The Driftwood." It was the darkest place I could think of, and in that atmosphere he might even think I looked like my picture. "At seven," I added as an afterthought. "I'm tied up here this afternoon."

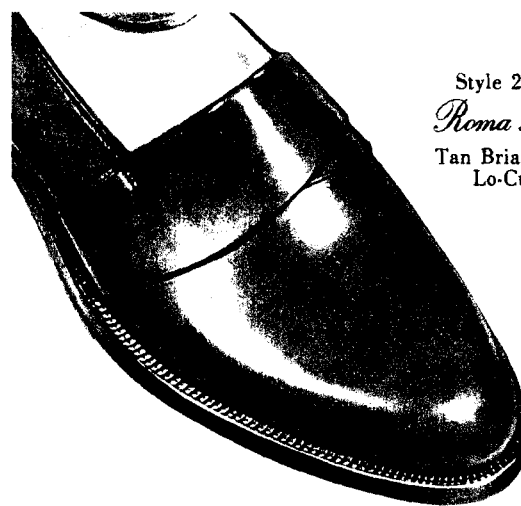
"Until then, dream girl!" he said passionately. I heard the receiver click. I ought to be wild with joy, I told myself, but instead I was scared to death. I had expected a gradual build-up—an exchange of letters for several weeks or months—and then, one day, a personal introduction in the offices of Lively Love Tales. I had not, in my wildest dreams, expected this mad, impetuous, fire-breathing wolf! What I hadn't reckoned with was the impact of a photograph by bergerhoff.

By six o'clock that evening, I'd tried on every dress in my limited wardrobe, done my hair up, down and sideways and vacillated nervously among three shades of lipstick. I finally tied my hair in a pony tail with a black velvet ribbon, borrowed a lipstick from the girl across the hall, and started out.

The Driftwood was already crowded when I arrived. Candles flickered inside dark glass hurricane shades, and the whole room was cloudy with cigarette smoke. I sat down and fixed my eyes on the door, at the same time trying to look aloof and sophisticated. There was a constant stream of arrivals, almost all of them in pairs. A few men came in alone and headed for the bar, but there wasn't another lone female in the lot.

By seven twenty, my face began to feel a little stiff from holding a pleasant, expectant expression, and it seemed to me the headwaiter was giving me odd looks. By seven forty, I was beginning to get really scared. Suppose Montgomery Massey had taken ill!

I was on the verge of giving up hope entirely when (Continued on page 54)



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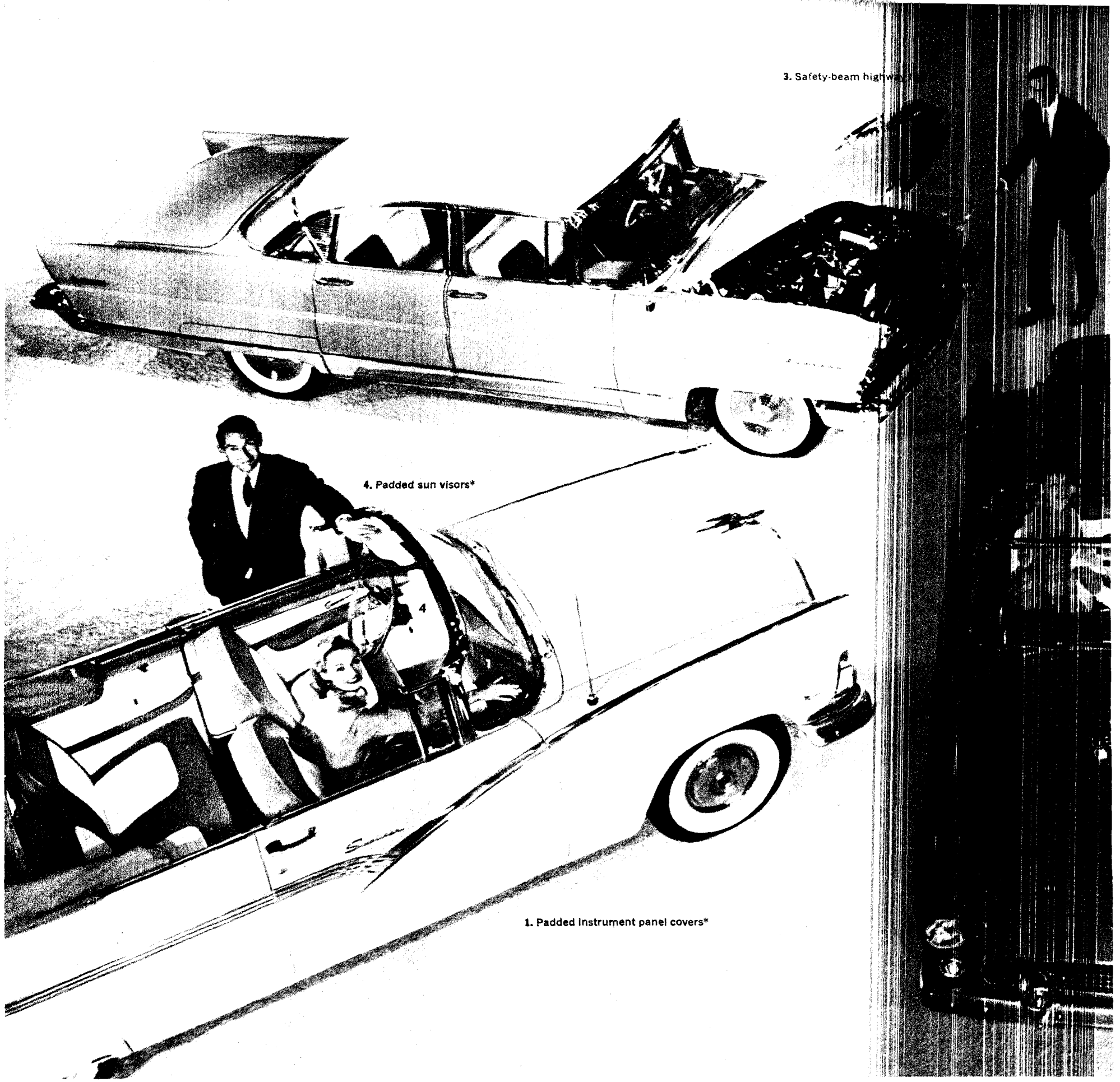


COLLIER'S

TOM HENDERSON

Collier's for March 30, 1956





The FORD FAIRLANE

The LINCOLN PREMIERE

The FORD THUNDERBIRD

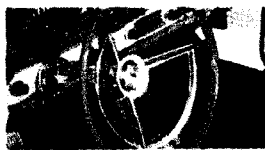
## THE BIG TRENDS BEGIN AT FORD

# NEW SAFETY

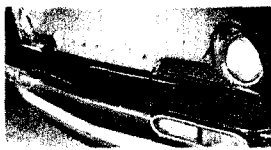
### KEY TO THE NUMBERED SAFETY FEATURES ABOVE



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2. Impact-absorbing steering wheels



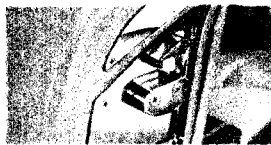
3. Safety-beam highway lights



4. Padded sun visors\*



5. Safety seat belts\*



6. Safety-hold door locks

\*Optional

Step into one of the Ford Family of Fine Cars and you make a discovery: a whole *life net* of new safety features, designed to protect you and your family—every mile you drive.

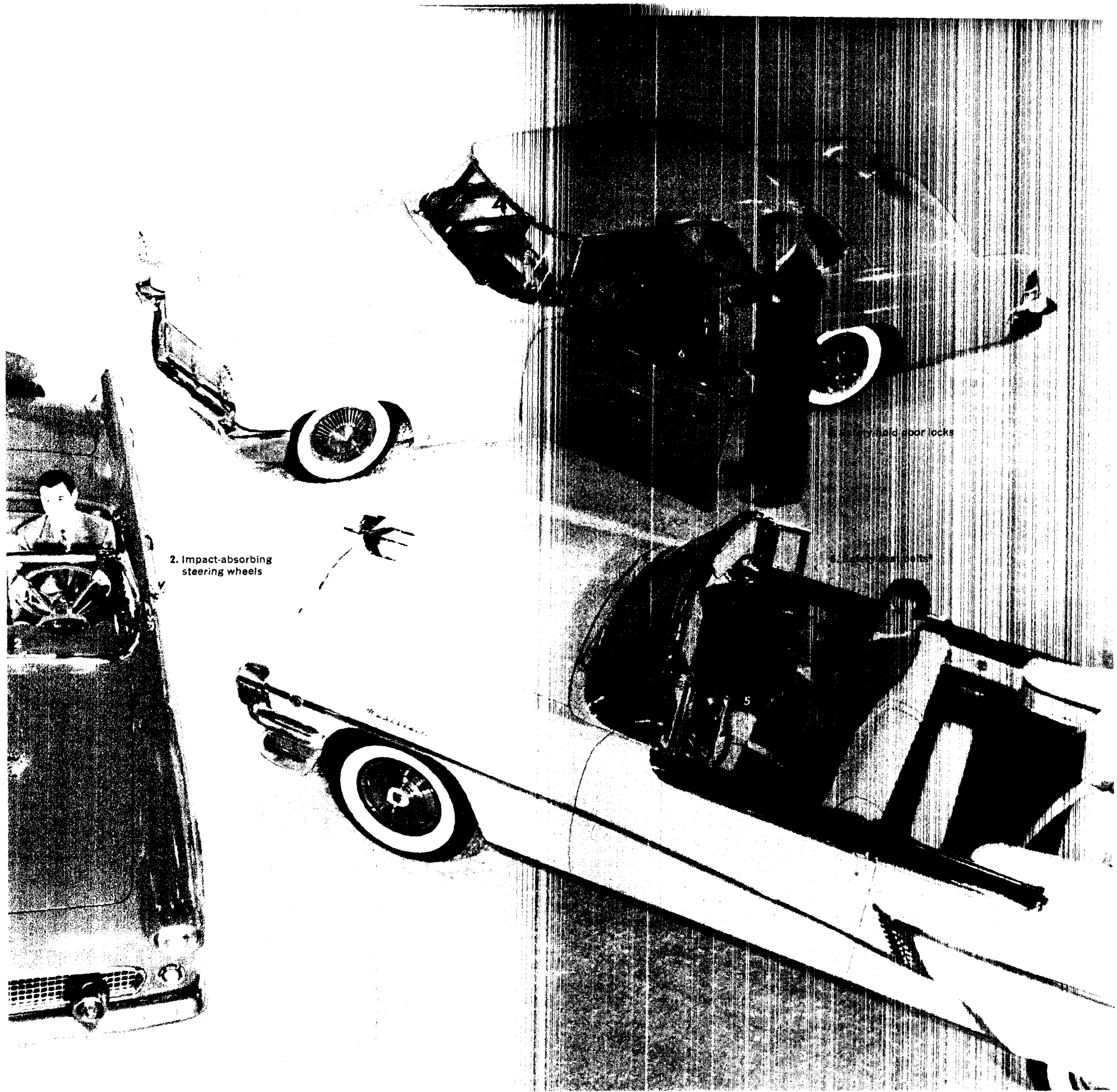
This *New Safety* developed progressively through years of scientific hard work. You can see the results yourself.

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### THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

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(Continued from page 51) I heard a familiar voice. "I think I'd like to go in now," the voice said. "My—uh—friend seems to be delayed. If she comes, please bring her to my table." I looked up at the owner of the voice talking to the headwaiter. He was standing at the bar with his back to me, but his voice was unmistakable.

Just then he turned toward the dining room and I got a good look at his profile. With a little imagination supplying the pipe and the dog, anyone could see this was indisputably Montgomery Massey. And all the time he'd been standing there at the bar watching the door as eagerly as I.

I got up from my chair just as he turned and looked once more in the direction of the entrance. His gaze swept past me without a sign of recognition. I sat down miserably. This was worse than my wildest dreams! I'd admitted to myself that he might be a little disappointed when he saw me, but I'd never considered the possibility that he wouldn't know me at all!

I didn't know whether to walk boldly up to his table or to sneak out quietly and leave him his memories. Granted, he didn't look quite as romantic as his photograph either; still, he'd come all the way from San Diego to see me. The least I could do was keep our date. If only, I thought miserably, I could recapture that wonderful feeling of power I'd had that day in bergerhoff's studio.

**S**UDDENLY, an idea struck me with the impact of a thunderbolt. Without waiting to think it over, I ran out of The Driftwood, crossed Sunset Boulevard, and in a few moments I was again in front of the impressive stone-and-glass building. "If only he's there!" I kept saying to myself breathlessly.

Miraculously, he was, but as I walked into his private office and saw the surprise on his face as he looked up at me, I realized that I hadn't the faintest idea what to say. "I—I—" I began finally.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you all right?"

"I—I—" I repeated, blushing.

He smiled then, a slow, friendly, nice smile. "I'd like to take your picture the way you look right now," he said, "in color. You have an unusually expressive face, Miss St. George."

I began to relax. This was what I'd come to hear. "I'm sorry I broke in on you like this," I said ruefully. "To be perfectly frank, I was a little upset. There was a man—"

"Ah, yes," he interrupted, nodding wisely. "These Hollywood wolves! No woman is safe on the streets—especially such a beautiful woman."

I smiled modestly. I had been about to tell him the truth, but his was a good story. I wished I'd thought of it myself.

"I was about to leave the studio," bergerhoff said, still looking at me intently in that flattering way of his. "Perhaps I could drop you somewhere?"

"Well," I said gratefully, "it would be most kind of you."

He looked slightly nonplused when I asked to be dropped at The Driftwood, less than two blocks away, but took it in his stride and helped me out of the car as if I were a princess. I thanked him graciously, sailed into The Driftwood, and asked the puzzled headwaiter for Mr. Montgomery Massey's table.

Montgomery Massey was sitting morosely at an unusually dark, secluded table. "Montgomery, darling!" I said vibrantly, floating up to him with both

hands outstretched. "Can you ever forgive me?" He jumped to his feet, so startled he almost knocked over his chair. "I know I'm shockingly late," I said, sitting down gracefully across from him, "but I wanted to come to you with a clean slate—no unfinished business, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, yes, of course," he said fog-gily, staring at me.

I sat back in my chair and looked at him adoringly. "I would have known you anywhere!" I said. "That profile, those dark eyes, that classic nose, that sensitive mouth! Your picture didn't do you justice." I went on for quite a while in that vein and I didn't need a crystal ball to tell me it was working. By the time we'd had dinner he was coming out of shock.

"Yvonne, Yvonne," he kept saying hungrily, as though he'd mistaken me for the entree. "You're beautiful!"

After dinner we dropped in at several other spots on the Strip, all of them dimly lighted. I let him hold my hand under the table. At midnight he took me home in a cab, and, openly strug-

side to side. "Every time I see you, you're more beautiful than before!"

"And every time I see you, your line gets better and better," I said, smiling. Silently, I added: I don't believe a word of it, but please go on!

Mr. bergerhoff looked hurt. "It's not a line," he said. "To prove it, would you pose for me right now, just as you are?"

"You want to take my picture—now?" I said, in amazement.

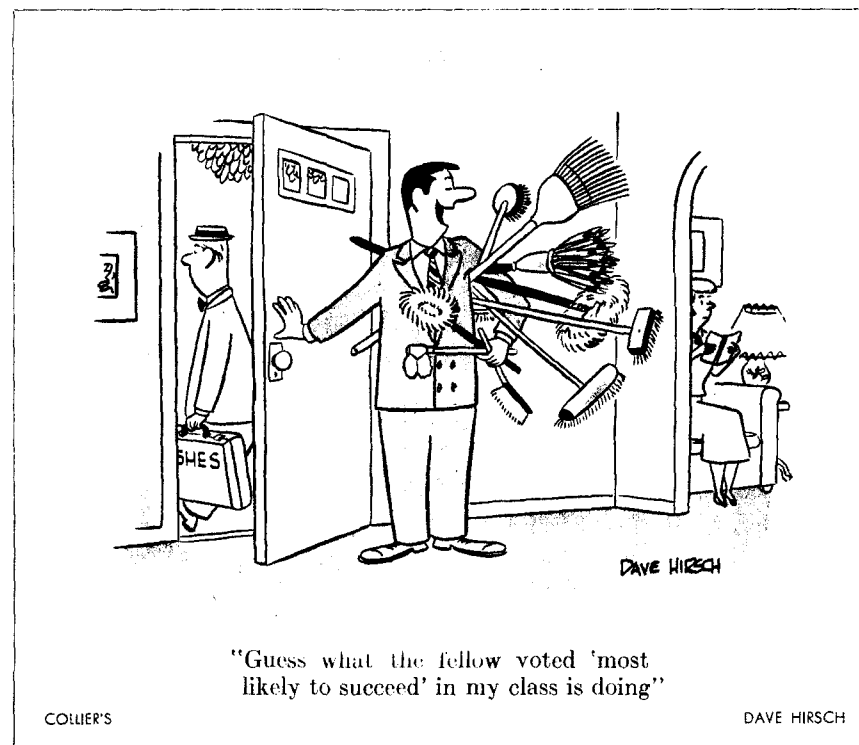
"Yes, to show you how beautiful you look," he said excitedly. "You may not believe me, but the camera never lies. Oh, sometimes it exaggerates or minimizes or emphasizes," he said, "but with you, that isn't necessary. Not with your bones!"

That did it. Regardless of the time, I let him pose me on an artificial grassy knoll, looking off into the distance.

"What am I looking for?" I said. "Shrimp boats?"

"No!" he answered loftily. "You are looking into the future, facing life courageous and unafraid."

In spite of myself I felt my face take



gling to control my emotions, I said I'd better not invite him in—yet. I was just congratulating myself that I'd brought the evening to a successful conclusion when he gazed soulfully into my eyes and left me with this parting remark: "I'll see you tomorrow morning, darling. I can't wait to get a really good look at you by daylight!"

Now what did he mean by that?

**T**HE next day was my Saturday off, and we had a date for late breakfast at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he was staying. He certainly courted a girl in style, I had to say that for him. In fact, there was a lot I could say for Montgomery Massey—and all of it good. But I couldn't figure out why I wasn't happier. I guessed it was because I was tired and my inferiority complex was beginning to sneak up on me again.

As the time for our date drew nearer and I still looked no better, I knew what I had to do, and I took a bus out to the Sunset Strip. This time when I walked into bergerhoff's studio I was poised and self-assured.

"I stopped by to thank you for your kindness last night," I told him.

In reply, he just stood back and looked at me. "I don't know how you do it," he said, shaking his head from

on lines of nobility. The man had magic; there was no other explanation for the effect he had on me.

After he had finished and promised to send me the prints, I took the bus out to the Beverly Hills Hotel to meet Montgomery. We had breakfast outside by the pool. It was a beautiful day, and I sat there with the brilliant California sunshine full in my face. Where last night I had been languid, mysterious and wistful, today I was animated, bubbling over with health and good will. Montgomery was captivated. He had rented a car, and after brunch we drove out to the beach. At a breathtaking spot in the Pacific Palisades, he parked and turned to me.

"Yvonne, I love you," he said. "The moment I saw your picture I was attracted. Last night I was fascinated, but today I know for sure!" He took both my hands in his. "Yvonne," he said, "marry me!"

"Montgomery!" I said and went into his embrace; I came out disappointingly clearheaded. With a shock, I realized what I'd been thinking of the whole time he was kissing me: I'd been wondering if I could stay in character as Yvonne St. George down in San Diego, miles away from the magic of bergerhoff and his studio.

"Montgomery," I said, moving away from him a little, "you must give me a little time. I must be sure." . . .

The next day was Sunday. We had the entire day together. I cooked breakfast at my apartment, packed a lunch, and we went to Malibu. That night he had to take the late plane back to San Diego.

As I watched his plane take off, I felt a little relieved. I hadn't seen bergerhoff since Saturday morning and my self-confidence was wearing a little thin. I began to figure how I could take a long lunch hour tomorrow and go out to his studio for a few minutes. In the middle of all this scheming, I brought myself up short. With Montgomery gone until next weekend, what did I need with self-confidence? These boosts to the ego bergerhoff was giving me could easily become habit-forming, like liquor or dope. I'd better quit now, I decided, while I still could.

**M**ONDAY at noon I had a sandwich and a milk shake sent in from the drugstore and spent my lunch hour writing a letter to Montgomery. All afternoon I was cross and irritable, and disconnected Hal Dunham, the big boss of Channel One, on a New York call from our biggest sponsor. When he came thundering out of his office, I moaned and said I had a headache, so he told me to go home. I left gratefully, and got on a Sunset bus headed for bergerhoff's studio.

When I got out in front of the building, I could hardly believe my eyes. Right there, in place of the black-lace-and-leopardskin girl, was me—Bertha Giffle—bigger than life-size, looking off into the distance. I gazed at it until tears came to my eyes. I was beautiful! And to think—if it hadn't been for bergerhoff, I'd never have known.

I found him in his shadowy studio, alone. "Mr. b-bergerhoff!" I cried.

"Call me josef," he said gently.

"With a little 'j'?" I said, sobbing.

"Naturally," he answered. "Well, what do you think of it? Isn't it superb? Do you believe me now?" He put his hands on my shoulders and looked down into my eyes.

"Y-yes, josef," I said, rummaging in my bag for a handkerchief.

"Don't!" he ordered. "Don't dry your eyes. You're even more beautiful with tears streaming down your face. You look like Niobe."

I didn't know who Niobe was, but I was beginning to get that glow again.

"I'd like to take your picture, just as you are this moment," he said, still holding me by the shoulders.

I looked up at him in wonder. "Oh, josef, would you really?" I said.

"To tell you the truth," he whispered, "I'd like to go on taking your picture for the rest of our lives!" He drew me close and kissed me, and this time my senses reeled like mad.

"Better try one more take, just to be on the safe side," he said huskily, and kissed me again. This time, millions of flash bulbs exploded inside my head. "Yvonne!" he murmured.

I stiffened. "Oh, josef," I began, looking up at him in anguish, "I lied to you. My name isn't Yvonne, it's Bertha—Bertha Griffle."

For just a moment, his face showed his surprise. Then he smiled. "Bertha," he repeated fondly, "Bertha bergerhoff. It's perfect!"

I sighed with relief, and then asked tremulously, "Do you think we could spell bertha with a little 'b'?"

"Of course!" he said. "How else?"

—RUTH HENNING

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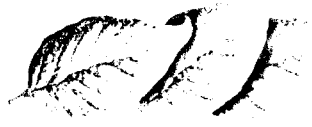
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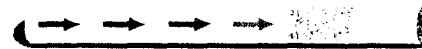
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# Outstanding...and they are Mild!





DRESSED BY LARRY ALDRICH

*New fat hats are bound to cause problems for would-be admirers. Resembling large lamp shade, this braid and velvet-ribbon version of the new style is about size of a two-quart casserole and has crown circumference of 31 inches. Designed by Mr. John*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWARD ZIEFF



*It's easy to chat and keep-it-under-your-hat when the chapeau is a giant flower affair like Emme's silk polka-dot blossom on lady at left or the John Frederics organdy-petaled sunflower her magpie friend wears*

# Hide-and-Seek Hats

*This spring America's top milliners have had a fling with women's hats. By fattening and flattening crowns, dipping brims low over the face, they've made it harder than ever to guess "who was that lady I seen you with last night?..."*

*Fashionable matinee-goer, wearing a deep bumper hat, can't help but block view of drama fans unlucky enough to sit behind her. A Sally Victor design in rough straw*



*The romantic garden hat, revived by John Frederics in this flowered leghorn, is style most likely to please males*





A visit with Mr. Fitz and Nashua

*Does it scare you to be responsible for a horse worth \$300,000 a leg? Nashua's human family care for him 24 hours a day—but they knew him before he was rich*

(Continued from page 23) uncomplaining way, and I went back to Stall 45 to talk with Al. And also to "stand there and look for awhile."

"What's his day like?" I asked Al.

"Well, start with his breakfast; that's about half past three in the morning," Al said. "He'll eat about three quarts of oats for breakfast, then he'll have a nap, usually lying down, sometimes drowsing on his feet a couple hours.

"I get him ready about seven, seven thirty, bandaging up all his legs for his gallop about half past eight. Right now, he's only galloping. Mister Fitz will decide when to start running him fast for his works.

"After about two miles or so of galloping, well, naturally, he has to be walked around for an hour or more, cooling him off gradually. Then I take the bandages off and make him comfortable, and he has lunch at half past ten. That's about four quarts of oats, and I chop up five or six carrots in them, make a tasty lunch.

"He's sure to go to sleep after lunch, and supper is half past four. That's his big meal, about six quarts of oats, with five or six more carrots in them. Then, of course, there's hay to munch on betweentimes. Maybe twenty to twenty-five pounds a day, timothy hay, clover hay and a flake or two of alfalfa. Take a real hot day, he'll drink about fifteen gallons of water, but ordinary weather, why, ten gallons will do.

"He gets special water, what they call Mountain Valley water, shipped all the way from Hot Springs, Arkansas. It's a mineral water. The horse is what we call a good doer. That means he eats good."

Bill McCleary came up to the stall, in jodhpurs, boots, a white sweater and a white cap. He used to be a jumping-horse rider, and now he's the one who rides the horse during all his exercise periods. Originally from Flatbush, Brooklyn, Bill is of Irish descent, and he's fifty-nine now. The

Fitzsimmons barn is a sure-enough Irish barn; there are more blue eyes and more Irish brogues around there than you can shake a shillelagh at.

"Doesn't it ever scare you, Bill, when you're riding him at his exercise or his works that you got a million and a quarter dollars' worth of horse under you?" I asked.

"No, not a-tall, not a-tall," said Bill. "I knew him before he was rich. I broke him in when he was a baby, and he knows who's boss. We get along good. I never think how rich he is. He's a horse."

Bill, the fifty-nine-year-old "boy," swung up on the horse, Al walked along beside them, holding a shank fastened to his bridle, another "boy," about fifty, on a pony named Francis, joined them, and they walked to the "gap," the break in the fence that leads to the track, and Nashua was ready for his gallop. Along the way, as he passed, other men and boys, with or without horses, stopped in their tracks and watched.

"That's him," they'd say, not mentioning any name. "That's him all right."

And they, too, would "stand there and look for awhile."

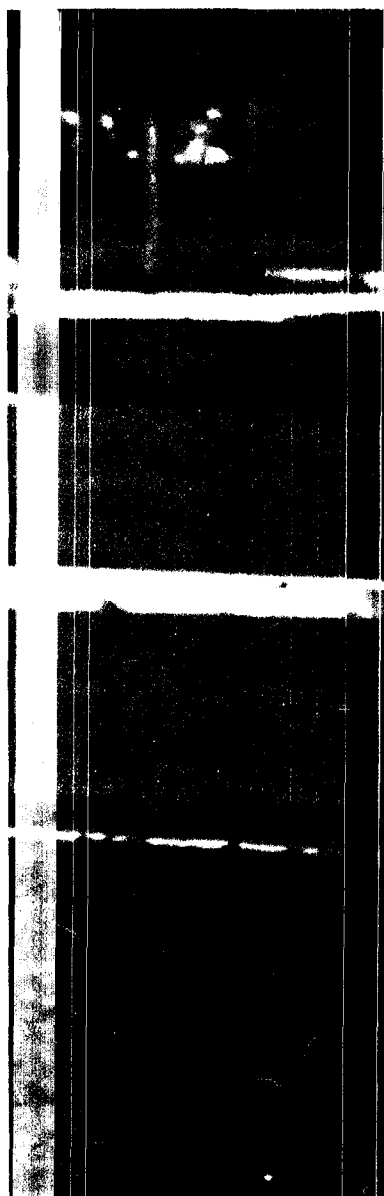
WHEN A HORSE gets to the point where he receives letters from little girls from Wyoming, he comes pretty near being a national idol, a star like Marlon Brando. As I walked to join Mister Fitz at the trackside rail, near the clubhouse turn, I thought of the events, first sporting, then tragic, which had flashed the name of Nashua onto the newspaper front pages the world over.

To begin with, he is an animal of royal blood indeed. His sire, Nasrullah, now sixteen years old and living at the Claiborne Farm in Paris, Kentucky, where the most distinguished mares come to visit his court, is estimated to be worth \$1,700,000, or \$448,800 more than himself. His dam, Segula, was sold in January for \$126,000. Her dad, by the way, was Johnstown, who was trained by Mister Fitz, and thus Mister Fitz had charge of Nashua's granddaddy, on his mother's side. Mister Fitz is indeed an old family friend of the horse.

Last year the horse was a sensation of the sports pages, and especially in defeat. That was when, as the favorite, he was beaten in the Kentucky Derby by Swaps, an excellent race horse from California. Then, on August 31st, at Washington Park in Chicago, Nashua defeated Swaps by six and one half lengths for \$100,000, winner-take-all, in a match race between the two horses only.

Later on in my visit, I asked Mister Fitz about those two races, and here's what he said:

Collier's for March 30, 1956



### "Fifty and a fifth . . . good"

Far up the track, the horse started to run. Mr. Fitz's blue eyes were peering intently, and his alert fingers had started the watch for the timing. The horse rushed by. Smoothly, as everyone watched, Nashua moved around the oval . . . McCleary was nearly standing up in the stirrups, holding him in as at last he began to slow down

"It only goes to show how things work out. We were terribly disappointed losing the Derby, but we got beat fair and square. No excuses. Some of my grandchildren were at the Derby and they were crying after it was over, they had been so sure the horse was a dead cinch to win. I didn't do any crying, because I know nothing is a dead cinch until it's over.

"Anyway, it goes to show. If we hadn't got beat in the Derby there wouldn't have been any match race, and the way it turned out, why, I never wanted so much in my life to win a race as I did that one and the horse win it for me."

Well, Derby, match race and all, the horse was chiefly on the sports pages still, until tragedy moved him out to Page One.

On October 30th, William Woodward, Jr., who had inherited the horse from his father, William Woodward, when the banker died in 1953, was accidentally shot to death by his wife, Ann, who mistook him for a night-time prowler in their home at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

Everybody wondered what would become of the horse, who would train him, and so forth. The Hanover Bank, handling the Woodward estate, said sealed bids for Nashua (and other horses Woodward owned) would be opened December 15th, and the highest bidder would get the horse.

Mr. Combs's bid of \$1,251,200 won the horse for him. The price for about 1,200 pounds of horseflesh is the largest in the world's history.

I thought of all these things (including the dates even) on my walk to "Mister Fitz's place." It's a fact that at every major race track where Mister Fitz goes—Hialeah, Saratoga, Aqueduct (his home track), everywhere—there is a certain place by the rail set aside as "Mister Fitz's place" and everybody knows it. There's no sign or reservation, race-trackers simply know the spot, and they'll say, if he isn't around, "Don't stand there; that's Mister Fitz's place."

He was standing in his place when I got there. An orderly row of straight-up Australian pine trees bordered the rail, at the clubhouse turn, and Mister Fitz was swaying between two of the trees. He had a hand on each of two trees and was swaying back and forth between them. "Exercising," he said when I came along. "Got to keep my blood moving around, with this back I got. Got to exercise as much as I can every time I can."

He stopped exercising and leaned on the rail, putting his "third leg," the aluminum crutch, against the rail. He looked across the track, away to the far turn about a half mile away. Those blue eyes are remarkable. Except for reading, he wears no glasses. He spotted the horse away over there, al-

though there must have been 30 other horses scattered around the track, galloping, jogging, walking or running fast.

"There's the horse," he said, pointing to the white sweater and white cap of Bill McCleary, dimly visible so far away. "Looks like he wants to run. I won't let him though. Not yet. He'll get to running in a week or so."

Other people's horses, with other people's "boys" up on them, would come by, walking back. Invariably, the boy'd manage to steer over near us, and yell cheerfully, "Morning, Mister Fitz!" And he'd answer back, usually by name. Once he added, to a boy on a dark brown colt: "Who's that you got there, Willie?" The boy answered: "This is the one they got from Australia, Mister Fitz."

"Oh, I knew I didn't know that feller," said Mister Fitz.

Every now and then, a couple of horses, running fast, would come by, making the triple-beat, the "clud-clud-a-clud" on the softish track that to a man bitten by the horse bug is the sweetest sound in the world. Every now and then, some dainty two-year-old filly would come mincing by, stepping tiptoe like some sixteen-year-old girl ballet dancer, and maybe wiggling her behind by way of caprice, the way that a mischievous ballet dancer might do, too.

How many thousand such mornings has Mister Fitz spent, I thought, and how serenely happy they have made him be!

WELL, WE WATCHED the horse gallop, and Bill McCleary, passing on his return, hollered from the horse's back that "he's feeling good, he wants to run." Mister Fitz took up his third leg, Johnny Fitz joined us, and we hustled to the car to go back to the barn and wait for the horse.

"I'll drive, Johnny," said Mister Fitz to his son. And he did, adroitly, bad back or no bad back.

"I like to do everything for myself that I possibly can do for myself," Mister Fitz told me as he drove along. "Keeps a man young. I do my own washing and ironing, too."

At the barn, Mister Fitz keenly looked over the horse's legs, which is the first thing any horseman, young or old, does when his horse comes off the track, and he found them fine. Al threw a blanket over the horse, and Bill McCleary, on foot, started walking him around in a circle, along with other horses of the set.

This process has the picturesque name of "walkin' hot." It is one of the lowliest, yet one of the most necessary of stable tasks, because few trainers think a hot horse can be put back in a sometimes drafty stall without cooling him off first.

The horse walked around for an hour or more, was put in his stall, little Susie came over for a visit and the horse nuzzled her. Al gave the horse his lunch, and Mister Fitz, Johnny Fitz and I went back to the Fitzsimmons home, a kind of cute, small, white house on Northwest 42d Street, about 15 minutes' ride from the track. It is one of Mister Fitz's three homes he owns—two in New York, this one in Florida.

The minute we went through the door, Mister Fitz went over and turned on the television. "It'll be Godfrey, this hour," he said. "That Godfrey seems like a nice feller. He likes horses. Maybe that little bit of a Japanese girl that ran a dead heat with that big strong piano player in the Talent Scouts will be on. She got a real nice voice."

Before the others of us could hardly get our coats off, Mister Fitz had gone into the kitchen, lighted the gas stove, and started things. He peeked out the kitchen door at me, and grinned.

"I got to make some lunch for you and the children," he said, and ducked back into the kitchen. The children he meant are the sixty-two-year-old Johnny Fitz and the sixty-year-old Jimmy Fitz, who works around the stable and who would be in shortly.

The lunch Mister Fitz made so quickly that day was hamburg, fried onions, little boiled potatoes, string beans and peach shortcake, with whipped cream he whipped up himself. At lunch, under my questioning, we got to talking about training.

"There's no miracle stuff to it, Mc," Mister Fitz said to me. "Listen. No trainer can put anything into a horse that the good Lord hasn't put there already. There's lots of good trainers. All a good trainer can do is bring out what's in a horse, that's all. The bad trainers can spoil what's in a horse, though.

"Listen," he said again. "The beauty of this racing game is nobody can corner it, no matter how many million dollars he got. No matter how much brains he got either. Because nobody can look at a yearling or a baby two-year-old and tell what's inside the horse. He can look good—good legs, good chest, good head, all that. But inside, nobody knows.

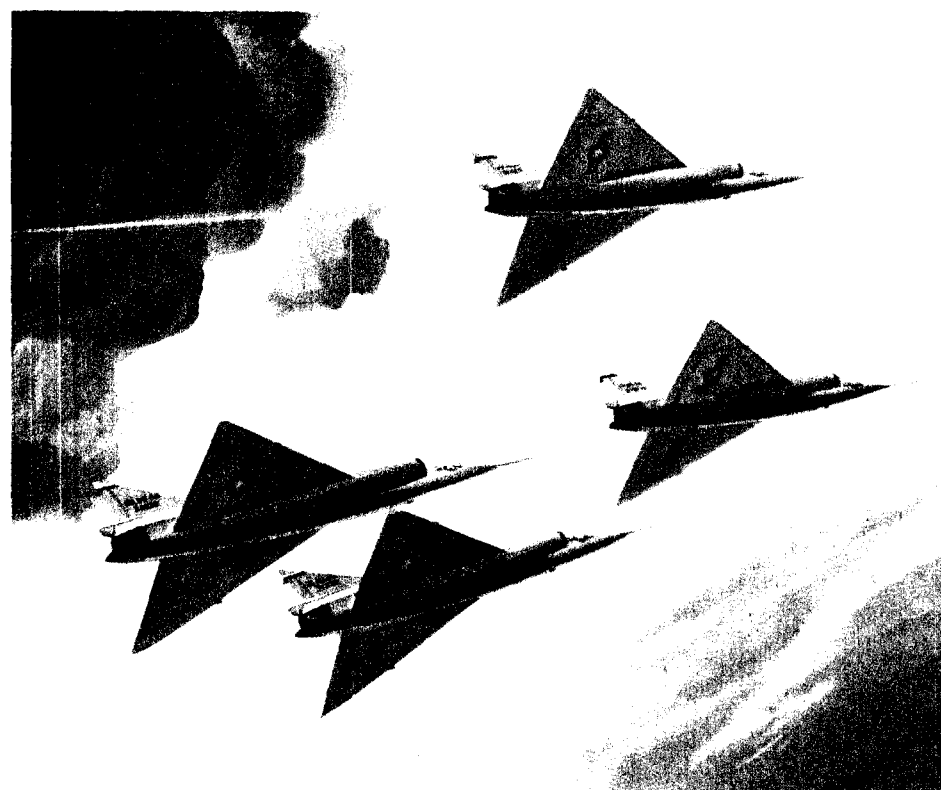
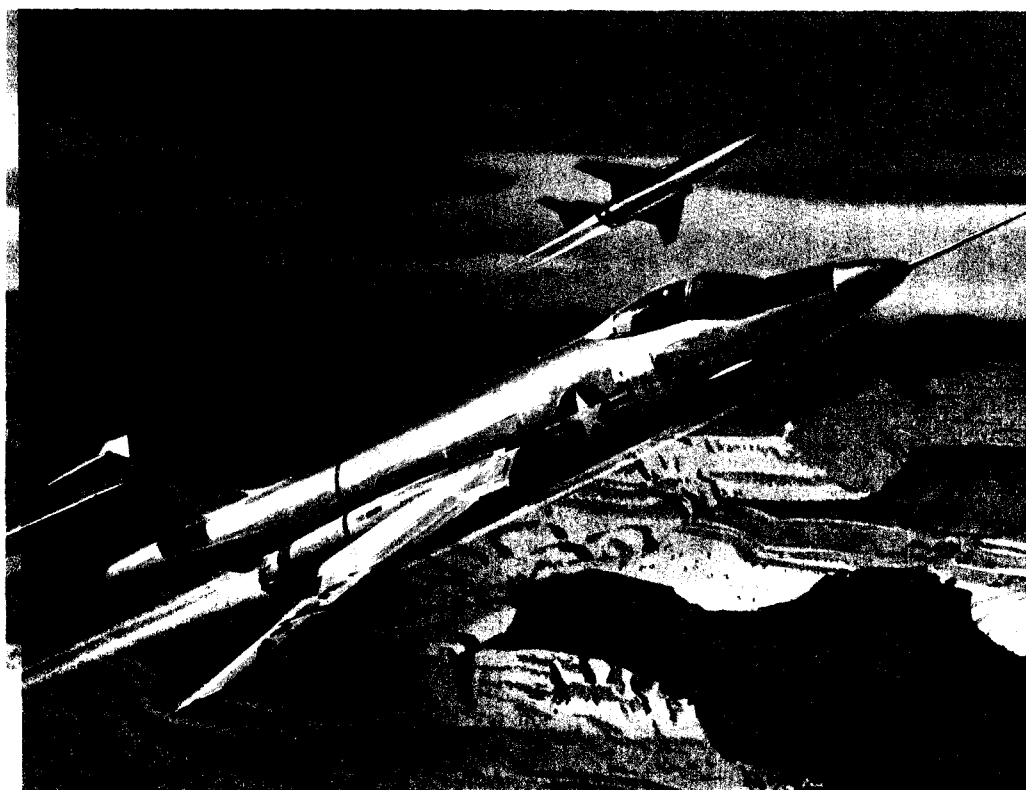
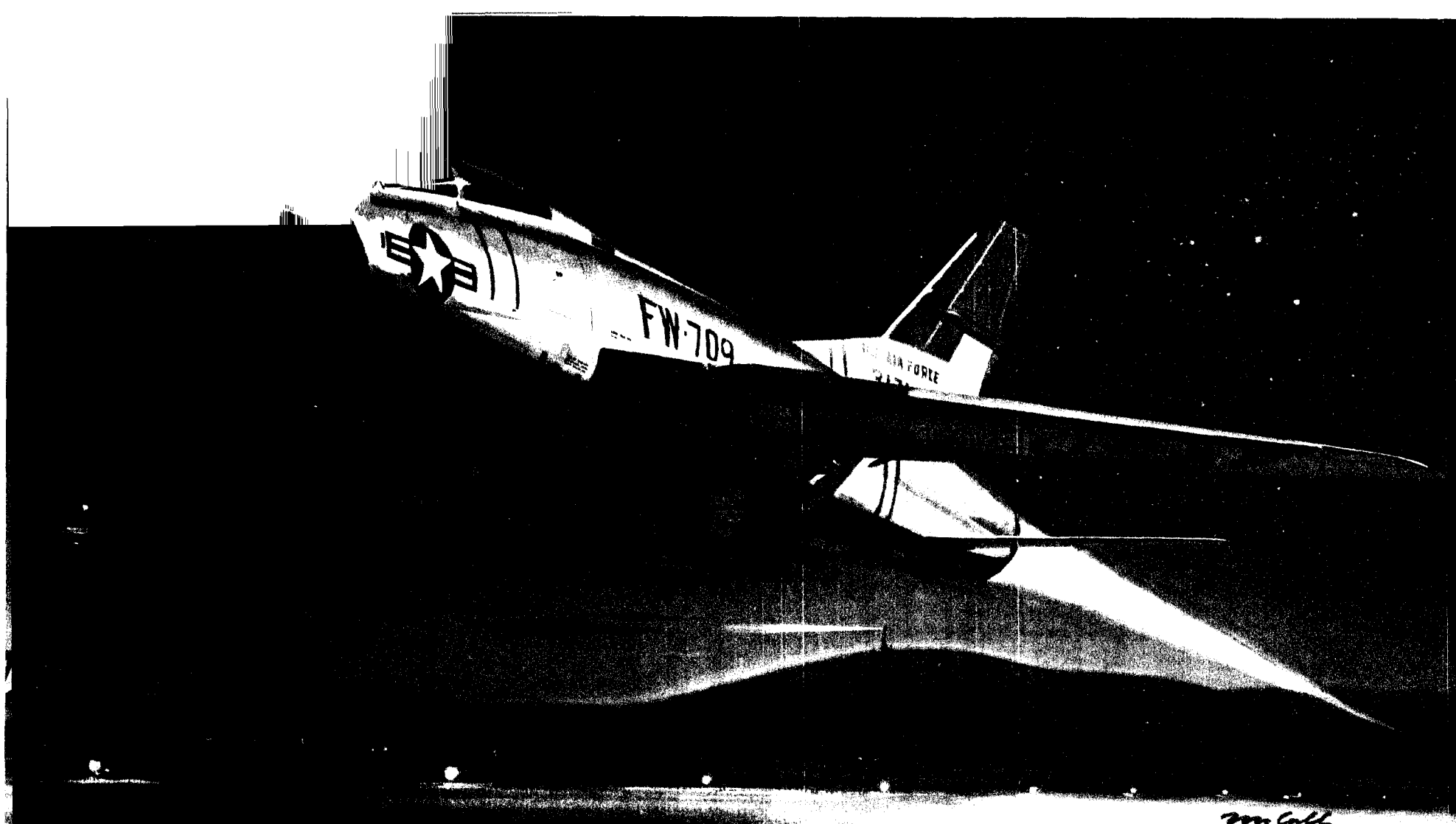
"You can't see what's inside—lungs, heart, brains," he went on.

"You think race horses got much brains?" I asked.

"They got brains enough to do what they're supposed to do, run fast and make the other guy quit. And you can't see inside, some other thing, determination or whatever that other thing is, I don't know what to call it."

"Would you call it courage, maybe?" I asked. (Continued on page 62)





AMONG THE MOST ADVANCED AIR FORCE FIGHTERS now flying are NORTH AMERICAN F-100 air superiority fighter, (top); McDONNELL F-101 escort fighter, (lower left); and CONVAIR F-102 interceptor, (lower right). All three use PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT J-57 jet engines.

## How Can America Continue to Have Air Force Aircraft Second to None

Overwhelming strength to retaliate instantly against aggression makes modern Air Power a powerful force for peace, a strong deterrent to war. But in this atomic age, such a force cannot be built *after* aggression strikes. It must be planned and ready beforehand. Its weapons—aircraft in particular—are so complex that years of research, development and production are required to build them.

Today the U.S. Air Force, Navy, Marines and Army have aircraft second to none. Will they hold that leadership tomorrow? Rebuilding American Air Power from the low to which it had fallen before the outbreak of

the Korean War in June, 1950, has taken many years. The time required for this task proves again the need for a *continuous* program of aircraft research, development and production if the United States is to continue to exceed the known air progress of other nations.

Just one example of the complexity of the entire Air Power problem is afforded by Air Force aircraft, a few of which are shown on these pages. They are and must be twice as fast as their World War II predecessors. But because of this greater speed and other complex requirements, they are many times harder to produce and their cost is many times greater.

## How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

The complex missions of the Air Force have put heavy requirements on research and development. The ability to control the skies and support ground forces, the power to carry overwhelming retaliation wherever it might be necessary, the defense of the homeland . . . all these vital missions require the fastest, most powerful and efficient aircraft ever built. The F-100 Super Sabre, for instance, flown by the Tactical Air Command, is an "air superiority" fighter which holds the world's speed record of 822 m.p.h. This fighter is built around the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 turbojet, the most powerful engine in quantity production.

The design of the Super Sabre, and other first line aircraft, began from 5 to 10 years ago. They exist today only because of past years of aviation research and development. Despite more than 50 years of aviation experience, millions of engineering man-hours in research and development were still required before they could be built in quantity.

## How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

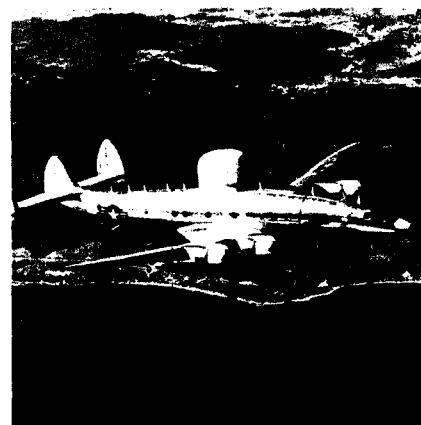
Today, the future of American aviation lies in laboratories, on engineers' drawing boards, in engine test cells, and at flight test stations. Here aircraft capable of tremendously increased speed and performance are being developed, such as the Lockheed F-104 and Republic F-105 high performance fighters. Here, even atomic power plants are being designed for aviation.

Throughout the aviation industry, innumerable problems are being met and overcome. For example, in the design of the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57, today's foremost jet engine, over 4,000,000 separate problems in many fields of science had to be solved before volume production could begin.

Continuous programs of research, development, and production are essential if America is to remain safe and free.



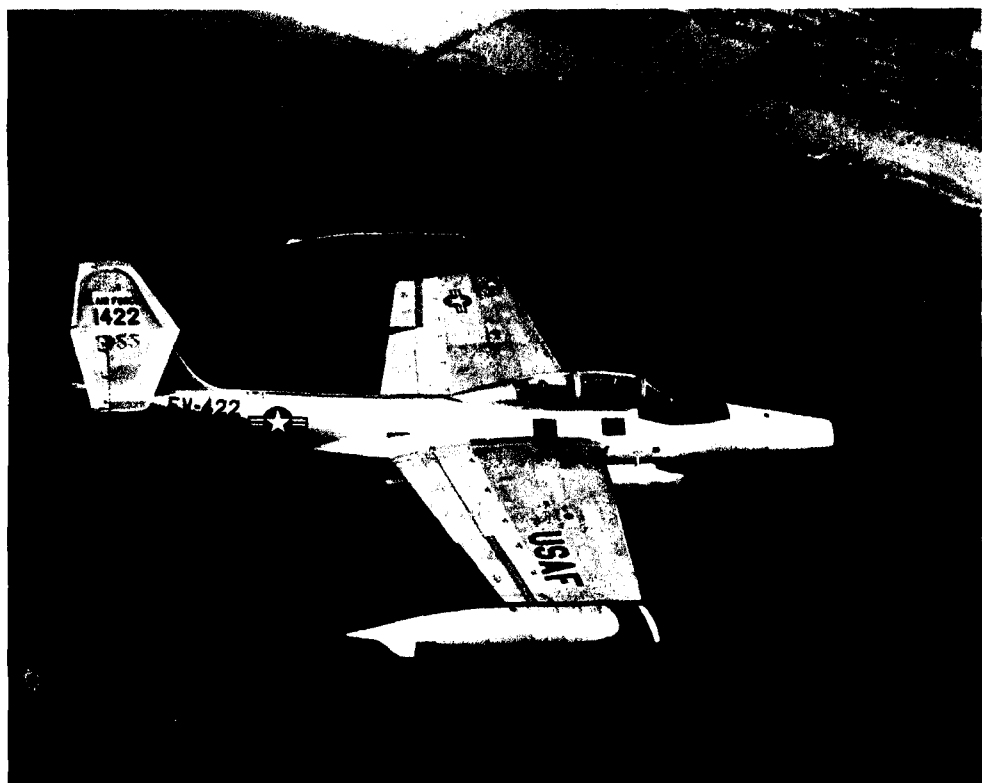
**FINAL ASSEMBLY LINES** at Republic's plant show the F-84F fighter-bomber, now in service with the air forces of the U. S. and other nations. The engine is a Wright J-65. The F-84F can carry a heavy load of bombs, rockets, and napalm.



**SKY SENTRY** can guide jet fighters to hostile bombers. This radar-carrying Lockheed RC-121 extends continental defenses out over the oceans. It has Wright R-3350 engines, Hamilton Standard propellers.



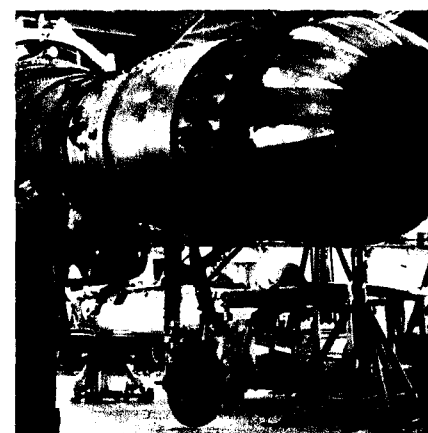
**ASSAULT TRANSPORT** used for troop carrier operations is the Fairchild C-123B, with two P&WA R-2800 engines. Hamilton Standard reversible propellers help in landings on short, unimproved airstrips.



**104 ROCKETS** are carried in wing-tip pods by this Northrop F-89D. Two Allison J-35 jet engines power this interceptor, which carries radar observer in addition to a pilot. Electronic gear locates target, then automatically salvoes rockets.



**TURBOPROP ENGINES**, which harness a propeller to a gas turbine engine, are being studied for use in military transports. Here Pratt & Whitney Aircraft T-34 turboprop engines power a Douglas YC-124B.



**PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT J-57** jet engine is most powerful in quantity production. Millions of engineering hours lie behind it. Today even more powerful engines are under development for future aircraft.



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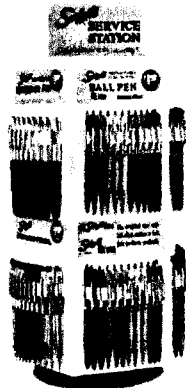
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"Nobody can corner this racing game, no matter how many millions, no matter how many brains he's got"



Lunch at the Fitzsimmonses'. Mr. Fitz, who has cooked it all himself, eats with his sons, Jimmy (left) and Johnny

(Continued from page 59) "Maybe, but courage sounds like something with the band playing," Mister Fitz said. "It's something you got without any band playing. Something that makes you able to keep going just one little bit more, no matter how your legs hurt or your lungs hurt or everything in your brains makes you want to quit, you had enough, keep going just a little bit more and make the other guy quit, not you. Make the other guy quit, not ever you, Nashua got it, I don't know what to call it."

"He certainly has shown that," I said. "Would you say he's the best horse you ever had, Mister Fitz?"

"I don't like to say anything is the best anything," was his answer. "I've had some good horses before this. Nashua's a real good horse, I say."

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO, in 1930, Gallant Fox won the Triple Crown of racing for Mister Fitz and for his boss, Mr. Woodward. The Triple Crown consists of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness at Pimlico, and the Belmont, at Belmont Park, the three traditionally great races for three-year-olds.

"Is he as good as Gallant Fox?" I asked, boldly. I say "boldly" because through the years, Gallant Fox has been pretty well accepted as Mister Fitz's favorite horse.

"Foolishness!" he said. "Foolishness! Nobody knows. Only way in the world to tell which is better would be have them race each other, and that can't be done. It's the same as those arguments could Jack Dempsey lick Joe Louis when both of them were at their best. Foolish talk, waste of time!"

While we were at it, I asked another question: "Do you ever bet on the horses, Mister Fitz?"

"Sure, I bet five dollars sometimes, for pure devilment," he answered, laughing. "My idea is betting a few dollars for devilment is all right. Betting on horses to make money is downright foolishness. Devilment's all right."

After lunch, and before Mister Fitz had his nap, he and I watched television some more and talked. Johnny Fitz was busy at the stable books in another room, Jimmy Fitz was busy tidying up and running the carpet sweeper around. There are no women around the house. The families of both sons are back around New York, and the men live in the small white house together, fending for themselves, with Mister Fitz doing a great deal of the fending. He likes to do so. Mister Fitz's wife, Jenny, to whom he was married since he was seventeen, died six years ago.

What he does watching the TV is sit in a big chair, with an electric vibrator propped against his back, and he sometimes sits there for hours, watching any old thing that comes on the 17-inch screen—a modest, simple screen, like everything else around Mister Fitz in person.

"People keep complicating things up," he said to me one minute. "There ain't any need to."

"You said Arthur Godfrey liked horses; how about yourself?" I asked him another minute. "When do you think you began to like horses?"

"I must have got the horse bug when I was six or seven years old," he said. "Perhaps it was when I used to be driving my father home in the vegetable wagon." He told me his father was a huckster, back in Sheepshead Bay, in New York, where Mister Fitz was born July 23, 1874. He has a 16-room house there still, one he bought years ago, and one that used to be chock full of children playing when Mister Fitz's children were young and then later when the grandchildren were young. Mister Fitz has 17 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren.

When he was six or seven, Mister Fitz used to ride to town with his father, in the huckster wagon. Sometimes when his father had had a jolly

Collier's for March 30, 1956

## Nickel Progress Report



A crack at the earth's surface shows bulk mining is proceeding far underground.

# Once only "waste rock"... now a new source of Nickel

How Inco's mine engineers utilize a panel-caving method in order to recover Nickel from huge ore deposits that formerly were not practicable to mine

Panel caving is one of the newest mining methods put into use by The International Nickel Company.

The tonnage of ore handled by this method is immense. Sometimes a single block measures 200 by 800 feet. It may weigh as much as 1½ million tons.

As these heavy masses move downward they break into pieces small enough to drop through chutes and into machine crushers

deep inside the mine. From crushers the ore goes a quarter mile by conveyor to hoists that lift it to the mine head.

From there, the ore is milled as fine as sand. The concentrate is then pumped to the Inco reduction plant 7½ miles away.

**Panel mining;** new concentrating machinery; new, continuously improved operating practices; pipeline transport. Add them together and you can see how they make pos-



Panel caving is one of two bulk mining methods which account for 70 per cent of the company's total Nickel output.

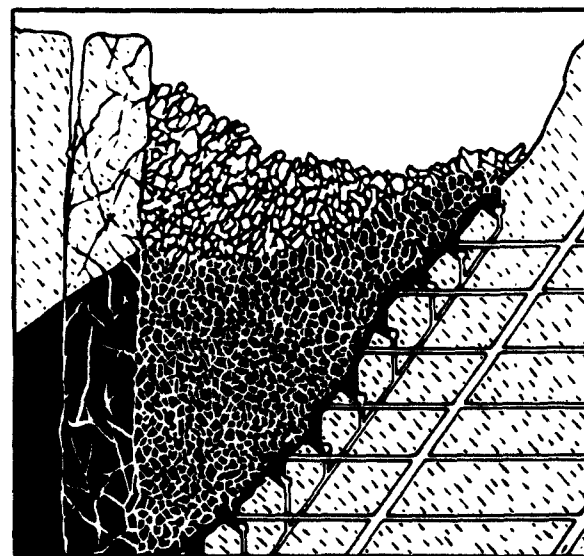


Diagram of panel caving in Creighton mine. The heavy panel of ore and rock sinks, breaking up as it moves down.

### Which Mining Method is BEST?

There is no one best method of getting ore out of the ground. Type of ore; type of rock; even the location of the mine must be weighed. Inco uses five underground mining methods at Sudbury:

|            |              |
|------------|--------------|
| Square Set | Cut and Fill |
| Shrinkage  | Blasthole    |
|            | Panel Caving |

sible production of Nickel from ore deposits once only "waste rock."

Inco has prepared a full-color sound film—"Mining for Nickel"—that shows the operations of modern Nickel mines. 16mm prints are loaned for showings before technical societies, engineering classes of universities and industrial organizations. For details, write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 50e, New York 5, N. Y.

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## International Nickel

Producer of Inco Nickel, Nickel Alloys, Copper, Cobalt, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals.



and tiring day with his customers and friends, the little boy would drive the wagon home.

"I was horse-crazy all right," he said. "I loved that driving home when I was a kid." He adjusted the electric vibrator at his back a little, and I asked him if his back hurt. "Ain't I lucky?" he answered. "Never hurts a bit. And I see some of these poor old fellers around here with arthritis and I guess they're in pain all the time. I always been lucky anyway. Like with my bosses. One thing, my bosses certainly have spent plenty of money keeping me in good horses."

That led to my asking just how he got the word that Mr. Combs, his new boss, was going to keep him as Nashua's trainer after he bought the horse.

"He called me on the telephone from Kentucky the minute they told him his bid won out," Mister Fitz said. "He asked me if I'd be willing to go on training the horse and I said I would be glad to do it. I liked the horse. And he said all right. Next day I got a letter from him airmail. Hey, Johnny, show that letter to Mc here, will you? That nice letter from Mr. Combs."

JOHNNY FITZ BROUGHT A LETTER from the next room. In it Mr. Combs said he hoped Mister Fitz would go right on as always, and do things his own way. Then a paragraph said: "I have known you ever since I was a little boy, and I certainly appreciate your doing this favor for me."

I asked Mister Fitz about his contract with Mr. Combs. He looked startled. "Contract?" he said. "I never had a contract in my life. I don't believe in them. Contracts mean that perhaps it'll wind up with two people supposed to be working together and not liking each other but trying to go on just because there's a contract. I never had a contract with Mr. Woodward and I worked for him thirty-one years. No contract with young Mr. Bill either, or with Mrs. H. C. Phipps, who has the Wheatley Stable I train for, or for young Mr. Ogden Phipps, her son, that I train for, too. No contracts. Don't believe in them. The other people say they'll do certain things and I say I'll do certain things and that's all there is to it. No need complicating things up."

Mister Fitz explained that he trains horses "by the day," and that goes for Nashua, too. It means he charges so much a day, I didn't ask him how much, and for that he provides the training, the care, the feeding, and so on. That's his regular fee, and he also gets 10 per cent of the winnings of each horse in his care. In the case of Nashua alone—as I figured quickly in my head—that would be \$94,541.50 for 1954 and 1955, and that's to say nothing of the percentage of winnings from all the other horses. Pretty good going for a man who likes to do his own washing and ironing, in order to keep life simple, the way he wants it to be.

After a while, Mister Fitz went and had his nap, and that evening the supper he cooked for us was fried chicken, mashed turnips, some string beans that had been left over, some hot biscuits and lots of butter, and some chopped-up canned fruit.

The TV and the vibrator after supper for a while, in that haphazardly happy little home on 42d Street. Maybe it was during a lull in Red Skelton or maybe it was in between Westerns, I forget what it was, but Mister Fitz talked a little bit more about training.

"Thing is, that's the horse's business, running," he said. "Running, that's his business he's on earth for. There comes a time when he simply got to get at his business, running. He feels like he just plain got to run, that's all. Well, part of my job is to train him so he'll feel exactly that way, crazy to run, at exactly the right time, at exactly the time they go to the post. Sometimes I do it, sometimes I don't, no denying that. But give me twenty-five more years and I'll have a pretty good holt on this horse-training business."

The next morning, the horse showed that he was getting at "the business he's on earth for."

Because the moment Bill McCleary got up on Nashua, ready to go out on the track for his exercise, Bill said:

"I can feel him today, Mister Fitz! He's itchin' to run."

"Let him run a mile," said Mister Fitz (a decision he'd probably made, to himself, the night before). "But not too fast, not too fast."

A few minutes later, we were at "Mister Fitz's place" at the trackside. The horse had jogged around a bit, while Mister Fitz exercised by swaying between his two pet trees.

Then, looking up the track a long way, Johnny Fitz, standing near his father, said, "Get ready, Pop, get ready!"

Mister Fitz let go of the trees, swung to the rail, and he automatically flicked out his huge, split-second stop watch, which he carries in his topcoat pocket, at the end of a braided shoestring. The gesture of taking it out was as natural, as automatic, as that of a sage old doctor flicking out his stethoscope.

"Get ready, Pop," Johnny Fitz said again. "Bing!"

The "bing!" meant that the horse had started his run, far up the track. Mister Fitz's blue eyes were peering intently up the track at the horse, and I knew his alert fingers had started the watch for the timing.

The horse rushed by, going at a pretty good clip. The good loud snorts of his nostrils hit our ears, a sound you don't hear in the afternoon at the races, because the roar of the crowd muffles it. Smoothly, while everyone in sight watched him, Nashua moved around the oval. McCleary was nearly standing up in the stirrups, holding him in, as at last he began to slow down.

"Fifty and a fifth," said Mister Fitz calmly. "Good. Nice and slow but good." He meant the horse had run a mile in one minute, fifty and one fifth seconds. Horsemen seldom mention the minute in speaking of speeds. For a first-time run after merely galloping, 1:50 1/5 really was good. Of course, in a race, good horses run a mile in 1:36, around there, but this was no race.

"I had all I could do to hold him in," McCleary said when he rode back to us and Mister Fitz's eyes had run over the horse and found him good.

I began to understand better what Mister Fitz meant when he said that his job was to get him so he'll be "just crazy to run, at exactly the right time."

The right time Mister Fitz had in mind that particular morning was late in the afternoon of February 18th, the time of the Widener mile-and-a-quarter race, the race the horse was being trained for.

Every few days, Mister Fitz explained to me, the horse would be allowed to run a little, ever so little, faster, with intervals of gallops. All in the hopes that the great moment would come the instant the Widener field would flash out of the starting gate.

That moment came at 20 minutes and 30 seconds past five o'clock on the afternoon of February 18th. Of the nine horses in the race, Nashua was third coming out of the gate. When they had gone three quarters of a mile, he was fourth. Then, under the superb jockey, Eddie Arcaro, he showed he really was "just crazy

to run." For, almost at the finish of the mile and a quarter, he was barely in front when Vanderbilt's Social Outcast came at him with a furious rush and seemed about to beat him. But Nashua summoned from somewhere within him that "little bit more" that Mister Fitz had talked about. He won by the length of his head. Again, Mister Fitz had done his work well.

THE VICTORY ADDED \$92,600 to the horse's lifetime earnings, making his total \$1,038,015, or \$47,745 behind Citation's all-time record of \$1,085,760. Out of the \$92,600, Mister Fitz got \$9,260, and jockey Arcaro the same amount. Nashua got four carrots, nearly 20 cents' worth, when he got back to his stall.

"Are you doing any celebrating tonight?" I asked Mister Fitz when I talked to him an hour and a half after the race.

"About all I figure to do tonight is mix that pancake batter for tomorrow's big Sunday breakfast," he said. "You know, half buckwheat, half regular pancake flour. I do that every Saturday night because I like it to stand in the icebox overnight. Makes it better."

Mister Fitz was taking victory in his stride, in keeping with the greatest of racing maxims—"Win as though you were used to it, lose as though it didn't matter."

His serenity after so great a triumph was also in keeping with what I had learned about him during my visit. That is, that 81 years, naturally, have brought to Mister Fitz both good fortune and bad. Simplicity and directness enable him to enjoy the good breaks with an easygoing air and to put up peacefully with the bad ones. I do wish I could learn that way of living with Mister Fitz someday. Perhaps years from now, say at the time when he gets "a real good holt on this horse-training business."

THE END

Collier's for March 30, 1956



Finish of Widener—Social Outcast, Nashua, Sailor, Find. Said Mr. Fitz: "He came on again with that extra effort after I thought they had him"



GEORGE JESSEL, AUTHOR OF "YOU, TOO, CAN MAKE A SPEECH"

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By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

## LOST SISTER

**After forty years with the savages, she had been returned to us. But now she was a stranger—a silent, brooding woman, with a secret she dared not reveal**

OUR household was full of women, who overwhelmed my Uncle Charlie and sometimes confused me with their bustle and chatter. We were the only men on the place. I was nine years old when still another woman came—Aunt Bessie, who had been living with the Indians.

When my mother told me about her, I couldn't believe it. The savages had killed my father, a cavalry lieutenant, two years before. I hated Indians and looked forward to wiping them out when I got older. (But when I was grown, they were no menace any more.)

"What did she live with the hostiles for?" I demanded.

"They captured her when she was a little girl," Ma said. "She was three years younger than you are. Now she's coming home."

High time she came home, I thought. I said so, promising, "If they was ever to get me, I wouldn't stay with 'em long."

Ma put her arms around me. "Don't talk like that. They won't get you. They'll never get you."

I was my mother's only real tie with her husband's family. She was not happy with those masterful women, my Aunts Margaret, Hannah and Sabina, but she would not go back East where she came from. Uncle Charlie managed the store the aunts owned, but he wasn't really a member of the family—he was just Aunt Margaret's husband. The only man who had belonged was my father, the aunts' younger brother. And I belonged, and someday the store would be mine. My mother stayed to protect my heritage.

None of the three sisters, my aunts, had ever seen Aunt Bessie. She had been taken by the Indians before they were born. Aunt Mary had known her—Aunt Mary was two years older—but she lived a thousand miles away now and was not well.

There was no picture of the little girl who had become a legend. When the family had first settled here,

there was enough struggle to feed and clothe the children without having pictures made of them.

Even after Army officers had come to our house several times and there had been many letters about Aunt Bessie's delivery from the savages, it was a long time before she came. Major Harris, who made the final arrangements, warned my aunts that they would have problems, that Aunt Bessie might not be able to settle down easily into family life.

This was only a challenge to Aunt Margaret, who welcomed challenges. "She's our own flesh and blood," Aunt Margaret trumpeted. "Of course she must come to us. My poor, dear sister Bessie, torn from her home forty years ago!"

The major was earnest but not tactful. "She's been with the savages all those years," he insisted. "And she was only a little girl when she was taken. I haven't seen her myself, but it's reasonable to assume that she'll be like an Indian woman."

My stately Aunt Margaret arose to show that the audience was ended. "Major Harris," she intoned, "I cannot permit anyone to criticize my own dear sister. She will live in my home, and if I do not receive official word that she is coming within a month, I shall take steps."

Aunt Bessie came before the month was up.

The aunts in residence made valiant preparations. They bustled and swept and mopped and polished. They moved me from my own room to my mother's—as she had been begging them to do because I was troubled with nightmares. They prepared my old room for Aunt Bessie with many small comforts—fresh doilies everywhere, hairpins, a matching pitcher and bowl, the best towels and two new nightgowns in case hers might be old. (The fact was that she didn't have any.)

"Perhaps we should have some dresses made."



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Hannah suggested. "We don't know what she'll have with her."

"We don't know what size she'll take, either," Margaret pointed out. "There'll be time enough for her to go to the store after she settles down and rests for a day or two. Then she can shop to her heart's content."

**L**ADIES of the town came to call almost every afternoon while the preparations were going on. Margaret promised them that, as soon as Bessie had recovered sufficiently from her ordeal, they should all meet her at tea.

Margaret warned her anxious sisters, "Now, girls, we mustn't ask her too many questions at first. She must rest for a while. She's been through a terrible experience." Margaret's voice dropped way down with those last two words, as if only she could be expected to understand.

Indeed Bessie had been through a terrible experience, but it wasn't what the sisters thought. The experience from which she was suffering, when she arrived, was that she had been wrenched from her people, the Indians, and turned over to strangers. She had not been freed. She had been made a captive.

Aunt Bessie came with Major Harris and an interpreter, a half-blood with greasy black hair hanging down to his shoulders. His costume was half Army and half primitive. Aunt Margaret swung the door open wide when she saw them coming. She ran out with her sisters following, while my mother and I watched from a window. Margaret's arms were outstretched, but when she saw the woman closer, her arms dropped and her glad cry died.

She did not cringe, my Aunt Bessie

who had been an Indian for forty years, but she stopped walking and stood staring, helpless among her captors.

The sisters had described her often as a little girl. Not that they had ever seen her, but she was a legend, the captive child. Beautiful blonde curls, they said she had, and big blue eyes—she was a fairy child, a pale-haired little angel who ran on dancing feet.

The Bessie who came back was an aging woman who plodded in moccasins, whose dark dress did not belong on her bulging body. Her brown hair hung just below her ears. It was growing out; when she was first taken from the Indians, her hair had been cut short to clean out the vermin.

Aunt Margaret recovered herself and, instead of embracing this silent stolid woman, satisfied herself by patting an arm and crying, "Poor dear Bessie, I am your sister Margaret. And here are our sisters Hannah and Sabina. We do hope you're not all tired out from your journey!"

Aunt Margaret was all graciousness, because she had been assured beyond doubt that this was truly a member of the family. She must have believed—Aunt Margaret could believe anything—that all Bessie needed was to have a nice nap and wash her face. Then she would be as talkative as any of them.

The other aunts were quick-moving and sharp of tongue. But this one moved as if her sorrows were a burden on her bowed shoulders, and when she spoke briefly in answer to the interpreter, you could not understand a word of it.

Aunt Margaret ignored these peculiarities. She took the party into the front parlor—even the interpreter, when she understood there was no

avoiding it. She might have gone on battling with the major about him, but she was in a hurry to talk to her lost sister.

"You won't be able to converse with her unless the interpreter is present," Major Harris said. "Not," he explained hastily, "because of any regulation, but because she has forgotten English."

Aunt Margaret gave the half-blood interpreter a look of frowning doubt and let him enter. She coaxed Bessie, "Come, dear, sit down."

The interpreter mumbled, and my Indian aunt sat cautiously on a needle-point chair. For most of her life she had been living with people who sat comfortably on the ground.

**T**HE visit in the parlor was brief. Bessie had had her instructions before she came. But Major Harris had a few warnings for the family. "Technically, your sister is still a prisoner," he explained, ignoring Margaret's start of horror. "She will be in your custody. She may walk in your fenced yard, but she must not leave it without official permission."

"Mrs. Raleigh, this may be a heavy burden for you all. But she has been told all this and has expressed willingness to conform to these restrictions. I don't think you will have any trouble keeping her here." Major Harris hesitated, remembered that he was a soldier and a brave man, and added, "If I did, I wouldn't have brought her."

There was the making of a sharp little battle, but Aunt Margaret chose to overlook the challenge. She could not overlook the fact that Bessie was not what she had expected.

Bessie certainly knew that this was her lost white family, but she didn't

seem to care. She was infinitely sad, infinitely removed. She asked one question: "Ma-ry?" and Aunt Margaret almost wept with joy.

"Sister Mary lives a long way from here," she explained, "and she isn't well, but she will come as soon as she's able. Dear sister Mary!"

The interpreter translated this, and Bessie had no more to say. That was the only understandable word she ever did say in our house, the remembered name of her older sister.

When the aunts, all chattering, took Bessie to her room, one of them asked, "But where are her things?"

Bessie had no things, no baggage. She had nothing at all but the clothes she stood in. While the sisters scurried to bring a comb and other oddments, she stood like a stooped monument, silent and watchful. This was her prison. Very well, she would endure it.

"Maybe tomorrow we can take her to the store and see what she would like," Aunt Hannah suggested.

"There's no hurry," Aunt Margaret declared thoughtfully. She was getting the idea that this sister was going to be a problem. But I don't think Aunt Margaret ever really stopped hoping that one day Bessie would cease to be different, that she would end her stubborn silence and begin to relate the events of her life among the savages, in the parlor over a cup of tea.

My Indian aunt accustomed herself, finally, to sitting on the chair in her room. She seldom came out, which was a relief to her sisters. She preferred to stand, hour after hour, looking out the window—which was open only about a foot, in spite of all Uncle Charlie's efforts to budge it higher. And she always wore moccasins. She never



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was able to wear shoes from the store, but seemed to treasure the shoes brought to her.

The aunts did not, of course, take her shopping after all. They made her a couple of dresses; and when they told her, with signs and voluble explanations, to change her dress, she did.

AFTER I found that she was usually at the window, looking across the flat land to the blue mountains, I played in the yard so I could stare at her. She never smiled, as an aunt should, but she looked at me sometimes, thoughtfully, as if measuring my worth. By performing athletic feats, such as walking on my hands, I could get her attention. For some reason, I valued it.

She didn't often change expression, but twice I saw her scowl with disapproval. Once was when one of the aunts slapped me in a casual way. I had earned the slap, but the Indians did not punish children with blows. Aunt Bessie was shocked, I think, to see that white people did. The other time was when I talked back to someone with spoiled, small-boy insolence—and that time the scowl was for me.

The sisters and my mother took turns, as was their Christian duty, in visiting her for half an hour each day. Bessie didn't eat at the table with us—not after the first meal.

The first time my mother took her turn, it was under protest. "I'm afraid I'd start crying in front of her," she argued, but Aunt Margaret insisted.



I was lurking in the hall when Ma went in. Bessie said something, then said it again, peremptorily, until my mother guessed what she wanted. She called me and put her arm around me as I stood beside her chair. Aunt Bessie nodded, and that was all there was to it.

Afterward, my mother said, "She likes you. And so do I." She kissed me. "I don't like her," I complained. "She's queer."

"She's a sad old lady," my mother explained. "She had a little boy once, you know."

"What happened to him?"

"He grew up and became a warrior. I suppose she was proud of him. Now

the Army has him in prison somewhere. He's half Indian. He was a dangerous man."

He was indeed a dangerous man, and a proud man, a chief, a bird of prey whose wings the Army had clipped after bitter years of trying.

However, my mother and my Indian aunt had that one thing in common: they both had sons. The other aunts were childless.

THERE was a great to-do about having Aunt Bessie's photograph taken. The aunts who were stubbornly and valiantly trying to make her one of the family wanted a picture of her for the family album. The government wanted one too, for some reason—perhaps because someone realized that a thing of historic importance had been accomplished by recovering the captive child.

Major Harris sent a young lieutenant with the greasy-haired interpreter to discuss the matter in the parlor. (Margaret, with great foresight, put a clean towel on a chair and saw to it the interpreter sat there.) Bessie spoke very little during that meeting, and of course we understood only what the half-blood said she was saying.

No, she did not want her picture made. No.

But your son had his picture made. Do you want to see it? They teased her with that offer, and she nodded.

If we let you see his picture, then will you have yours made?

She nodded doubtfully. Then she demanded more than had been offered:

If you let me keep his picture, then you can make mine.

No, you can only look at it. We have to keep his picture. It belongs to us.

My Indian aunt gambled for high stakes. She shrugged and spoke, and the interpreter said, "She not want to look. She will keep or nothing."

My mother shivered, understanding as the aunts could not understand what Bessie was gambling—all or nothing.

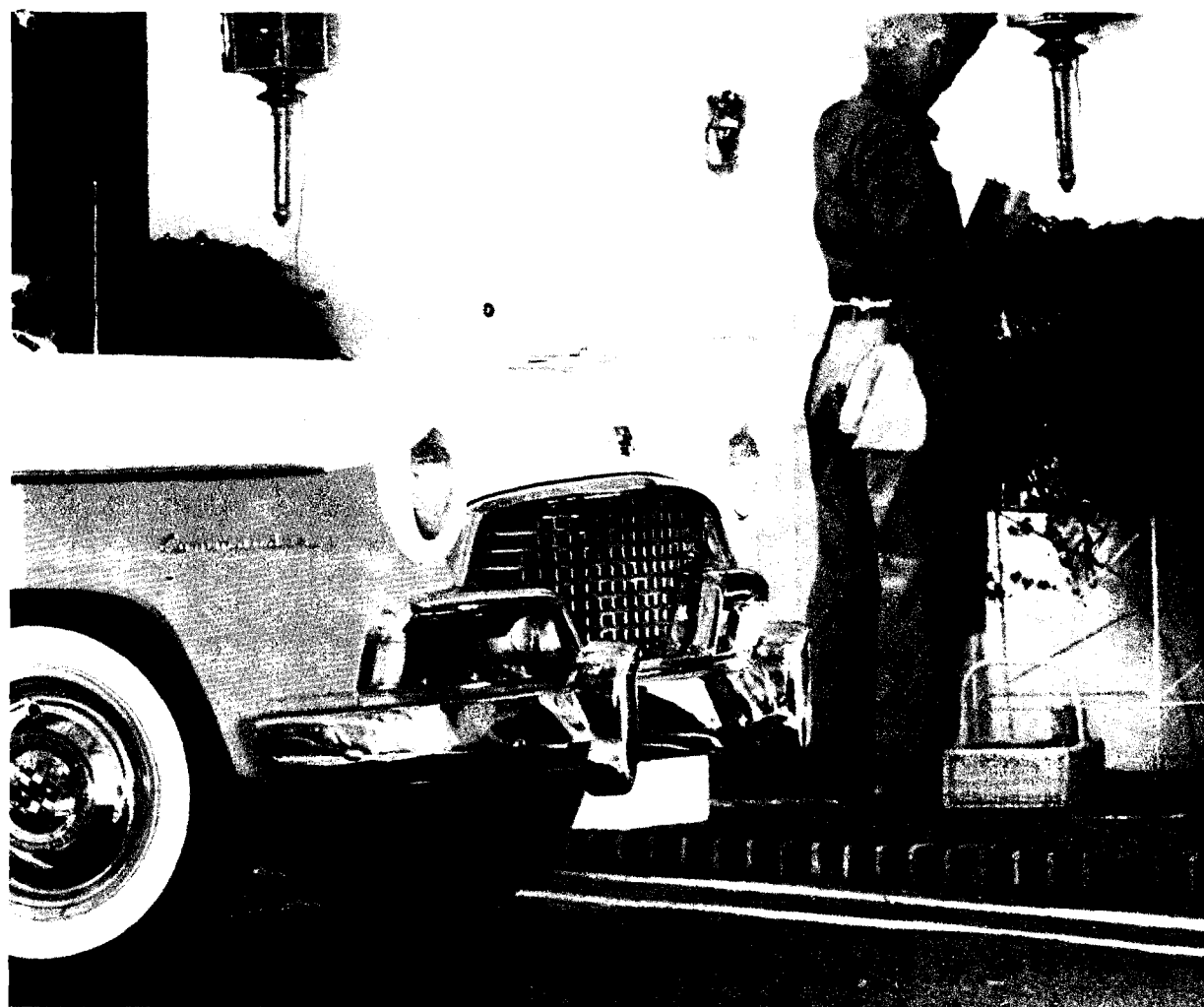
Bessie won. Perhaps they had intended that she should. She was allowed to keep the photograph that had been made of her son. It has been in history books many times—the half-white chief, the valiant leader who was not quite great enough to keep his Indian people free.

His photograph was taken after he was captured, but you would never guess it. His head is high, his eyes stare with boldness but not with scorn, his long hair is arranged with care—dark hair braided on one side and with a tendency to curl where the other side hangs loose—and his hands hold the pipe like a royal scepter.

That photograph of the captive but unconquered warrior had its effect on me. Remembering him, I began to control my temper and my tongue, to cultivate reserve as I grew older, to stare with boldness but not scorn at people who annoyed or offended me. I never met him, but I took silent pride in him—Eagle Head, my Indian cousin.

Bessie kept his picture on her dresser when she was not holding it in her hands. And she went like a docile, silent child to the photograph studio, in a carriage with Aunt Margaret early one morning, when there would be few people on the street to stare.

Bessie's (Continued on page 72)



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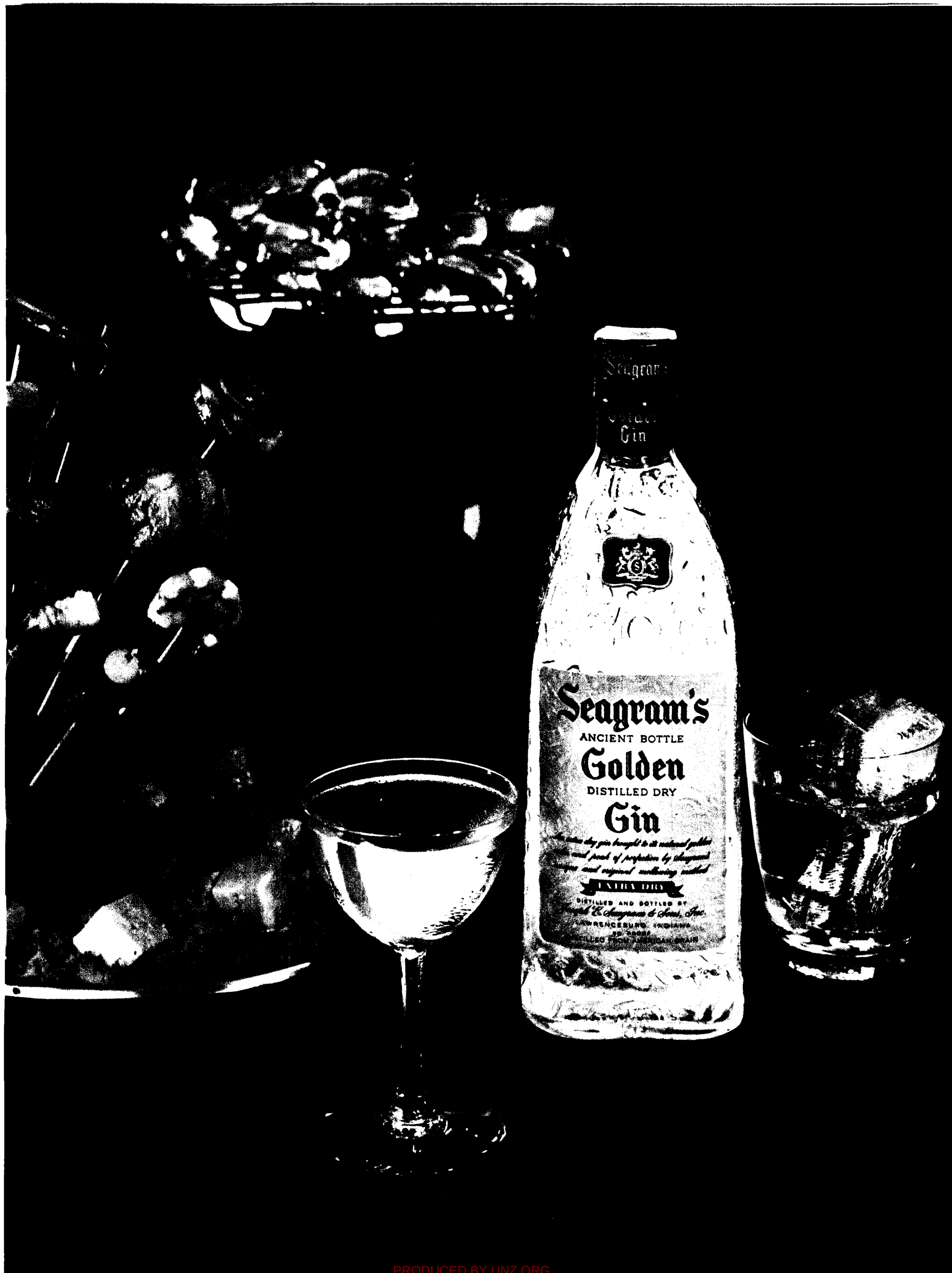
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(Continued from page 69) photograph is not proud but pitiful. She looks out with no expression. There is no emotion there, no challenge, only the face of an aging woman with short hair, only endurance and patience. The aunts put a copy in the family album.

**B**UT they were nearing the end of their tether. The Indian aunt was a solid ghost in the house. She did nothing because there was nothing for her to do. Her gnarled hands must have been skilled at squaws' work, at butchering meat and scraping and tanning hides, at making tepees and beading ceremonial clothes. But her skills were useless and unwanted in a civilized home. She did not even sew when my mother gave her cloth and needles and thread. She kept the sewing things beside her son's picture.

She ate (in her room) and slept (on the floor) and stood looking out the window. That was all, and it could not go on. But it had to go on at least until my sick Aunt Mary was well enough to travel—Aunt Mary who was her older sister, the only one who had known her when they were children.

The sisters' duty visits to Aunt Bessie became less and less visits and more and more duty. They settled into a bearable routine. Margaret had taken upon herself the responsibility of trying to make Bessie talk. Make, I said, not teach. She firmly believed that her stubborn and unfortunate sister needed only encouragement from a strong-willed person. So Margaret talked, as to a child, when she bustled in:

"Now there you stand, just looking, dear. What in the world is there to see out there? The birds—are you watching the birds? Why don't you try sewing? Or you could go for a little walk in the yard. Don't you want to go out for a nice little walk?"

Bessie listened and blinked.

Margaret could have understood an Indian woman's not being able to converse in a civilized tongue, but her own sister was not an Indian. Bessie was white, therefore she should talk the language her sisters did—the language she had not heard since early childhood.

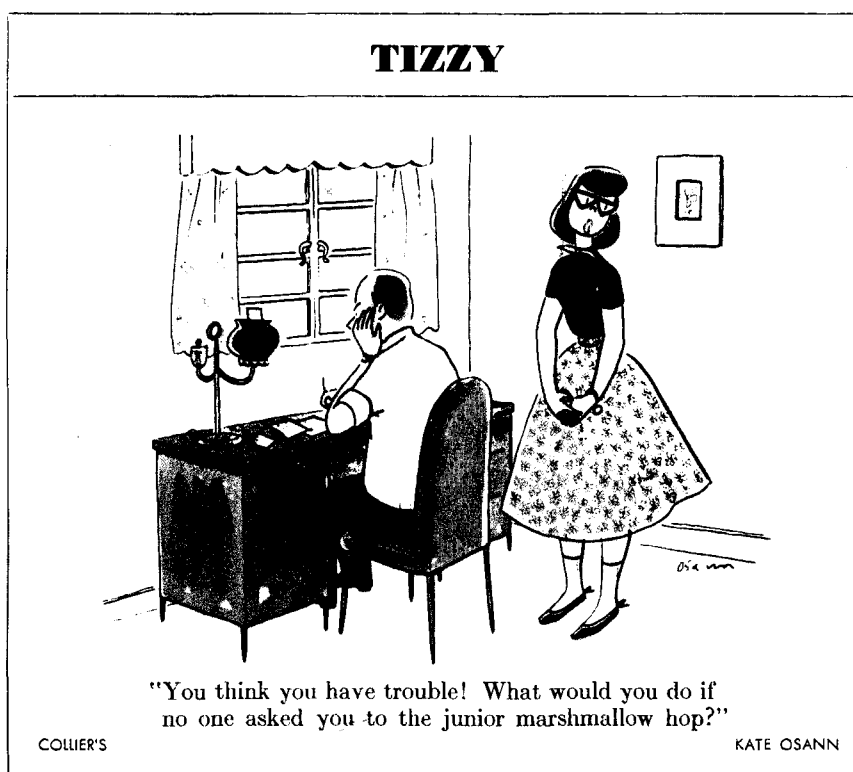
Hannah, the put-upon aunt, talked to Bessie too, but she was delighted not to get any answers and not to be interrupted. She bent over her embroidery when it was her turn to sit with Bessie and told her troubles in an unending flow. Bessie stood looking out the window the whole time.

Sabina, who had just as many troubles, most of them emanating from Margaret and Hannah, went in like a martyr, firmly clutching her Bible, and read aloud from it until her time was up. She took a small clock along so that she would not, because of annoyance, be tempted to cheat.

After several weeks Aunt Mary came, white and trembling and exhausted from her illness and the long, hard journey. The sisters tried to get the interpreter in but were not successful. (Aunt Margaret took that failure pretty hard.) They briefed Aunt Mary, after she had rested, so the shock of seeing Bessie would not be too terrible. I saw them meet, those two.

Margaret went to the Indian woman's door and explained volubly who had come, a useless but brave attempt. Then she stood aside, and Aunt Mary was there, her lined white face aglow, her arms outstretched. "Bessie! Sister Bessie!" she cried.

And after one brief moment's hesitation, Bessie went into her arms and



Mary kissed her sun-dark, weathered cheek. Bessie spoke. "Ma-ry," she said. "Ma-ry." She stood with tears running down her face and her mouth working. So much to tell, so much suffering and fear—and joy and triumph, too—and the sister there at last who might legitimately hear it all and understand.

But the only English word that Bessie remembered was "Mary," and she had not cared to learn any others. She turned to the dresser, took her son's picture in her work-hardened hands, reverently, and held it so her sister could see. Her eyes pleaded.

Mary looked on the calm, noble, savage face of her half-blood nephew and said the right thing: "My, isn't he handsome!" She put her head on one side and then the other. "A fine boy, sister," she approved. "You must"—she stopped, but she finished—"be awfully proud of him, dear!"

Bessie understood the tone if not the words. The tone was admiration. Her son was accepted by the sister who mattered. Bessie looked at the picture and nodded, murmuring. Then she put it back on the dresser.

**A**UNT MARY did not try to make Bessie talk. She sat with her every day for hours, and Bessie did talk—but not in English. They sat holding hands for mutual comfort while the captive child, grown old and a grandmother, told what had happened in forty years. Aunt Mary said that was what Bessie was talking about. But she didn't understand a word of it and didn't need to.

"There is time enough for her to learn English again," Aunt Mary said. "I think she understands more than she lets on. I asked her if she'd like to come and live with me, and she nodded. We'll have the rest of our lives for her to learn English. But what she has been telling me—she can't wait to tell that. About her life, and her son."

"Are you sure, Mary dear, that you should take the responsibility of having her?" Margaret asked dutifully, no doubt shaking in her shoes for fear Mary would change her mind now that deliverance was in sight. "I do believe she'd be happier with you, though we've done all we could."

Margaret and the other sisters would certainly be happier with Bessie somewhere else. And so, it developed, would the United States government.

Major Harris came with the interpreter to discuss details, and they told Bessie she could go, if she wished, to live with Mary a thousand miles away. Bessie was patient and willing, stolidly agreeable. She talked a great deal more to the interpreter than she had ever done before. He answered at length and then explained to the others that she had wanted to know how she and Mary would travel to this far country. It was hard, he said, for her to understand just how far they were going.

Later we knew that the interpreter and Bessie had talked about much more than that.

Next morning, when Sabina took breakfast to Bessie's room, we heard a cry of dismay. Sabina stood holding the tray, repeating, "She's gone out the window! She's gone out the window!"

And so she had. The window that had always stuck so that it would not raise more than a foot was open wider now. And the photograph of Bessie's son was gone from the dresser. Nothing else was missing except Bessie and the decent dark dress she had worn the day before.

My Uncle Charlie got no breakfast that morning. With Margaret shrieking orders, he leaped on a horse and rode to the telegraph station.

Before Major Harris got there with half a dozen cavalymen, civilian scouts were out searching for the missing woman. They were expert trackers. Their lives had depended, at various times, on their ability to read the meaning of a turned stone, a broken twig, a bruised leaf. They found that Bessie had gone south. They tracked her for ten miles. And then they lost the trail, for Bessie was as skilled as they were. Her life had sometimes depended on leaving no stone or twig or leaf marked by her passage. She traveled fast at first. Then, with time to be careful, she evaded the followers she knew would come.

The aunts were stricken with grief—at least Aunt Mary was—and bowed with humiliation about what Bessie had done. The blinds were drawn, and voices were low in the house. We had been pitied because of Bessie's tragic folly in having let the Indians make a savage of her. But now we were traitors because we had let her get away.

Aunt Mary kept saying pitifully,

"Oh, why did she go? I thought she would be contented with me!"

The others said that it was, perhaps, all for the best.

Aunt Margaret proclaimed, "She has gone back to her own." That was what they honestly believed, and so did Major Harris.

My mother told me why she had gone. "You know that picture she had of the Indian chief, her son? He's escaped from the jail he was in. The fort got word of it, and they think Bessie may be going to where he's hiding. That's why they're trying so hard to find her. They think," my mother explained, "that she knew of his escape before they did. They think the interpreter told her when he was here. There was no other way she could have found out."

They scoured the mountains to the south for Eagle Head and Bessie. They never found her, and they did not get him until a year later, far to the north. They could not capture him that time. He died fighting.

**A**FTER I grew up, I operated the family store, disliking storekeeping a little more every day. When I was free to sell it, I did, and went to raising cattle. And one day, riding in a canyon after strayed steers, I found—I think—Aunt Bessie. A cowboy who worked for me was along, or I would never have let anybody know.

We found weathered bones near a little spring. They had a mystery on them, those nameless human bones suddenly come upon. I could feel old death brushing my back.

"Some prospector," suggested my riding partner.

I thought so too until I found, protected by a log, sodden scraps of fabric that might have been a dark, respectable dress. And wrapped in them was a sodden something that might have once been a picture.

The man with me was young, but he had heard the story of the captive child. He had been telling me about it, in fact. In the passing years it had acquired some details that surprised me. Aunt Bessie had become once more a fair-haired beauty, in this legend that he had heard, but utterly sad and silent. Well, sad and silent she really was.

I tried to push the sodden scrap of fabric back under the log, but he was too quick for me. "That ain't no shirt, that's a dress!" he announced. "This here was no prospector—it was a woman!" He paused and then announced with awe, "I bet you it was your Indian aunt!"

I scowled and said, "Nonsense. It could be anybody."

He got all worked up about it. "If it was my aunt," he declared, "I'd bury her in the family plot."

"No," I said, and shook my head.

We left the bones there in the canyon, where they had been for forty-odd years if they were Aunt Bessie's. And I think they were. But I would not make her a captive again. She's in the family album. She doesn't need to be in the family plot.

If my guess about why she left us is wrong, nobody can prove it. She never intended to join her son in hiding. She went in the opposite direction to lure pursuit away.

What happened to her in the canyon doesn't concern me, or anyone. My Aunt Bessie accomplished what she set out to do. It was not her life that mattered, but his. She bought him another year.

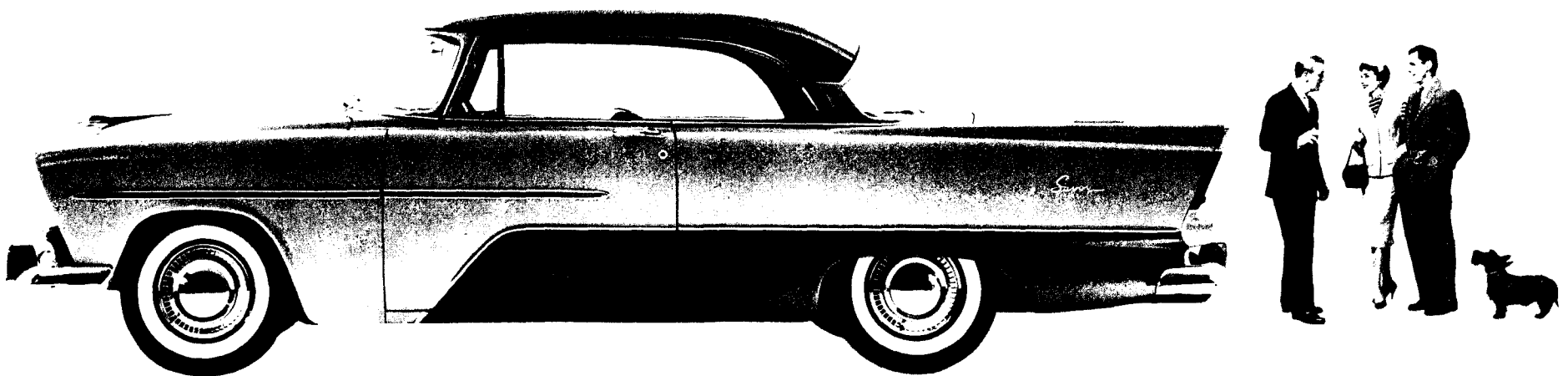
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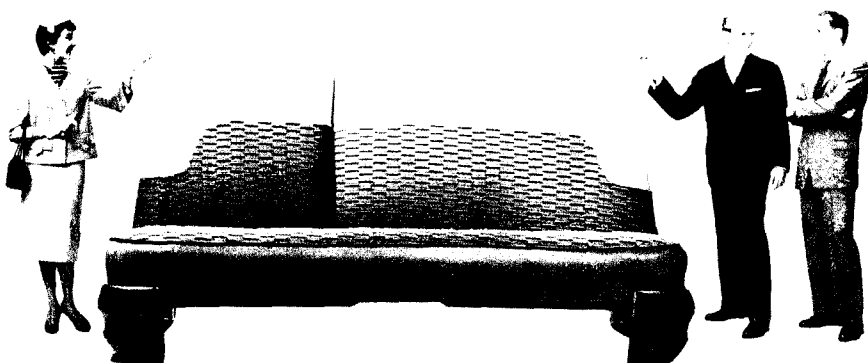
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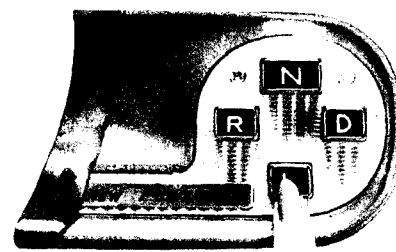
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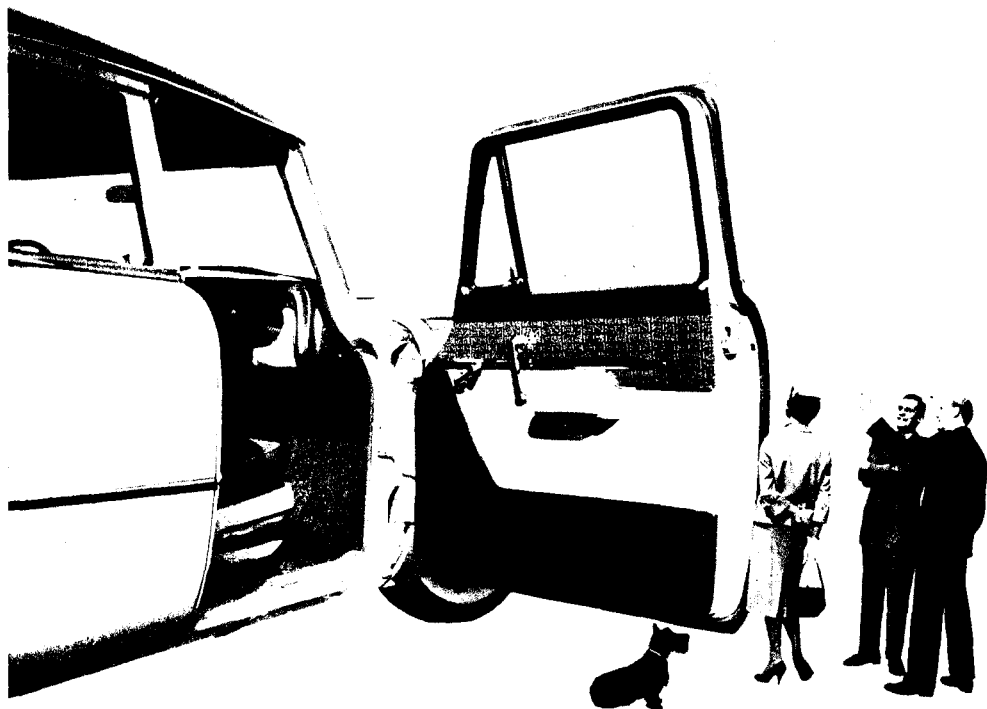
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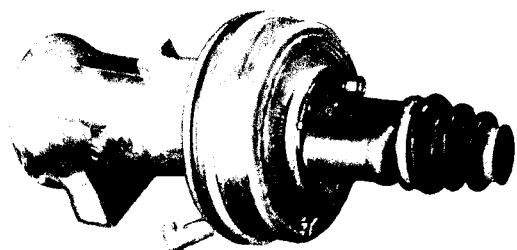


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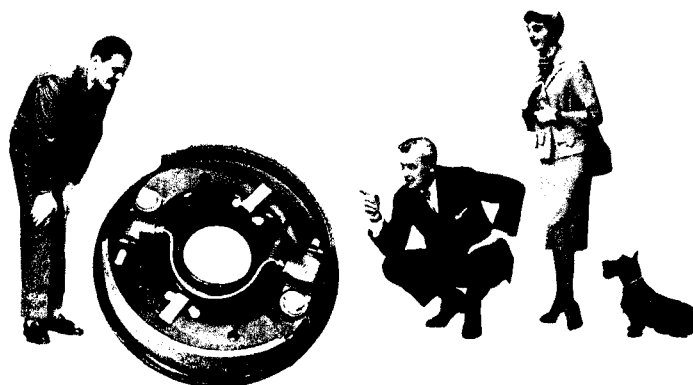


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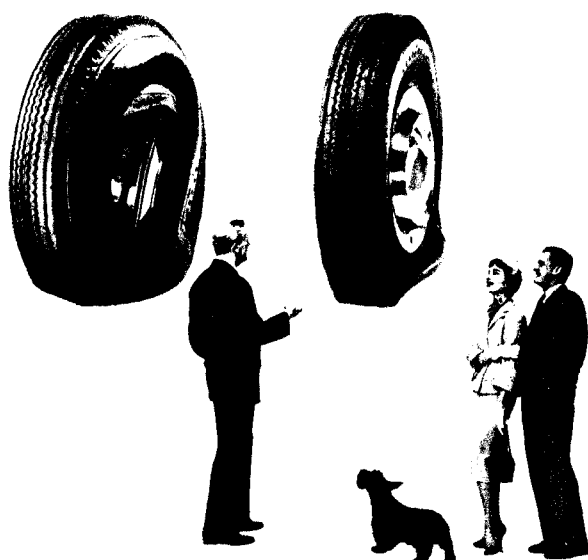
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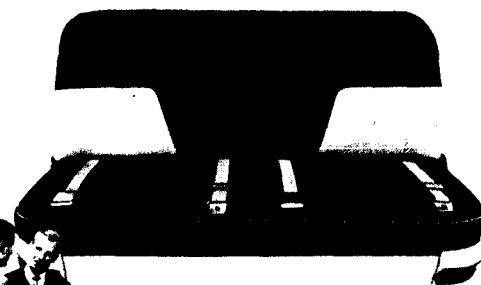
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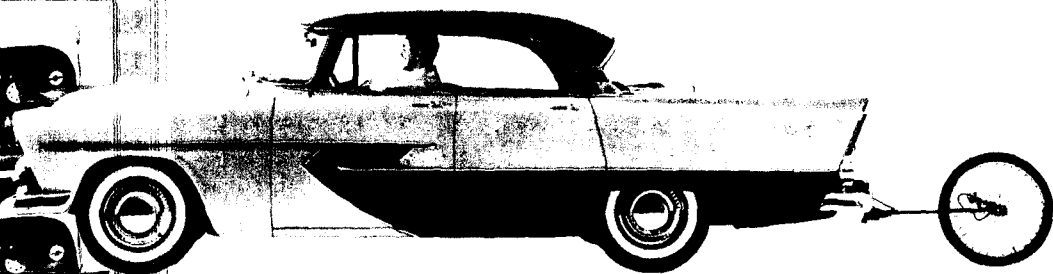


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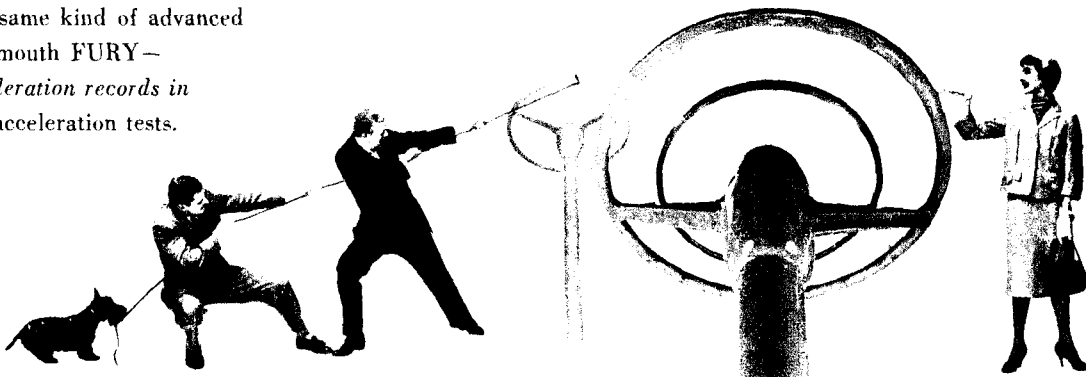
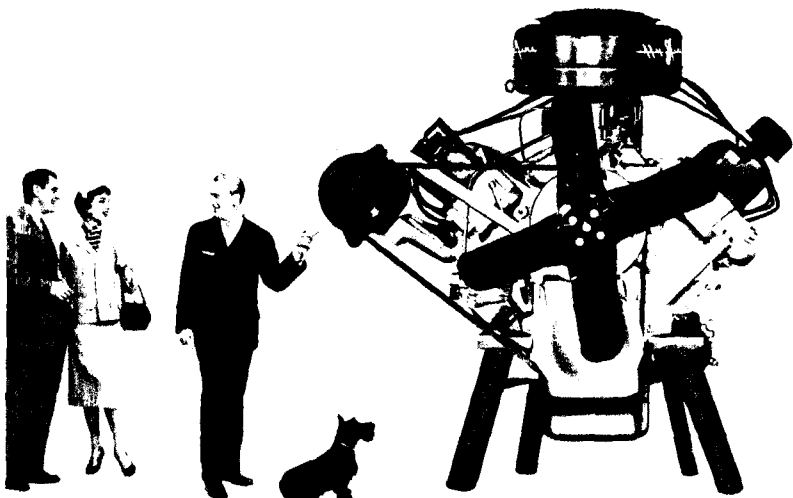
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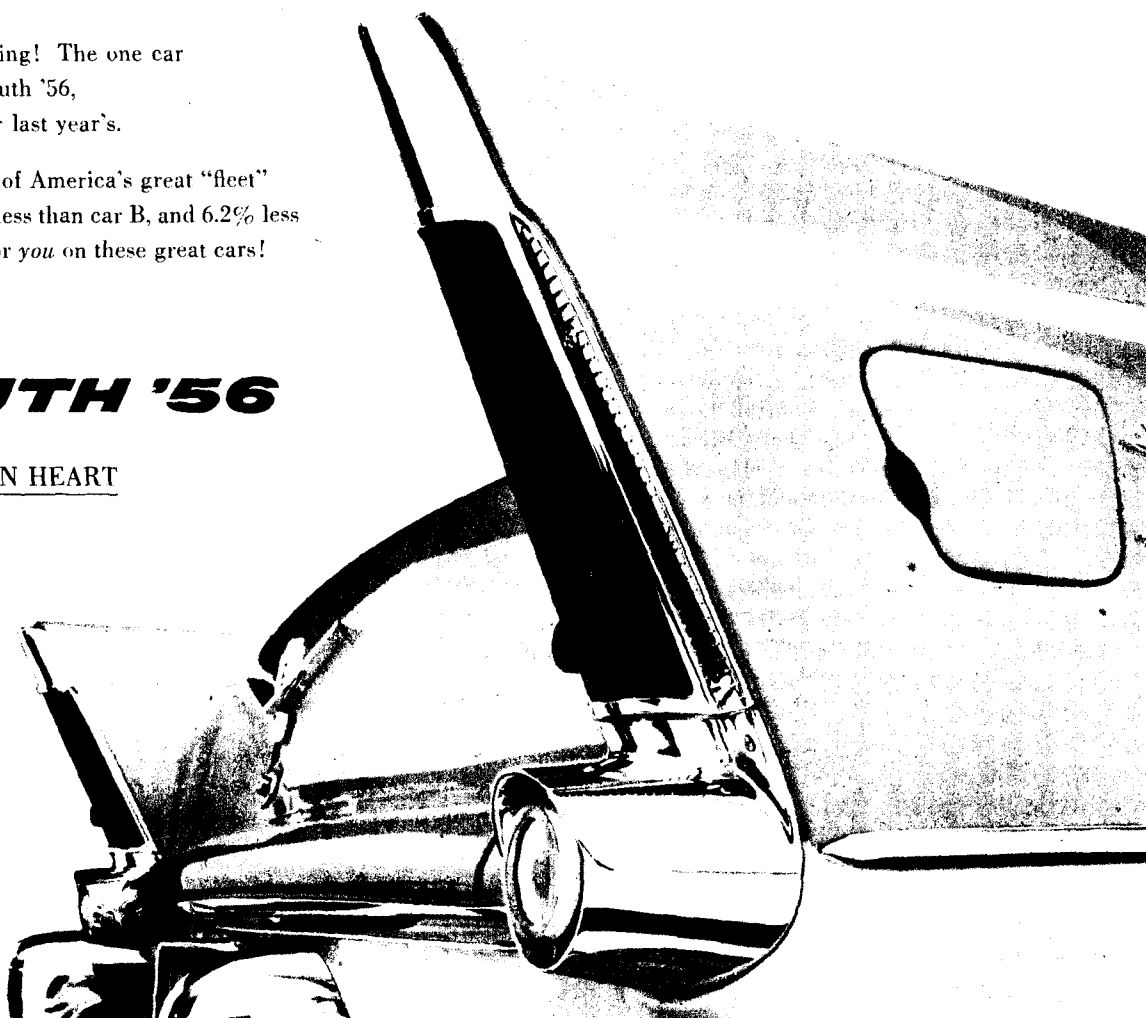
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# “Man owes his freedom to God”

By Arnold J. Toynbee

To save Western civilization, says a great historian, we need a new approach to religion that discards fanaticism

WHAT does our Western Civilization stand for? Suppose that, today, we were to put this question first to a non-Westerner and then to our Western selves, what would be the answers? Today, the two answers would, I believe, be very different from each other. The non-Westerner's answer would be: “The Western Civilization stands for technology.” Our own answer would be: “The Western Civilization stands for the sacredness of the individual human personality.”

But now let us imagine the same question being put, several hundred years ago, to our Western ancestors and to their non-Western contemporaries. In the past—three hundred years or more ago—the two answers would have been identical with each other, and this identical answer of the past would have been different from either of the two answers that our question would receive today.

In the past, non-Westerners and Westerners would have concurred in answering: “The Western Civilization stands for Christianity.”

No doubt, the two answerers—for instance a medieval Moslem and a medieval Christian—might have disagreed both about the merits of Christianity and about the standard attained by the West in the practice of it.

But they would, I think, have agreed that Christianity was what the Western Civilization did stand for, in their day, in the sense that Christianity was then the West's avowed and genuine ideal.

For nearly a quarter of a millennium—from the failure of the second Turkish siege of Vienna in 1683 down to the outbreak of the first World War in 1914—the West enjoyed an unchallengeable ascendancy in the World. This ascendancy of a minority of the human race over the majority was something abnormal and therefore inevitably transitory; and we have, in fact, been seeing it pass away within our own lifetime, mainly as a result of the West's own follies and crimes.

So long, however, as this temporary Western ascendancy lasted, it seemed to relieve us, in the West, of any compulsion, external or internal, to consider what the foundations of our belief in the sacredness of the individual human personality really were. During that quarter of a millennium of Western ascendancy in the World, this belief was already traditional in the West, and it was held as sincerely then as it is today. But our ancestors, unlike ourselves, did not have to argue about it.

They did not have to argue about it with their non-Western neighbors,

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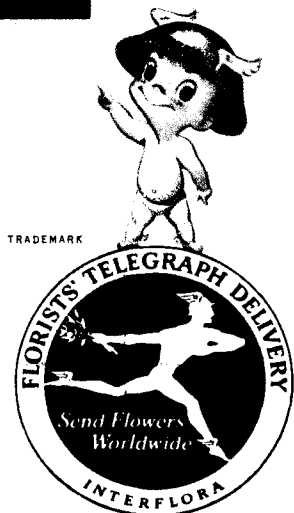
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## "Man Owes His Freedom to God" *continued*

because they could simply impose their will upon them, without argument. Nor did the bulk of our ancestors, during their quarter of a millennium of ascendancy, feel any need to discuss the foundations of their belief among themselves. During those 250 years, their power and wealth were increasing in a geometrical progression; and this prosperity of their material fortunes led them readily to take it for granted that their philosophy of life must be sound.

More than that, they were moved by their own predecessors' experience to feel that, sound or unsound, their philosophy of life was something that it was prudent to leave unexamined. Their predecessors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had vehemently discussed their fundamental articles of belief, and had consequently fallen into the sixteenth-century and seventeenth-century Western wars of religion.

Thus, from 1683 to 1914, at least two different considerations worked to inhibit our ancestors from discussing the foundations of their belief.

Since 1914, however, the situation has changed. Within these last forty-two years, the West has lost its previous ascendancy in the World, and at the same time it has lost its previous confidence in itself. Today the West is confronted by formidable new challenges from outside, which it has not the power to meet by the old simple method of imposing its will on outsiders by force. When one does not command a decisive superiority of force over neighbors, one's only alternative is to argue one's case with them, if one is not willing to be resigned to seeing that case go completely by default.

So today, we have to solicit by arguments, because we can no longer command by armaments, the assent of Asia and Africa. We have to try to persuade the non-Western majority of Mankind that the Western Weltanschauung and the Western way of life are better than the rival systems that are now again competing with our Western system for Mankind's allegiance. And one cannot put a case to other people unless one has first examined it oneself.

Moreover, we should now find ourselves constrained to re-examine the foundations of our belief, even if we had no external challenges to meet. Why is our Western way of life being challenged? Because the West has lost power and the Western way of life has lost credit. And the cause of these two losses that we have suffered is one and the same.

WHAT HAS ENFEEBLED the West and has simultaneously discredited it is the atrocious fratricidal warfare, within the bosom of our Western Society, since 1914. After those 250 years, between 1683 and 1914, of comparative tolerance, harmony and peace within the Western fold, we Westerners have fought among ourselves another bout of wars that have been as savage, destructive and discreditable as our earlier wars of religion. We ourselves have betrayed the ideals in which we believe. The record of this betrayal is plain to the rest of the World, and it stares us, ourselves, in the face. The palladium of our Western Civilization is our belief in the sacredness of the individual human personality, and we have allowed freedom to be overthrown and abused and derided in great Western countries by native Western rulers to whose rule the peoples of those countries have submitted.

So, today, we cannot any longer avoid asking ourselves: What are the foundations of our Western freedom? Are these foundations firm? If they are not firm now, have they perhaps been firm in the past? And, if they have decayed, is it possible for us to restore them?

What are the conditions for keeping individual human beings free? The first, and the most fundamental, of these conditions looks, at first sight, paradoxical. One can put it in this way: Man cannot be free unless he recognizes the truth that he is not the sovereign, independent lord of creation. "I have said: 'Ye are gods'; . . . but ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes" (Psalm 82. 6-7).

When Man mistakes himself for God, he is sounding the death knell of human freedom. For, when Man comes to believe that he is God, he falls to worshipping himself. And when Man worships himself, his human idol is not the individual human being; it is the collective power of corporate humanity. He worships the human ant heap, not the individual human ant. The idolization of collective human power turns all the idolaters into slaves.

Man-worship is abhorrent to Christianity. The martyrs of the early Christian Church in the Roman Empire deliberately sacrificed their lives as witnesses to Christianity's rejection of Caesar-worship—the official rite in which the Roman Imperial Government required its subjects to worship the collective power of the Roman Empire and of the Greco-Roman Civilization, of which the Roman Empire was a political embodiment. Christianity's abhorrence of Man-worship is shared by Islam, and Islam and Christianity each learned their lesson from the same source: Judaism.

Accordingly, if we Westerners, today, seriously propose to re-examine the foundations of our traditional belief in the sacredness of the individual human personality, we have to probe down to our religion's Israelite roots. We have to remind ourselves of beliefs that made Man-worship abhorrent to a small people, living in Palestine in the last millennium B.C., from whom

Collier's for March 30, 1956

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## "Man Owes His Freedom to God" *continued*

the Christian Church has acquired its conviction that Man-worship is both sinful and disastrous.

In the past, this body of belief was so familiar in Western Christendom it could be taken for granted. Today, however, in the same Western Christendom, this spiritual heirloom of ours lies so deeply buried that it has to be drawn up into the light again from the lower depths of our memory.

What, then, is this common Israelite-Christian-Moslem belief? I will try to put it in the form of a simple amateur creed: There is no god but God. Man is not God; he is not God as an individual, and he is not God, either, in virtue of his collective human power. Man owes his freedom to God; he is free because God has made him so; and God has made Man free in order to give Man the possibility of freely co-operating with God in God's never-ending work of creation. Since Man has been given freedom by God, Man is free to refuse to co-operate with God when God calls him.

THE COURSE OF HUMAN HISTORY consists of a series of encounters between individual human beings and God in which each man or woman or child, in turn, is challenged by God to make his free choice between doing God's will and refusing to do it. When Man refuses, he is free to make his refusal and to take the consequences. When Man accepts, his reward for willing what is the will of God is that he finds himself taken by God into partnership in the doing of God's creative work. When Man is thus co-operating with God, Man's freedom is at its maximum, because Man is then realizing the potentialities for which God has created him. God has created Man to be God's free partner in the work of creation.

On this account, the freedom of the individual human personality is precious to God; and, because it is precious to God, it must be sacred for the human individual's fellow human beings. The individual human personality's free partnership with God and the value of his freedom in the sight of God are the sanctions—and the only sanctions—for the sanctity of individual freedom in Human Society.

If the individual human being were not God's chosen free partner—if he were just a human ant in a human ant heap—he would have no title to freedom, because freedom for a human ant would be unjustifiable, and, indeed,

nonsensical. Imagine an ant protesting that, so far from its existing for the sake of the ant heap, the ant heap exists for the sake of the ant. This pretension would be preposterous, if put forward by an ant; and it would be equally preposterous when put forward by a human being, if we did not hold two Israelite beliefs.

The first of these fundamental beliefs is that the freedom of the individual human personality is precious in God's eyes; the second is that this God who has given this freedom to each of us as our birthright is not just another name for the collective power of a human ant heap.

The God of Israel, Christianity and Islam is a god who transcends Human Nature, Human Society and the whole Universe. He is immanent in the Universe, besides being transcendent to it, because He is its creator. But He is not identical with the Universe, and, a fortiori, not identical with Man. He is something other than an expression or symbol or emanation of either Human or Non-Human Nature. He is the Living God who is Ultimate Reality; and this Ultimate Reality which the Jewish-Christian-Moslem half of Mankind has learned to recognize and worship in its personal aspect is identical, I believe, with the Ultimate Reality which the Buddhist-Hindu half of Mankind has learned to recognize and worship in its impersonal aspect under such names as Nirvana and Brahman.

These are beliefs about God and human beings, and about their relations with one another, which the Christian Church inherited from Israel, and the Church maintained these beliefs, at the cost of its martyrs' lives, against the Caesar-worship of the early Roman Empire. After the Church had won this battle, the Roman Empire collapsed, in the fifth century of the Christian Era, in its underpopulated and backward western provinces.

And it was not merely the Roman Empire that fell, in those colonial western fringes of its domain. When the Roman Empire fell in the West, there also fell there, with it, the Greco-Roman Civilization; and this fall was by far the more serious of the two, for a civilization is an institution that counts for more in people's lives than any of its political superstructures.

This simultaneous fall of the Greco-Roman Civilization and the Roman Empire at the far western extremity of the civilized world of the day left there an enormous vacuum. It was a spiritual and cultural vacuum, as well

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as an economic and a political one. A religion—Christianity—was the one thing then still left standing in the West. So everyone turned to the Christian Church for help—the victorious but bewildered invading barbarians, as well as the abandoned and conquered populations that had previously been the Roman Empire's subjects. In an emergency which left its leaders little time for deliberation, the Church went to work to rebuild Society in Western Europe and Northwest Africa on new foundations; and the foundations were the fundamental beliefs that Christianity had inherited from Israel.

For the first 600 years, running from the fifth century of the Christian Era to the eleventh, the Christian Church in the West could undertake little beyond the Herculean negative task of saving this derelict corner of the Old World from irretrievable social disintegration and spiritual bankruptcy.

But in the eleventh century the Church started out on the audacious positive enterprise of building up a new society. The new building was carried forward so rapidly that its institutional framework was more or less complete by the turn of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This new social structure which the Christian Church thus built up in the West was designed to be a Christian commonwealth.

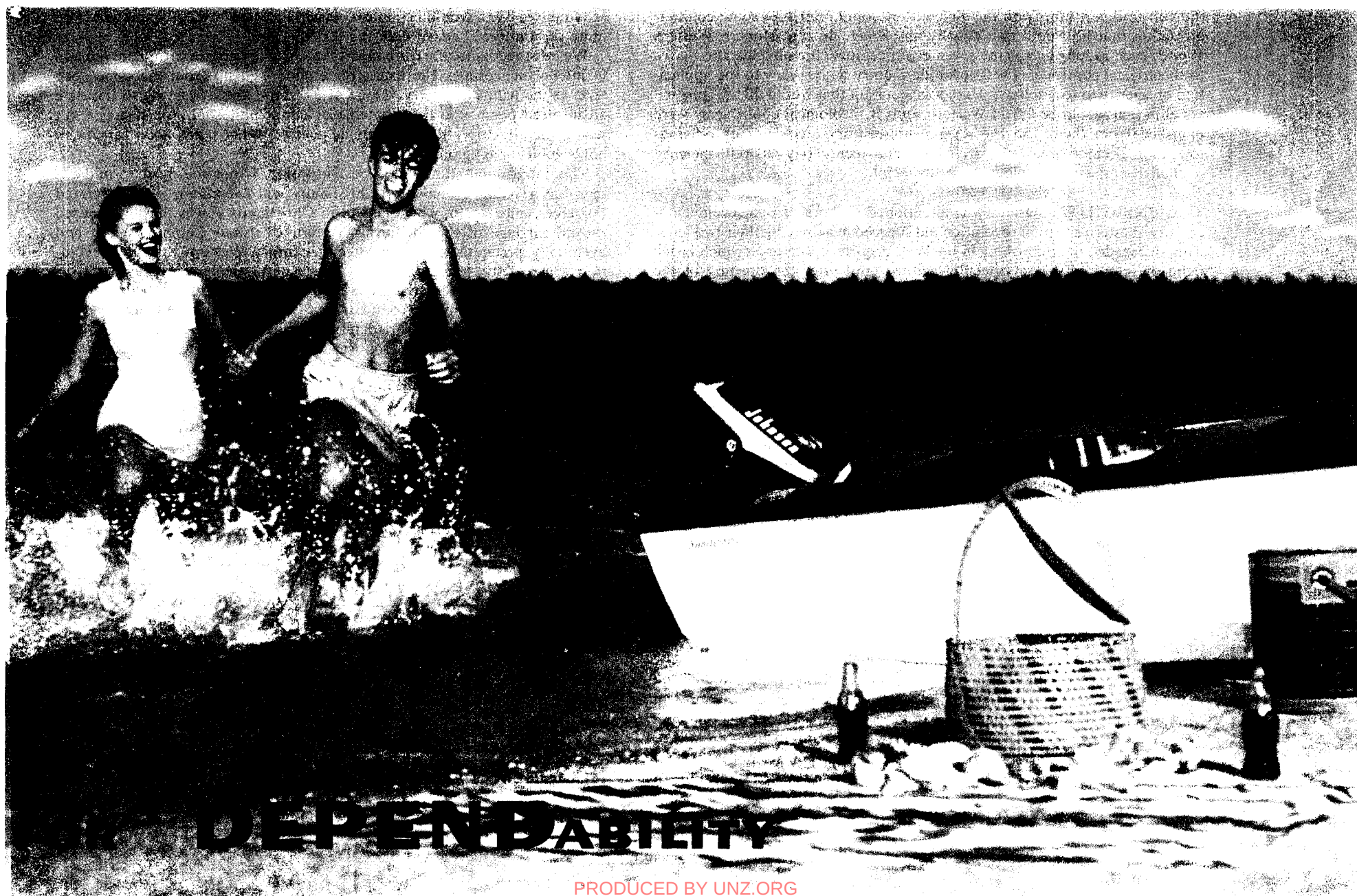
THE PROJECT WAS WISE in making provision for diversity-in-unity; and the projected unity and diversity were to be reconciled with one another by planning the Western Christian Commonwealth on the lines of a house with two stories. The lower story was to be constructed of political materials and was to be a house of many mansions. The local kingdoms, principalities and city-states of Medieval Western Christendom were already in being as "going concerns"; and the ecclesiastical architects prudently took these states as they found them, and merely sought to build them into their new structure. This lower story, consisting of a labyrinth of parochial states of different constitutions and different sizes, was nothing new. It had been a feature in the structure of almost every civilization in the past.

The novel feature in the Medieval Western Christian Commonwealth was its upper story. The materials of which this was to be built were not political but ecclesiastical, and the structure was not to be partitioned into a maze of separate rooms; it was to be unitary. On the upper story, one vast gallery

was to extend over the whole area of the building and was to bind together the many mansions of which the political lower story had to be compiled.

This medieval Western ecclesiastical essay in "social engineering" was a masterpiece of creative imagination. The element in it that was intellectually ablest and spiritually noblest was the principle that the highest authority was to govern without the use of physical force. On the lower story—the political story—of the Medieval Western Christian Commonwealth, force had always been used recklessly and grossly. But the brutal princes and warriors of this barbaric underworld were to be restrained and civilized from above by a higher authority that was to tame their violence by voluntarily and deliberately confining its own action to nonviolent methods. The Oecumenical Church of Western Christendom was to prevail over the parochial states by the exercise of powers that were moral and intellectual. The parochial states were innumerable; the Church was a unitary organization under the presidency of a single head. The princes and barons were ignorant and turbulent; the clergy were educated and disciplined. The Pope might be destitute of military and political power. Yet the Pope, acting through the ecclesiastical hierarchy and the monastic orders, could move the people as far afield from Rome as Portugal and Hungary and Finland and Iceland; and, when the people responded to the Pope's appeal, the local princes would begin to feel their secular authority ebbing away and would capitulate to the Apostle at Rome while there was still time to save their thrones. The oecumenical organization of the Church and the awe and love felt for the Church by the people were thus the two spiritual powers on which the Papacy counted in making its novel and daring attempt to bring a violent-handed Western Society under control by nonviolent means.

If this Medieval Western ecclesiastical ideal had been translated, even partially, into reality, this achievement might have opened an unprecedented new chapter in the history of the West, and perhaps the World as a whole. Unhappily the Hildebrandine Medieval Western Church never, from start to finish, succeeded in renouncing the use of the physical force that was the carnal weapon of its secular adversaries. This lapse into the use of physical force was the tragedy that marred the career of the inaugurator of the enterprise, Hildebrand, alias Pope Gregory VII. In the Church's sub-





## "Man Owes His Freedom to God" *continued*

sequent efforts to establish a Western Christian Commonwealth, this initial evil was never overcome; and in the thirteenth century, when the Papacy committed itself to a war to the knife against the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen and his heirs, the Hildebrandine ideal came to defeat its own ends by bringing the sword instead of peace.

For 400 years and more, from the outbreak of the struggle between the Papacy and Frederick II in the thirteenth century down to the end of the Catholic-Protestant Western wars of religion in the seventeenth century, the Christian Church in the Western World was a force that made not for gentleness and peace and concord, but for violence and war and dissension.

After having forcibly overthrown one secular Power, the Holy Roman Empire, which claimed an oecumenical authority coextensive with the Papacy's own, the Papacy was humiliated by another secular Power, the parochial Kingdom of France, and was constrained to move its headquarters from Rome to Avignon, where it had to live on sufferance under the King of France's eye. Its return from Avignon to Rome was followed by the Great Schism, in which rival Popes competed for Western Christendom's allegiance. The healing of the Great Schism was followed by the secession of the Protestants. And the division of Western Christendom into a Catholic and a Protestant camp was followed by the wars of religion. Before the end of the seventeenth century, the hatred, strife and atrocities inflicted on the Western World by Christian *odium theologicum* had become a scandal and a menace to the Western Civilization. Sincere believers in the ideals of Christianity had, by this time, become convinced that their ancestral religion could be salvaged only if purged of its fanaticism.

Before the seventeenth century had come to an end, Western Man had embarked on his greatest spiritual revolution since the collapse of the Greco-Roman Civilization in the Roman Empire's western provinces. Today, some three hundred years after its beginning, the same revolution is still going on. Indeed, it is one of the principal sources of our present troubles.

Like most revolutionaries, the seventeenth-century Western revolutionaries set in motion movements which they did not foresee or intend or desire. What they wanted to get rid of was Christian fanaticism, not Christianity itself; and they rightly believed that the true spirit of Christianity was not one of intolerance and hatred, but one of tolerance and love.

They also realized that, since theological controversy had hitherto been Western Man's major intellectual and emotional preoccupation, it would be difficult to divert him from this unless they could offer him some counter-attraction that he would find equally absorbing. In our Modern Western World, even as long ago as the seventeenth century, the obvious alternative to theological controversy was scientific inquiry with a view to the application of science to technology. Here was a pursuit that would fill the spiritual vacuum that would be left in Western souls if theological controversy were banished from them. So the seventeenth-century advocates of religious toleration became advocates of science and technology as well. Science seemed harmless; technology seemed useful.

THE ENLIGHTENED and well-intentioned authors of our seventeenth-century Western spiritual revolution did succeed in achieving their two aims. They succeeded in establishing in the West a spirit of tolerance which lasted from the close of the seventeenth century until after the opening of the twentieth; and they accomplished this, as they had planned, by diverting Western Man's attention from theological controversy to scientific inquiry.

But this "transvaluation of values," which our seventeenth-century predecessors began, has gone, between their day and ours, to lengths which they would have deplored. The banishment of Christian fanaticism from Western souls has been followed by the eclipse of Christianity, while science and technology, after diverting Western Man's interest from theological controversy, have gone on to divert it from religion itself. Technology, instead of religion, is what our Western Civilization has come to stand for by our time, some three hundred years after the seventeenth-century beginning of our revolutionary Western "transvaluation of values." In making this diagnosis today, a non-Western observer of our twentieth-century Western Civilization would be right. Yet we ourselves are speaking the truth when we declare that for us Western Civilization stands for not technology, but the sacredness of the individual human personality.

We twentieth-century Westerners hold personal freedom just as sacred as our predecessors did; but here is the paradox in our present position. In becoming devotees of science and technology, we have not ceased to be devotees of freedom. But, in relinquishing our hold on Christianity, we have deprived our belief in freedom of its religious foundations. And if I have been right in finding these foundations in Christian beliefs about God and Man that are part of Christianity's heritage from Israel, our present position in the West is not merely a paradoxical one; it is also one that cannot last. We are, in fact, confronted by two alternatives between which, sooner or later, and most probably rather soon, we must choose. Either we shall lose our freedom or we shall preserve it by re-establishing it

on the religious foundations without which it cannot permanently stand.

But religion is one of Man's spiritual treasures that is not entirely at Man's own disposal. Religion is not like a dog, which we can first drive away with a kick, and then call back to heel by a whistle. The only motive for reviving religion that has any chance of bringing religion back to life is a sincere and disinterested thirst for religion for its own sake, and not for the sake of any incidental secular consequences. We may hope and pray that, with the help of God's grace, this pure thirst for religion for its own sake may well up again in our hearts; but this is a miracle that cannot be performed by "social engineering," however necessary the miracle may be to the execution of the "social engineers'" plans for social reconstruction.

WE MUST ALSO FACE THE TRUTH, that if we do live to see a spontaneous and disinterested revival of Christianity in the West, our ancestral Western religion will not come back to us in its traditional form. Owing to the historical fact that the Greco-Roman Civilization's domain was where Christianity secured its first foothold, Christian beliefs came to be formulated in terms of Greek philosophy. The language of Greek philosophy is the language of the Christian Church's creeds; but the language of Greek philosophy is not the language of Modern Western Man.

The Modern Western mind threw off its Aristotelian Greek swaddling clothes in the seventeenth century. This Western act of intellectual self-emancipation was a necessary prelude to the spiritual revolution through which the West has been putting itself ever since that date. The Modern Western scientific attitude is the product of a revolt against Greek philosophy as well as against the Jewish-Christian-Moslem *Weltanschauung*.

We twentieth-century Westerners cannot, I believe, re-embrace Christianity in the Greek formulas of Christianity's traditional creeds. Nor can we solve this intellectual problem by trying to "bring the creeds up to date." It might, I suppose, be a practicable intellectual feat to translate the creeds out of the language of Greek philosophy into the language in which our Modern Western science is expressing itself in this current year 1956. But Christian creeds formulated in terms of twentieth-century Western science would be condemned, in advance, to have a briefer life than the traditional Christian creeds formulated in terms of Greek philosophy; for Western science is on the move. Its changefulness is, indeed, one of its most striking characteristics; a creed formulated in terms of the Western scientific *Weltanschauung* in 1956 would be almost certain to "date" by 2005 and would be quite certain to be "out of date" by 2055.

We must recognize the truth that it is a mistake to try to formulate religion in intellectual terms. The truths of religion well up from the same deep level as the truths of poetry. None of us would think of trying to translate an inspired poem into the language of either philosophy or science. We would merely empty the poem of its poetry. What holds good for poetry holds good for religion too.

This intellectual stumbling block, however, is not the most formidable one that a Western revival of Christianity will encounter. Let us remind ourselves, once again, what element in Christianity it was that first caused the miscarriage of the Medieval Western Christian Commonwealth and eventually precipitated the seventeenth-century Western Spiritual revolution which is still going on today. The baneful element in Christianity is its fanaticism; and Christian fanaticism, like the Christian beliefs about God and Man that are the foundations of our Western freedom, is part of the heritage from Israel. Christianity inherited a field in which a crop had already been sown, and this crop was a mixture of wheat and tares.

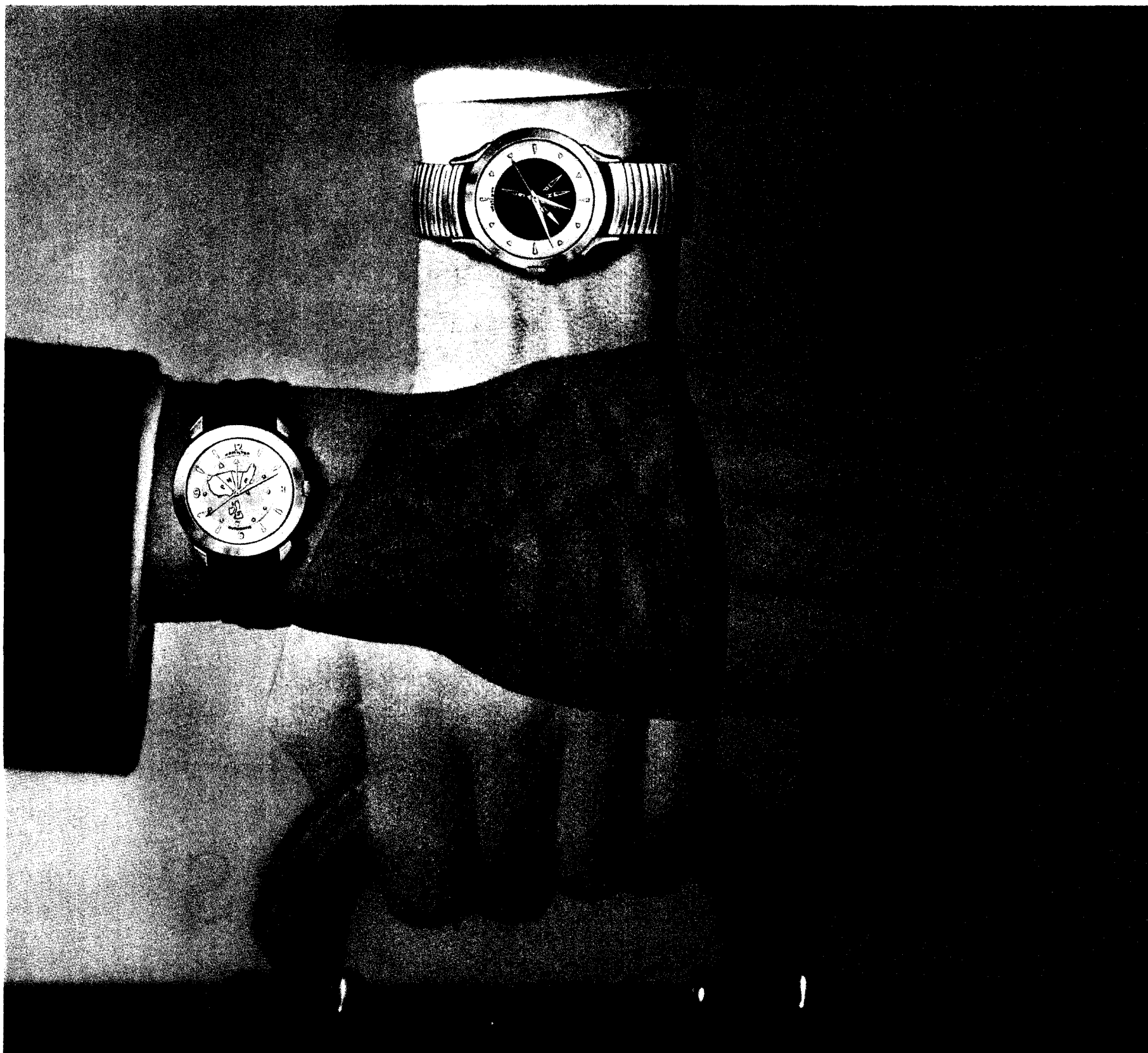
Christianity inherited from Israel the revelation that Man's freedom is precious to God because it is God's gift to Man as Man's distinctive human birthright. But Christianity simultaneously inherited from Israel another picture of God and Man which is so different that the two pictures are really incompatible. In this other picture, God stands not for love, but for jealousy; He has revealed the truth about Himself and about Man not to all Mankind, but to a "chosen people" (to Israel or to the Christian Church or to the Islamic community). This revelation of the truth is unique and exclusive. It alone is valid; and its recipients alone are "true believers."

This is the element in Christianity that made Christianity a source of strife and scandal in Western Christendom from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century of the Christian Era. And the tragedy of our own past history warns us that, if a revival of Christianity were to bring with it a revival of this traditional exclusive and intolerant element in Christianity, the same sinister cause would, once again, produce the same tragic effects.

Can we reharvest the wheat in Christianity without reharvesting the tares? Can we re-enter into communion with the God who is love without relapsing into the worship of the jealous god whose fanatical devotees have worked such havoc in the past? This, it seems to me, is the question on which our future hangs; for, in my belief, we cannot preserve our freedom without re-establishing its religious foundations; and God's love is the only foundation on which Man's freedom can stand.

THE END





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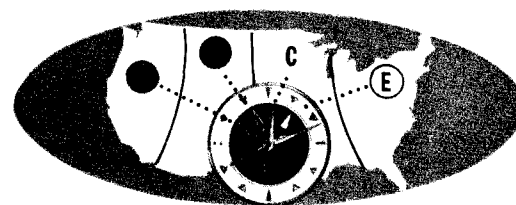
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"When the MIGs are flying, you're never around," Pell said. Cleve stepped unthinkingly forward. His swing did not hit Pell squarely but glanced off the side of the neck

# THE HUNTERS

By JAMES SALTER

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*To the colonel, Pell was a hero. But to Cleve he was a glory seeker, a threat to the wing; he had to be stopped*

*The second of two parts*

**The Story:** CAPTAIN CLEVE SAVILLE, a fighter pilot in the Regular Air Force, arrived in Korea eager for his first combat action. In the last war he had been stationed in Panama; now, at thirty-one, he felt Korea would be his last chance to distinguish himself in battle. Yet even now he thought he might be too late: on his arrival at the air base at Kimpo, he learned that the enemy's master pilot, nicknamed CASEY JONES, had recently retired from action. Because of Cleve's reputation as a crack pilot, COLONEL "DUTCH" IMIL, the wing commander, made him a flight leader. Four men were assigned to him: FIRST LIEUTENANTS CORONA, a carefree drifter, and DAUGHTERS, a serious-minded family man; and two young second lieutenants, HUNTER and PETTIBONE. Cleve was exhilarated by the challenge Imil had offered him; the flight had not as yet shot down any MIGs, and it was up to Cleve to provide the spark. He was disillusioned, though, to find that Imil measured a pilot's worth only by the number of MIGs he downed—not by his effectiveness in the squadron. Then a cocky second lieutenant was added to Cleve's flight: Ed "DOCTOR" PELL, who proved to be ruthless in his pursuit of personal glory. On the day Cleve got his first MIG, Pell got one too, risking Corona's life in the process. To Imil's delight, Pell soon got another. Then, during a spell of bad weather when missions were impossible,

Cleve and Corona went to Tokyo on leave. There Cleve met Eico, daughter of a Japanese artist, and fell in love; for the first time he foresaw a future for himself after the war. Then he got word that he had missed one of the biggest air battles of the war—and that Casey Jones, the archenemy, was back in the skies. He and Corona returned at once to Kimpo.

CLEVE and Corona arrived back at Kimpo the next morning in time for the briefing for the first mission. As they walked into the combat operations office, Pell greeted them. "Well, well," he said insolently, "I thought you were safe in Tokyo. Welcome home."

"Don't be wise," Cleve said.

"Come now, Captain, you might see some action today. We had quite a time here day before yesterday."

"Yeah," Corona said. "We heard."

They went into the briefing room and sat down. In the row behind him, Cleve heard someone talking about Casey Jones and the distinctive black-striped MIG he flew.

*(Continued on page 86)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER MARTIN

# WIN THIS RACE HORSE plus \$1000.00

## Kentucky Club Annual Derby Contest

### JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS



TED ATKINSON

Ted Atkinson,  
famous jockey, and  
L. K. Haggin,  
well-known  
Kentucky trainer,  
selected  
this prize colt

### FIRST PRIZE COLT YOU ALL WANT

1. Chestnut Thoroughbred colt, bred and raised by Larry McPhee, famous Glenmugus Farms, Bel Air, Md.  
2. All expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at the Blue, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1956, and to Belmont Park, N. Y., to September 1, 1956, and to spend a year.

3. Two choice seats for your lucky Derby—plus hotel room for one day—plus \$1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Imagine the thrill of owning a Thoroughbred race horse—of having your own racing colors! The Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest brings you an easy way to win the race horse of your dreams—a beautiful chestnut colt—a son of famous Devil Diver. Devil Diver won over \$260,000.00! This prize son may be a big winner, too.

Just name this colt and he's yours—plus choice seats to Kentucky Derby on May 5—plus \$1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse—even if you live in an apartment. Kentucky Club pays the bills for board and training to July 1, 1956. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. We hope he will bring you a fortune.

Here's more exciting news! It is planned to have this prize colt make his first start in one of the races during Kentucky Derby Day week. Kentucky Club takes

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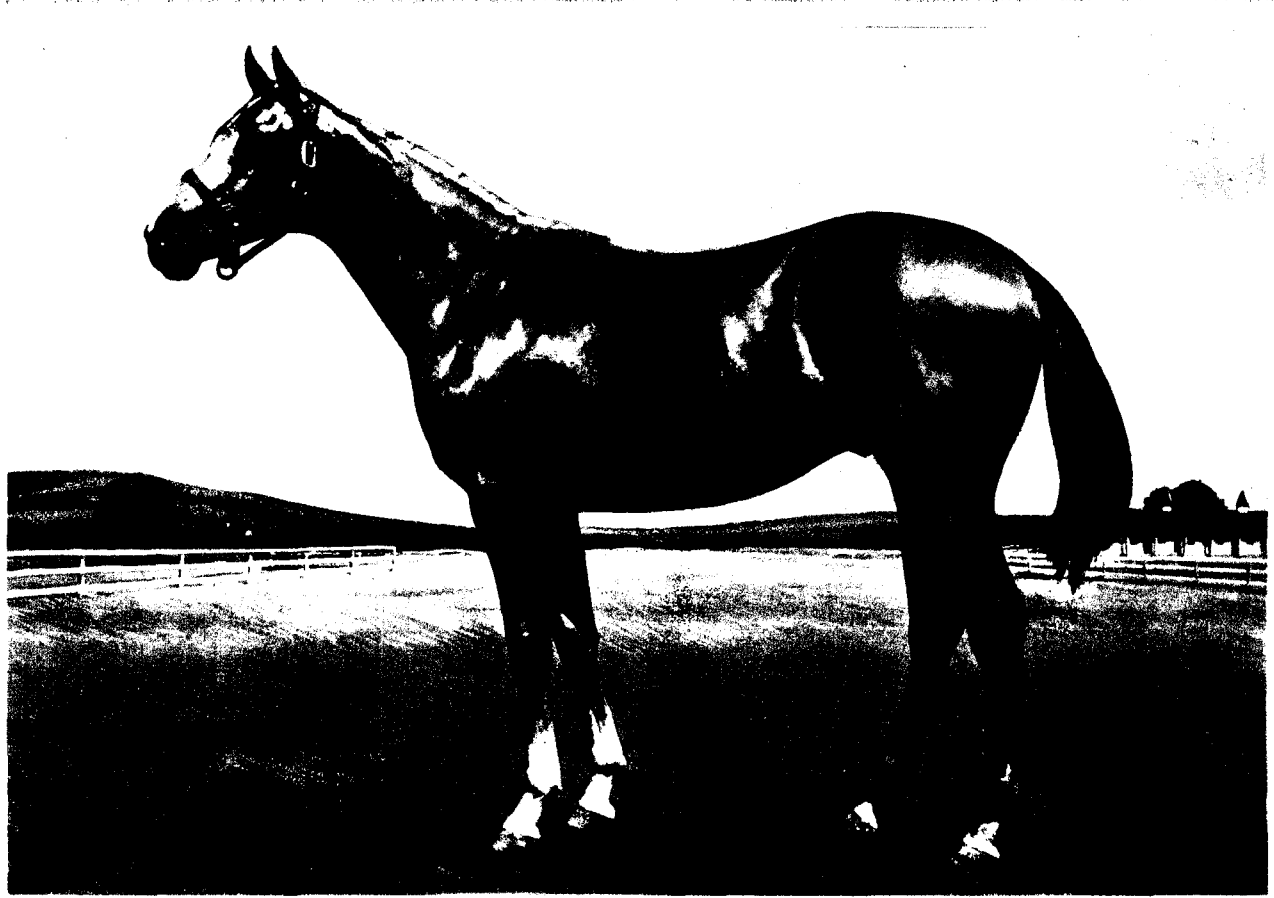
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care of the jockey, entry fees, etc., for this race. Whatever he wins is *yours*!

Yes—women can enter this exciting contest. It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of Devil Diver. Send in as many entries as you like. Be sure each name does not contain more than 14 letters. For example, a name might be *Smokey Boy*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones. Buy Kentucky Club and start now.

### LAST YEAR'S PRIZE RACE HORSE

Awarded to Walter Mills, Jr. Cincinnati, Ohio, for prize-winning name "Delphidessa." Winner at Belmont, River Downs. Placed at Saratoga.

### CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 14 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club Thoroughbred colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Smokey Boy* counts as 10 letters. Use ordinary paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.
2. Send as many entries as you wish to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 4-C, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by a picture of the red-coated rider cut from a package of Kentucky Club tobacco—or by front of outer wrapper from any of these other quality brands of pipe tobacco: Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, London Dock, Whitehall, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 9, 1956. No entries returned. All become the property of Mail Pouch Tobacco Company.
3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.
4. Everyone in United States or Canada or the armed forces of these countries may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club Tobacco, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.
5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

### TOTAL OF 500 GREAT PRIZES



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Famous **MONODATE** *Universal Genève* automatic wrist watch. Tells the date and correct time *automatically*. Winds itself with every flick of the wrist. 17-jewel Universal movement protected against normal moisture, dust and shock. Concealed radium dial. 14 kt. gold-filled case beautifully engraved with your name.



### 11th to 500th Prizes

Eight English highball glasses especially created for this contest. Perfect for all occasions. Each glass beautifully decorated with color picture of 1956 prize colt and appropriately inscribed for contest winners.

### ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 14 letters and not over three words. Count punctuation or space between words as letters.

### NAME FOR HORSE

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 4-C, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Dept. CL-3.

Send with each entry a picture of the red-coated rider cut from a package of Kentucky Club tobacco—OR front of outer wrapper from any of these other quality brands of pipe tobacco: Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, London Dock, Whitehall, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 9, 1956.

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# EARLY TIMES

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY—EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE 1, KY.—86 PROOF

(Continued from page 84) "Diagonal. Five diagonal stripes."

"Five? How do you know it's five?"

"Ask Intelligence if you don't believe me. But I saw him!"

The word that Casey Jones was back had spread through the group like a stain. Everybody was looking for him. Whether they sought to fight or avoid him, they were full of restless expectation.

The briefing began. Cleve listened mechanically.

"They'll be up there this time," Colonel Imil announced, "so watch out. Don't take any chances, especially with that striped one. He may look alone, but he never is, and if you want to get back, keep your eyes open."

After the briefing, the locker room filled quickly. There was talking and slamming of locker doors. Pell was assuring Hunter that the MIGs would be up today.

"We'll catch them crossing at the reservoir," Pell said. "That's where they've been coming over." He turned to Cleve. "We ought to stay close to the reservoir," he advised, "and high."

"I'll decide where we go."

"Only trying to help you out," Pell smiled. "If you don't want to be where the MIGs are . . ."

"We'll be where they are."

"We'd better stay close to the reservoir, then."

"Oh, shut up, Pell," Corona said. "You don't know as much about it as you think."

"How many MIGs have you got?" Pell asked.

Corona reddened. "Don't brag on your luck," he said angrily.

"Luck? There's no luck involved."

"Don't talk so much, Pell," Cleve interrupted. "You're boring everybody."

"Too bad. We'll see who gets the MIGs, eh?"

ON TAKE-OFF, Cleve noticed for the first time that the rice paddies surrounding Kimpo were turning green. The winter was over at last. He watched the ground flowing beneath him as they picked up speed and began to climb.

Just past Sinanju, Cleve heard somebody call that dust was rising from the enemy runways at Antung. As he reached the Yalu, he heard a flight dropping fuel tanks. He looked up toward the reservoir but saw nothing.

"Two o'clock high, Cleve," Corona called.

Cleve had spotted the planes at the same instant, four of them out to the south at a higher altitude. He watched them intensely as the slow seconds brought them together.

"They're MIGs," Pell said.

Suddenly they were close, and there was no longer any doubt. Cleve felt an awesome disbelief as they passed above him. "Drop tanks," he said.

The empty fuel containers fell away, leaving his ship light and fast. The turn to follow the MIGs as they passed had put Corona and Hunter closer to them than Cleve, but still not close enough. There would be a long, useless chase. Just as Cleve was assessing it, he suddenly saw two more MIGs off to his right. He called them out and began turning immediately. Too high, he thought quickly.

There was not much time to decide. He started pulling his nose up sharply to get a snap shot as they went by above him. If he was lucky, he might damage one and slow it down. It was all an act of balance. He had his nose high

enough, but his speed was falling off rapidly. He was slow and vulnerable. At the last second he could hold that steep pitch, the trailing MIG moved into his gun sight. He squeezed. The tracers floated out. His heart burgeoned. Part of his burst was hitting near the tail. A thin line of smoke began to follow the MIG.

He dropped his nose and completed the turn. He was not too far behind, about ten thousand feet, and two or three thousand feet below. The MIG was still smoking. He had crippled it and he could feel himself gaining.

Then he heard Pell. "I can't keep up with you."

"Keep me in sight," Cleve ordered, "Stay with me."

"I've got a hung tank. I can't!"

NOW Cleve could see that he was closing the distance between himself and the MIG. He looked back quickly. Pell was falling behind. "Try shaking it off," Cleve said.

"It won't come off."

"Try again," he said flatly.

He watched the MIG. The smoke had almost stopped, but he was still drawing closer to it.

"I can't get it off, Cleve," Pell complained.

There was only one thing to do. "Go home, Pell," he said. "Get out of the area."

There was no answer. Cleve looked back. He could not see any wingman. Finally he made him out, far behind. "Did you hear me, Pell?" he asked.

"There's twelve MIGs back here," Pell said clearly.

"Get out of there, Pell. Withdraw. That's an order."

"I can't. You'd better come back here."

Cleve looked at the MIG. He was very close to it, almost close enough to fire. He could not have been more than twenty-five hundred feet behind it, and just about level. It was only a matter of a little more time, perhaps thirty seconds.

" . . . two of them on me!" he heard Pell shout.

"Outmaneuver them, Pell," somebody interrupted icily. It sounded like Corona.

" . . . can't turn with this tank on . . ."

Cleve sat watching the MIG grow very slowly in his gun sight.

"He's outturning me!" Pell cried. "Cleve!"

Before he even answered, Cleve began turning back. He had not fired.

"Don't let them get away, Pell," he said coldly, "I'm on the way now."

He looked over his shoulder. The MIG was disappearing rapidly, sailing off into space.

He searched the sky ahead. "How high are you, Pell?"

"Thirty-eight—no, twenty-eight . . . twenty-seven thousand! I can't shake him! He's turning inside me! Cleve!"

It was a naked, chilling voice.

Cleve trimmed his nose down. Suddenly he saw two ships, or three, off to his left and low, turning with each other. He rolled down toward them, straining to identify them. They were still far off, as anonymous as insects.

"What's your position, Pell?" he asked. Then he saw that they were MIGs—two MIGs and Pell's ship.

"It just came off," Pell shouted. "I got rid of the tank!"

Suddenly, as he was diving down toward them, Cleve saw the MIG immediately behind Pell snap and begin to spin. The pilot had pulled too hard to stay in the tighter turn. It was



common enough with inexperience. Cleve looked for the second MIG. It was going away. He could not catch it. He started a turn to keep Pell in sight. Did Cleve see it? Pell was shouting. He did. He watched the MIG spin down from 25,000 feet, very leisurely, like a piece of paper, and then explode.

"Did you see him crash?" Pell shouted.

"Roger," someone said.

"Who went in?" It was Colonel Imil calling from the base. "Are you all right, Pell? Did you get one?"

"Roger," Pell said.

"Good show."

Back at Kimpo, at debriefing, the colonel stood with his arm around Pell. At the opposite end of the table stood Corona. His face was expressionless. He would not say anything.

Knowing the obligation he was under as flight leader, Cleve still could not bring himself to try to explain what had really happened. Nothing could possibly have been made different by then, anyway. All that mattered to Imil was that Pell had the MIG, his third.

The other pilots swarmed around Pell to hear what had happened. They came to see the magician and be fascinated by his glibness.

Toward the end, in a quiet moment, Pell walked up to Cleve. "I haven't had a chance to thank you," he said. "Don't bother."

"If you hadn't come back like you did—"

"Forget it, Pell."

"—I don't know how I'd have got that MIG confirmed. I didn't have any film of it, naturally. Of course, somebody else might have seen it crash, but you never know."

Colonel Imil appeared beside Pell. "Let's go on up and grab some lunch," he said. "How about you, Cleve? Want a ride?"

"No, thanks," Cleve said. He watched them stroll out together and climb into the jeep.

"What's eating Cleve?" the colonel asked Pell.

"He's a little hard to get along with."

"You're the first one that's ever said that."

"It's not just me. It's the whole

flight, sir, more or less. I don't think he goes for this combat flying too much, Colonel, if you want to know the real truth."

"Come on, now," Imil said.

Pell shrugged. There was a silence, and then the colonel said thoughtfully, "It's just too bad you can't have a flight."

Later, when Pell returned to the barracks room, he found Cleve writing a letter. He drew a chair close to the table and sat down. "Dutch certainly thinks a lot of you," he said.

"Some other time, Pell. I'm busy."

"He thinks you've got the best flight in the group."

"That's good." Cleve went on writing.

"He mentioned that he'd known you since Panama," Pell said. "He thinks you're going to get MIGs, too."

"Look, Pell . . ." Cleve began.

"But he'd like to see me leading elements now instead of flying wing," Pell continued. "He asked about that."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said I thought I would be after I told you about it."

"Well, go back and tell him you were wrong," Cleve said. "As long as you're in my flight, you'll be a wingman until I say otherwise. If you ever lead, it will be when I think you're able to."

"Afraid of what I might do if I had the chance?" Pell asked. Before Cleve could reply he walked out of the room, smiling.

**D**AUGHTERS' heart was no longer with them, but in the future—ten, nine, eight missions away. He had finished with the war, except in fact. He thought of nothing now but his sons and his young wife, yearning to be with them again. He had cherished at one time, like the rest of them, the wreaths of glory, but they had faded at last and seemed pale indeed beside the prospect of going home.

The terrible excitement of flying was no longer compelling to him. He could not have been made to stay for even the holiest of reasons. And yet he felt that he was leaving something unfinished behind him. As the time for his departure drew nearer he felt that he wanted to talk to Cleve, to say some-



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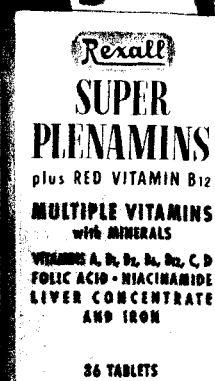
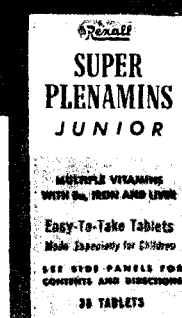
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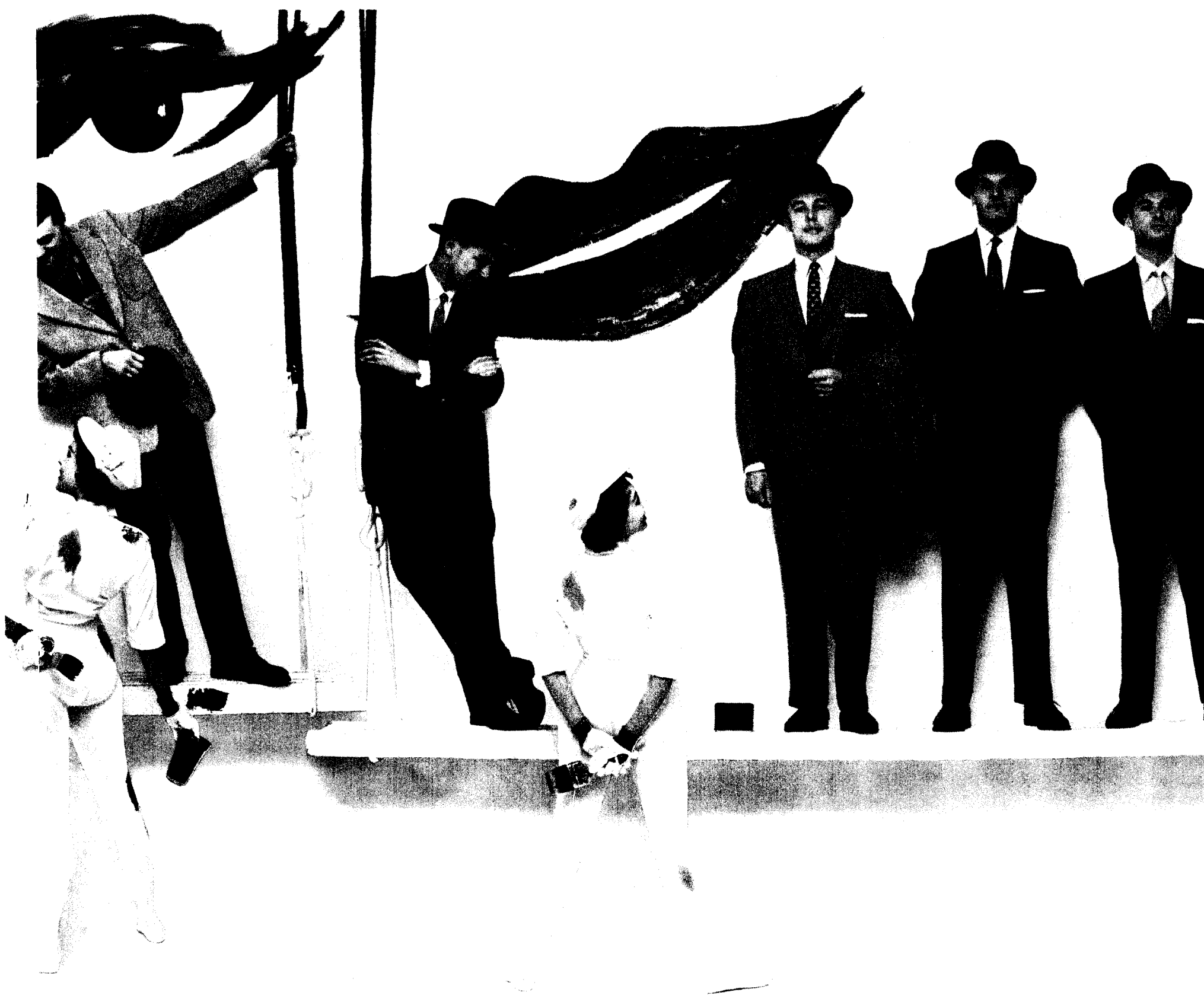
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*Light Signs of*  
**SPRING**

*And light's the word—light for fabrics, light for colors,  
light for weight and light for spirit. There is a  
wide variety of men's apparel now available in shops  
across the land to interest any man  
now that it is time to Spruce Up for Spring.*



For that up-and-about look in Spring, take to apparel that fits the season. America's men's wear manufacturers and your local retailers can guide you into a perfect wardrobe for Easter and the warmer days to follow.

Fabrics reflect the transition from indoor living to more outdoor activities. For the cooler sections of the country, woolens—blended either with synthetic yarns or silk—take on a brighter look for Spring. Men in the South and West will be disporting in rich new tropical worsteds, cords of blended fibres, and the practical wash-and-wear apparel.

Pastel shirts, with co-ordinated ties, spark a Spring wardrobe...white shirts are being replaced by soft greens, yellows, greys and blues. Stripes for shirts are stepping into the foreground, too.

With high key colors and bolder patterns and plaids for sports attire, the Spring picture looks gay. Hats and shoes complement the new stylings and colors.

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*Wardrobe suggestions by Bertrand Heflin, Collier's  
Men's Wear Merchandising Director  
Photographs by Howell Conant*



(Continued from page 88) room. He was earnest and attentive. After about ten minutes he was finished explaining, and they all left to drive up to the club. It was closed, of course, but Moncavage located the club officer and borrowed the keys.

They walked in together and sat down at the bar. Moncavage set out a bottle of liquor and three glasses.

Imil picked the cork from the bottle and poured the drinks. "A big day," he said, lifting his glass to Pell. "Here's to you, Doctor."

He and Pell drank, swallowing hurriedly.

"Wow," Imil breathed. "Still a little early in the morning."

Pell laughed and wiped his mouth.

They sat around, drinking slowly. Pell could feel the liquor moving through him. He hadn't eaten any breakfast.

"Two MIGs in one mission," Imil said. "That's something."

"I got a couple on one mission myself," Moncavage said.

"You did, didn't you?" Imil agreed. "Well, you ought to form a club."

Pell grinned.

"I'll tell you something though," Imil said. "As long as you live, no matter what happens, you'll never forget this—the day you made ace."

Pell emptied his glass to that. He could feel a general looseness coming on. "Colonel," he began sturdily, "you're right. I'll never forget it."

"Hell, no. Say, how old are you, Doctor?"

"Twenty-five." Pell spread the fingers of one hand out slowly on the bar.

"Do you know how old I was the first time I made ace?" Imil asked. "Twenty-three. In England. Now there was a war!"

From outside came the sound of engines being run up. They stared toward the window. A mission was leaving. They could see the ships marshaled on the end of the runway.

"There go your boys, Monk," Colonel Imil cried. "Gives you the feeling, doesn't it?"

Moncavage agreed.

"Always does when you don't have to go," Imil said.

THE noise of engines finally receded. Pell was leaning on one elbow carefully pouring another round of drinks. "You know," he said indistinctly, "I thought of something. His receiver could have been out. Right?"

"Ah, forget that. You did the best you could," Imil said. "It was one of those things, that's all."

"I did call him."

"Look. You got two MIGs, didn't you?"

Pell pulled at an imaginary trigger. He made a sound with his tongue like guns firing. "Hosed 'em," he said. "That's the important part, isn't it? What's so hard to believe?"

There was silence.

"He should've been looking around," Pell said. "He'd have seen 'em if he was. You'd have seen 'em, Colonel."

Imil frowned and said nothing. He picked up the bottle and added more liquor for the three of them. Then he began evenly, "Listen, you've got five kills."

"Right," Pell cried fiercely.

"That's a real distinction."

"Damned right."

"Well, don't forget it, Pell. Remember what you are."

"You and me, Colonel."

Imil drew an audible breath.

"That's right, isn't it?" Pell asked.

The colonel stared at him, but Pell didn't seem to notice.

"You know you'll be going to Tokyo this afternoon," Imil explained in a different tone.

"Roge."

"Shaking hands with all the generals. You stay there three or four days, anyway," Imil ordered. "Get everything off your mind, you know?"

"Sure."

"Come back when you feel like it."

"Don't worry," Pell said.

There was not much talking then. Pell emptied his glass, got to his feet and made his way to the door. Imil watched him leave. He looked briefly at Moncavage and then turned to stare out the window.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Moncavage asked at last.

"Nothing."

"Do you still believe him?"

"I don't know," Imil hedged. "It's the same as what I told him, though. He's an ace. We might as well be proud of that."

EVEN time stood still for Pell. During the five days he was in Tokyo there was no major fight, hardly even a sighting.

Cleve thought often of Daughters, and his heart ached. He could feel, as if it were happening to himself at that moment—the last terrible anguish as the MIGs swung in from behind, fat and merciless, pumping out shells. He shrank as Daughters must have shrunk to avoid them, straining to look back, turning hard but too late through the spurting fire. Perhaps Daughters had been hit in the cockpit. If that were true, it would not have been too bad. A man was small in the airplane, though. He might not have been hit when his ship was, but have been trapped instead, sitting there fighting the gone controls, the air speed winding up higher and higher, the green earth rushing up fast to meet him.

Cleve's thoughts lingered over his own chances to live. It was not the first time, but he had never been so isolated before, so open to the tortures of imagination. Since his brush with Imil, every contact, from the lieutenants he led to the commanders he followed, had been severed. And because he had shot down only one MIG, the reputation he had worn so lightly had vanished. He thought of Casey Jones. He could not help dreaming of this enemy, whoever he was, and taking him, high in the piercing blue of those northern skies. He discarded the dream as narcotic again and again, but it kept returning—one act of merit out of anonymity and failure. One clean mark for them all to see: to kill a champion.

One afternoon, following a mission.



"Remember, dear, you've promised me you won't take it with you"

COLLIER'S

ELDON DEDINI

Imil spoke to Cleve for the first time since the clash over Pell. "I've been wanting to talk to you," Imil said. "Let's walk outside."

They stood in the sunshine, leaning against the sandbag walls that surrounded the operations building. "I've got a lousy temper, Cleve," the colonel said. "I say things I'm sorry for later. I mean them at the time, maybe—or I think I do—but then I'm sorry for them."

Cleve said nothing. The colonel looked down at the ground. "But I'm not a small man," he went on. "At least, there's nobody around here that can call me that." He ventured a smile. "I made a mistake."

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like you to forget it. If you want to know, I'd probably have done the same thing you did. Acted the same way. But it's all over with now, and I admit I was wrong."

"Yes, sir."

"Is that all?" Imil asked.

"I say things I'm sorry for too," Cleve said.

Imil shrugged congenially to indicate he understood.

"Maybe this will be one," Cleve continued. "Colonel, it's not a matter for apologies."

Imil blushed. "Well, damn you," he said angrily. "All right. If that's what you want."

He walked away without saying anything further. Even if Cleve had not realized then how grievous was a wounded, mighty pride, the days that followed made it clear. Imil did not approach him again in any way.

CORONA had only three more missions left to make his hundred, and he was anxious to finish. He would not be happy when he was home, and he knew it, but that did not deter him. "Three trips," he said. "Three more. Then to hell with it."

"Twenty-five for me," Cleve said.

"I'll send you a post card to keep your morale up," Corona said. "Hope you're having a good time. Get one for me. Your admirer, Albert M. Corona."

"You'll wish you were back."

"Oh, no. Not even when I'm drunk."

It's all yours. I've had this war. Ninety-seven missions and still looking for a damaged. What's the use?"

"You wouldn't be the first who got hot on the last two or three."

"Why kid myself?" Corona said. "I'm not having that kind of luck. Neither are you."

"It isn't luck," Cleve said.

"No? I'd hate to tell you who I heard that from last. Face it, Cleve. You get the breaks or you don't."

"Don't blame the breaks."

"Thanks. You've got a lot to be proud of too."

"I haven't quit," Cleve said.

"It wouldn't make much difference, believe me. It's too late."

ON THE day that Corona went on his final mission, the MIGs came up. When they were announced in the area, he felt as nervous as he had been in his first fight. But neither he nor anybody else saw them, and finally, a little earlier than was necessary, he turned the flight and headed back toward the south.

Almost from the moment that he parked his ship after landing, he began to experience a feeling of increasing detachment from the whole thing, of no longer being a participant or in any way involved in the war. He had no victories, only a hundred missions and a few air medals that had been awarded to him with all the objective deliberation of birthday presents.

Now that it was over, he wanted to get away as quickly as possible. When, two days later, he left for home, Cleve was the only one he made a point of saying good-by to. . . .

The next day two new replacements just assigned to Cleve's flight came up to him in operations and introduced themselves. They were like grandchildren, generations away from him.

"Kiser, sir," the first one said.

"Schramm."

"How long will it be before we go on missions, Captain?" Kiser asked.

"Well, there's a transition course you have to go through here. Three or four rides, normally. Though sometimes it takes a while to get the rides in," Cleve warned.

"Lieutenant Pell said it wouldn't be



more than a couple of days," Schramm said.

It was that all the time now. Everybody knew Pell. His triumphant week in Tokyo had given him something he had never possessed, a hard luster for his self-assurance. He was established.

As the other pilots passed him in the evenings or at noon, they would interrupt their conversation. They would turn to see him, to say something. "Hello, Doctor," they said. "Hello, Pell, buddy. How's it going?"

Hunter and Pettibone were more and more with him. They echoed him when they talked. Whether with the innocence of children or in full understanding of what they were accepting, they were his undoubted disciples.

**W**ITH a cigar tucked in the corner of his mouth and looking like a boy imitating his father, Pell would give them advice. "The most important thing now, Billy, is to build up a lot of flying time—and to get promoted."

"I don't see how there's any chance of promotion," Hunter argued. They had all become first lieutenants a week earlier.

"There isn't. That's why it's so important."

"I don't see how it's possible, though."

"There's always an angle," Pell said. "You ought to know that by now."

In the midst of them, Cleve was alone. It was a life he almost seemed to have chosen.

He wrote to Eico: . . . *the days are unbelievably long, yet, I do not suppose it could be otherwise. There would have to be something deadening with which to bridge those few, frenzied moments when, high over North Ko-*

*rea, you suddenly see the MIGs appear from open sky . . .*

Was it courage or enthusiasm, or something even more vital, life itself, that was draining out of him so steadily, day after day, mission after mission? He could not decide.

**C**LEVE began picking his missions carefully because he had so few remaining. He chose only those that he calculated or guessed might be fruitful, deciding often at the last minute.

Pell, by direction of Colonel Imil, was always leading an element now. "I want him in a firing position," the colonel said. He had not said it to Cleve, however. The news had come down through the squadron commander. "Leading flights if possible," the colonel had said. "I don't care if you have to put captains or even majors on his wing. He gets kills. I want him out in front."

"He doesn't have very much experience, Colonel," someone had protested. "To hell with the experience. I've got men with all the experience in the world and still not worth a damn."

Both Hunter and Pettibone flew as wingmen for Pell. They were not especially happy to do it, but they didn't complain. Pell found MIGs—or, if he did not, they found him.

"I'm going to get one before I leave," Hunter said. "It doesn't matter whose wing I'm on. Just so I get my chance."

"He'll do all the shooting, though," Pettibone said.

"Not all of it. He's hot, that's the important thing. He's running into them all the time."

It was true. There seemed to be a fight only when Pell was in the air. There was an escort for a photo recon-

naissance ship, and Pell filled in with another flight. Suddenly, there was a MIG nobody had seen coming in to make a pass on the photo ship. It leveled out right in front of Pell, not a thousand feet away: his sixth kill. When he taxied back in and parked that day, Colonel Imil jumped up on the wing of the ship and swore, impulsively, he'd get Pell the Distinguished Service Cross.

It was phenomenal. Pell was a wonder, a growing myth. He was, at that time, the most famous pilot in the Air Force, and it had all been accomplished in only fifty-odd missions. The bulk of his tour was still ahead of him.

They were already talking about who would get the flight when Cleve was gone. He had only eleven missions left. "There isn't but one man in this group who can take over," Hunter announced.

"Who's that?" Kiser asked. "Pell?"

"Sure. See if he doesn't."

"Do you really think he'll get it? He was a brand-new second lieutenant when he came over, wasn't he?"

"A lot's happened since then."

"But don't they usually pick captains?"

"Not over a man with six kills."

Schramm came over and stood talking with them. "Has Saville had the flight all along?" he asked.

"Ever since the beginning," Hunter said.

"How is it that he only has one MIG, then? Isn't he any good?"

"It's not that," Hunter said. "I—he's old, for one thing, thirty-five, I guess."

"Saville's a regular grandfather, isn't he?"

"He's a good pilot," Hunter said,

moved by conscience. "You'd be better off with him than with anybody else—except you probably wouldn't find anything."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I just know that the Doctor is the one who gets them, and that's what counts."

**I**T WAS on an early June morning that the first-light reconnaissance, which flew along the Chinese border to check the enemy fields, returned to report an awesome display. The strips were jammed with aircraft, a silver rash of MIGs. The reconnaissance crew had counted almost seven hundred of them, parked wing tip to wing tip.

The news reached Colonel Imil at breakfast. "They've been tipped off somehow!" he said excitedly.

He hurried off to combat operations, stopping en route to pick up the group commander, Colonel Moncavage. "... only the best people today," Imil was saying as they strode in. "I want the cream of the group. This is the one, Monk. Seven hundred of them!"

Imil was on the telephone direct to Fifth Air Force minutes later. "Seven thirty," he announced when he had hung up. "They say the ops order will be here within two hours. A special courier is bringing it."

Moncavage puffed at a cigarette. "Maybe I'd better start calling the squadrons," he said.

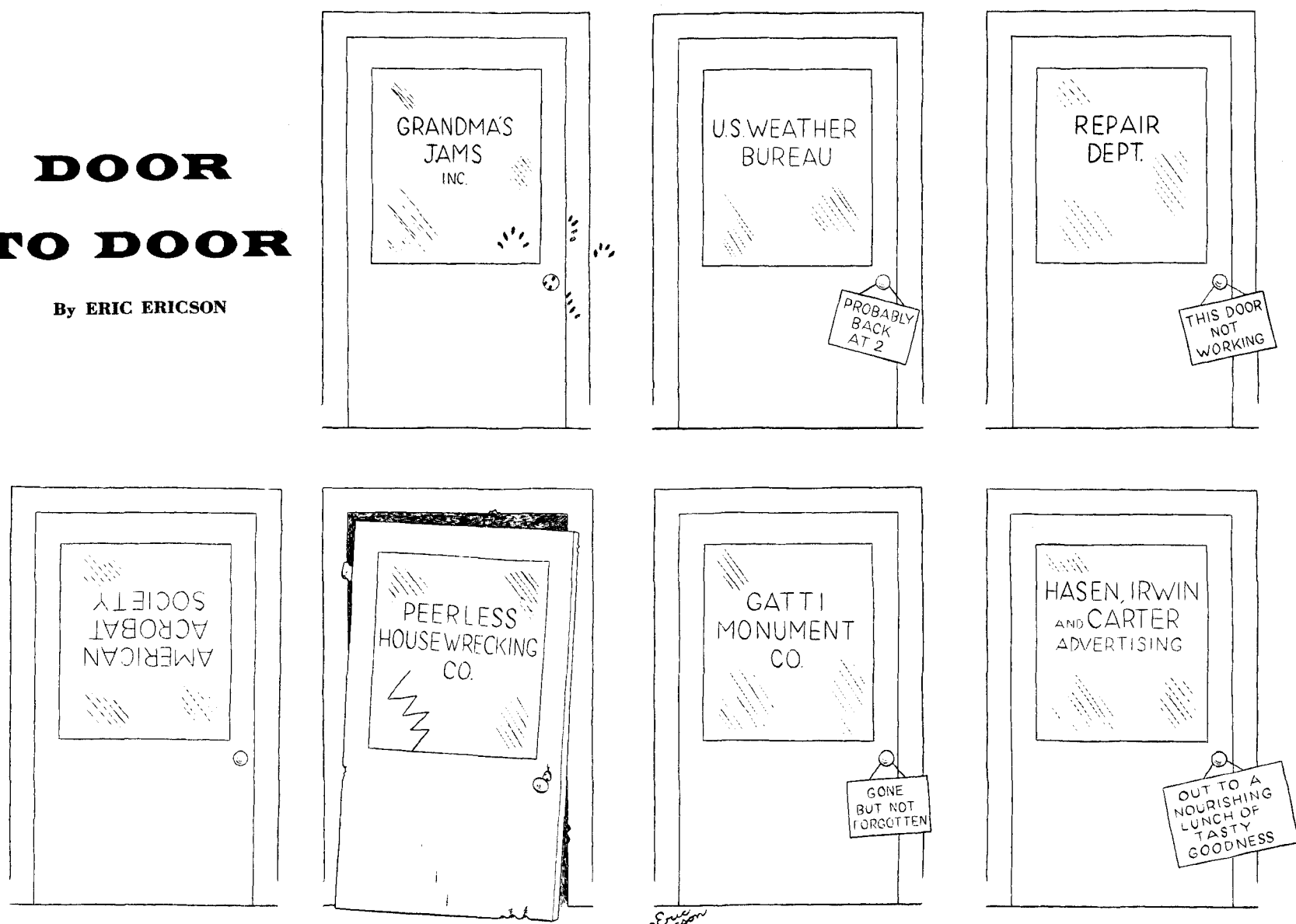
"No," Imil said, "not yet. Don't get them keyed up. There's plenty of time."

By eight, the pilots in the mess were talking about it. Something big was coming up. All missions had been called off until further notice. Nobody knew more than that for certain.

By eleven thirty, fifteen minutes be-

## DOOR TO DOOR

By ERIC ERICSON

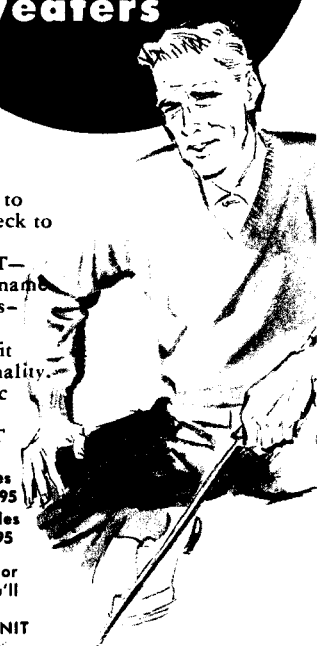




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fore the briefing was scheduled, the whole group was already assembled. The briefing room overflowed. As the minutes dragged by, restlessness grew. There were coughs and shuffling and the sound of matches being struck.

At twelve fifteen the colonels were still talking earnestly to each other in the front of the room. Cleve stood looking through the blue haze at the map forty feet away. He squinted his eyes but could not make out anything written on it. The schedule board too was blank. Nothing was there except the familiar, laconic sign: *The Fighting Heart*.

FINALLY, Colonel Imil stood up and mounted the low platform. "Well, boys," he said. The room became perfectly silent. "This is the one we've all been waiting for. This should be the biggest one of the war. Today we're going after the dam at Sui Ho."

There was a hum of recognition. The target was on the Yalu itself.

"That's the fourth biggest one in the world, with the second greatest output of power," Imil said. "We haven't touched it up until now. Too hot, I suppose; but it's finally been approved. Every fighter-bomber in Fifth Air Force is going up there today, right across the river from the MIGs. The enemy will be able to see smoke, and they'll be coming up, too—all of them—to stop us. You can count on that. And you know who'll be leading them, too. Casey Jones—you can bet your life on that. Our job is to get those fighter-bombers in and out, and that's what we're going to do. Every ship that can fly is going. Do you have the numbers from the squadrons yet, Monk?"

"Right here."

"Read them off."

Moncavage announced the totals for each squadron and gave a list to one of the operations officers, who copied it onto the scheduling board, number by number. Then each squadron supplied the names of the pilots who would go, and they too were written down.

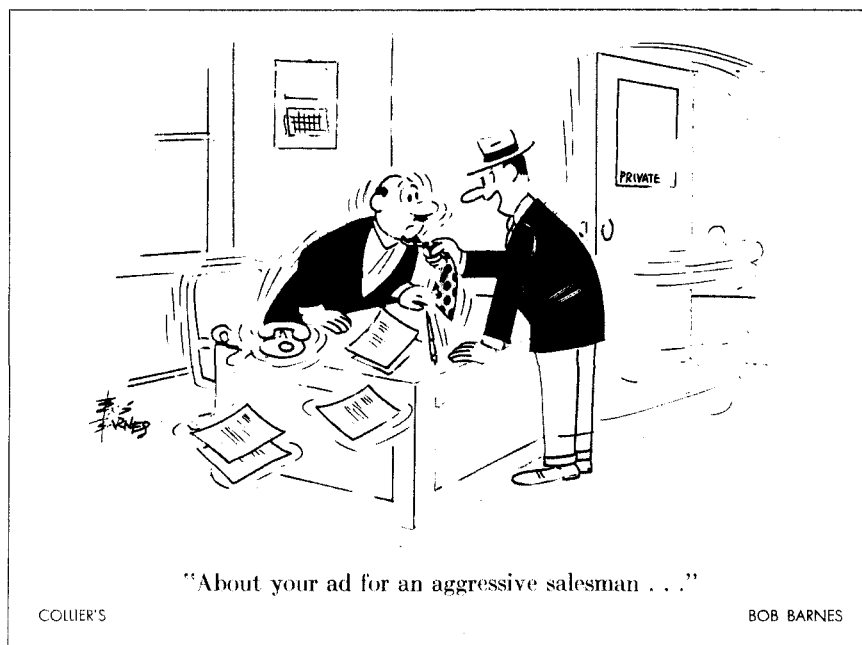
Cleve watched as the eighteen blanks for his squadron were filled. The squadron commander was leading the first flight, with Pell and Pettibone as his element. Captain Gabriel and three from that flight were next; then the operations officer, Nolan, and three from his old flight.

At the very bottom, posted beside the two ships that made up the odd element, were Saville and Hunter. They would be the last ones up.

After the weather officer's report, Imil spoke again. "Boys," he said, "I wouldn't be surprised if there were five hundred of them up there today. Fine! We'll be waiting for them. But watch your fuel. Don't stay up there until you're down to barely enough to make it home. When you're down to fifteen hundred pounds today, clear out."

"This is one time when there'll be MIGs enough for everybody," Imil went on. "When you see them, go after them. I don't want to hear about any damages when we come back—I want to hear about kills!" He paused. "You can take a look around you right now, because there'll probably be some empty seats here tomorrow. Just make sure it isn't you. All right. Let's get them!"

When Cleve walked out to his plane just before he and Hunter were to take off, one of the armament men was still working on it. A defective magazine had become jammed in the gun camera. "It's stuck halfway in there," the man explained. "I can't budge it."



Cleve reached into the narrow opening with his own hand and tried to force the film package out. He could not move it either. "It's all right," he said. "Leave it as it is. You can work on it when I get back."

He taxied out and then waited until Hunter drew alongside him. They ran up their engines. He looked across. Hunter nodded. Cleve dropped his raised right hand, and simultaneously they released their brakes. Gathering speed, they moved down the runway together.

Flashing like silver fish, they broke through a low, billowing surf of clouds and into unmarked sky. They crossed the Han and into enemy territory. Over the radio, there was nothing except for routine traffic. The fight had not started. Cleve felt elated: he had not hoped for such luck.

As they neared the Yalu, the cloudiness increased, and above a spotty floor of white there was one huge cumulus build-up. They were at forty thousand feet then and climbing. The river was still five minutes away. Suddenly, cutting through the lesser voices on the radio, there was Colonel Imil's: "Dust on the runway at Antung, boys. Heads up." It was as if they had waited for him, Cleve thought happily.

The first "bandit train" of MIGs was called out, a confirmation of the colonel's sighting. Less than a minute later, a second was announced. Then a third.

"They're climbing to altitude north of the river," Colonel Imil said. "It won't be long."

AS CLEVE reached the Yalu, they were up to five bandit trains. He turned northeast, toward the dam and reservoir, which were already marked by explosions. Behind him, Hunter was in good position, steady as a shadow. Over the radio the unemotional voice was tolling again: "Bandit trains numbers six and seven leaving Antung, heading north."

Cleve and Hunter reached the reservoir and turned back toward the southwest, climbing very gradually all the time. There was a brittle expectancy running through the flights. Urgent, confused calls came continually over the radio, but nobody had made definite contact. Nobody was in a fight yet. The eighth and ninth trains were announced.

"Bandit train number ten is on a heading of three three zero. Train number ten heading three three zero."

Ten was more than Cleve remembered ever having heard. Then the

eleventh was called, and the twelfth. It was a flood—and yet, as of now, nothing had happened. There was still no fighting.

In silence Cleve took up a track along the river again. The last of the fighter-bombers were going in toward the dam. It was unbelievable that the MIGs would not strike, but slowly, as the minutes sank away, he began to accept it. Flights were starting to leave the area, low on fuel. He heard Imil turning toward home, and he checked his own gauge: twenty-one hundred pounds.

They reached the reservoir and flew about twenty miles past it before turning toward Antung again. "How much do you have, Billy?" Cleve called.

"Eighteen hundred pounds."

ONE more time, Cleve thought. He listened impassively to more and more flights starting their withdrawals, intact, unsuccessful. In roughly the same order that they had arrived in, their fuel dropped to the minimum Imil had specified—fifteen hundred pounds—and they departed.

At Antung, as Cleve swung around toward the northeast, he had sixteen hundred pounds. "Just once more," he said. "How much do you have now?"

"Fifteen hundred," Hunter said.

They started up the river. Cleve's eyes kept coming back to the fuel gauge. He knew it would be motionless for as long as he could look at it, like a clock. Finally, they were at the reservoir. The radio was almost silent. They were among the last ones remaining within fifty miles. They made a large orbit to the left and encountered nothing. They had stayed too long. Turning south, Cleve had twelve hundred pounds. He started climbing for home.

He looked in Hunter's direction, back over his shoulder. Smoke hung over Sui Ho. On the other side, as he turned his head, the great cumulus still rose near Antung.

His gaze moved slightly, and suddenly, as if from out of nothing, airplanes appeared—so far off that if he were to move his eyes even slightly, or blink, he would not be able to pick them up again. He could not glance into the cockpit to check his fuel. He called Hunter instead, as he began turning toward them. "How much fuel, Billy?"

"I'm down to ten hundred. Why are you turning north again?"

Cleve did not answer. He maintained his focus. The ships slowly grew to be unmistakable specks. A minute later,



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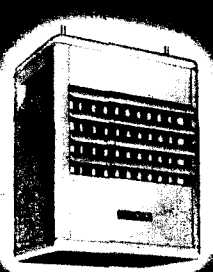
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Collier's for March 30, 1956

Hunter called them out: "Four bogies off at one o'clock, Cleve!"

"I have them."

"They're crossing to two now. They're starting in!"

"What?" Cleve said. The ships he was looking at were no more than decimal points.

"Four of them coming down from three o'clock!" Hunter cried. Then, "Get ready to break!"

Cleve looked quickly up to his right. There were MIGs, four of them. He hadn't even seen them, concentrating as he had been on the ones out ahead. "Take it around to the right, Billy!"

**THEY** turned into the attacking ships. The MIGs did not continue in, then, but pulled back up. Cleve reversed his turn to follow. He watched with chilling recognition as they did something he had never seen before. They split into pairs.

"We've got some cool ones this time, Billy."

"Cleve, did you get a good look at them?"

"Yes. Why?"

"The leader has black stripes!"

Cleve heard the sound of his own heart beating. He watched the MIGs as they swung apart, trying to pick the one out. Of all the times to have his chance! He came close to laughing, but he was too stunned. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

Yes, absolutely. To finally meet Casey Jones, this far north with this much fuel. He looked at his gauge now: nine hundred pounds. He could almost feel the tanks draining as he flew. "Let's keep working south," he said.

The MIGs started back in, working in co-ordinated pairs: two first, with two more timing their pass so that they would be coming in behind Cleve as he met the others. It took skill to operate that way. It was difficult, and murderous if nicely done. Cleve waited as long as he could before turning into the nearest ones. He wanted to carry the fight as far south as possible. The MIGs might be low on fuel too.

"Around to the left," he said.

The first two were already in close. He watched them over his shoulder. They were firing. The cannon tracers were streaming by, behind and below him.

The MIGs did not follow in the turn, but began climbing right back up, to achieve position and come in again. As they went by behind him the first time, he called, "Reverse it!" to Hunter, hoping to get a shot in as they went away from him. He was not able to. He was behind them, but too far back and out of line.

"Break right!" Hunter called then.

It was the second pair. Cleve turned into them as hard as he could. The MIGs fired and passed behind him. Cleve rolled out of the turn immediately and headed back toward the south. As he did, he saw the first two coming in again, but not from so good a position this time. They were too far forward. He was going to be able to meet them almost head on. He turned into them and, at the last second, was able to fire as they came. Hunter was firing too.

They passed the MIGs in a brief instant, and Cleve turned hard after them. He was fighting for any advantage, and the MIGs were not climbing away. They were turning too. He cut them off slightly in the turn, getting inside them.

He could distinguish the black markings on the leader. He pulled after him,

distended. They went around and around in a silent, unyielding circle. His fuel was getting lower and lower. He glanced quickly at it: seven hundred pounds. They were going down steadily: they had passed through twenty thousand. The air speed was building. He had lost sight of the other MIGs, of Hunter, of everything but the winding earth and the lead ship turning with him, motionless as the world spun about them.

They were passing fourteen thousand. They might go all the way, to the deck. Every minute made fuel more critical, and at full throttle in the lower altitudes they were using it prodigiously. It was a devouring circle. He could not break out of it without being in a worse position in a running fight, if they followed him, but he did not have fuel enough to continue either. He needed every remaining pound just to get back.

"You still have me, Billy?"

"Roger. You're clear."

They kept turning, fighting for position. Cleve was a quarter of the circle behind, holding that spot, turning while the MIG held still ahead of him. They were struggling for the slightest change. To let up meant to lose, and Cleve was determined to stay there.

Suddenly the MIG rolled over and started down. For an endless part of a second Cleve hesitated, surprised. They were very low. He was not sure he could follow and clear the ground. He was almost certain the MIG could not make it. He knew a moment of awful decision, and then he rolled and followed. They were going straight down, in a split S, wide open. They burst through the level of clouds. The earth was shooting up at him. The stick seemed rigid. Cleve trimmed and pulled back as hard as he could, popping the speed brakes to help pitch him through. Everything faded into gray and then black. When it began to be gray again, he saw that they had made it. He was right behind Casey, on the deck. The hills and trees were whipping past just beneath them. His ship slammed and jolted crazily against ripples of air.

**C**ASEY broke left. Cleve was behind him, on the inside, turning as hard as he could. The bright pipper of his sight was creeping up on the MIG, moving slowly up to the tail, the fuselage, the wing root. He squeezed the trigger. The tracers arced out, falling mostly behind. There were a few strikes near the tail.

Cleve fired again. His heart ballooned into his throat, and he shouted into the mask, not words, but a senseless cry. Solid strikes along the fuselage. There was a burst of white flame and a sudden flood of smoke. The MIG pulled up sharply, climbing. It was slipping away from him, but as it did he laced it with hits. Finally, trailing a curtain of fire, it rolled over on one wing and started down.

"There he goes!" Hunter cried.

Cleve could not answer. "Head south," he said finally. "Do you have the other ones in sight?"

"Not now."

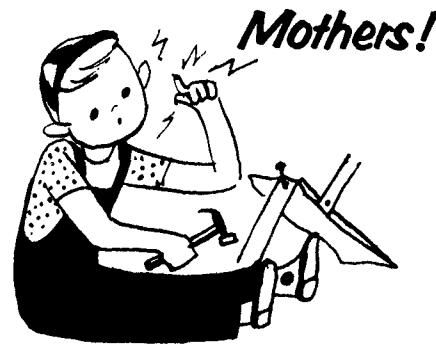
"All right. Let's go."

They turned for home, climbing, too low on fuel to make it, Cleve was certain. He had three hundred and fifty pounds.

"How much do you have?" he asked Hunter.

"I'm down to—down to three hundred now."

The engines drank as they climbed;



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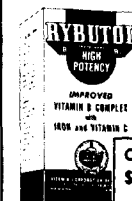
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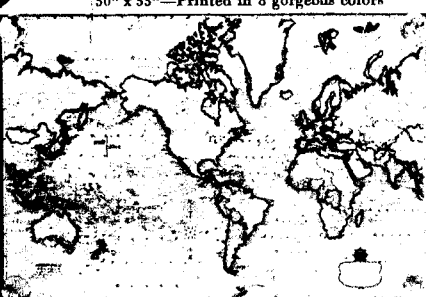
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they were paying for altitude with an open-throated flow. Cleve looked out to sea, where they would probably end up. It had always seemed a sanctuary: now it was a place to drown in. He thought of the bailing out. He had never left an airplane before, and the moment of abandoning that close cockpit for sheer space chilled him. The dial then showed just less than one hundred pounds. It was hardly enough to wet the bottom of the tank. They were past Sinanju, but with more than a hundred miles to go.

"What do you have now, Billy?" Cleve asked.

"Not enough to mention. Do you think we'll make it?"

"Well," Cleve began. He was interrupted.

"Oh, oh! There it is," Hunter said. "I've run out."

CLEVE looked at his own gauge. It read zero, although the engine was still running. He shut it off. There could not be more than a minute or two of fuel left anyway.

The planes were almost absolutely silent, gliding evenly together. They were at thirty-eight thousand feet. It was all up to the winds aloft and the exact number of miles remaining. The altimeter unwound: thirty-seven thousand.

They glided south, descending steadily as the miles fell behind them. The altimeter surrendered feet mechanically: thirty-six thousand five hundred, thirty-six thousand. Cleve listened to the valves in his mask open and close with his breathing. Thirty-five thousand, thirty-four, thirty-three.

Cleve reassessed the chances constantly, checking their altitude against his map. Thirty-two thousand. The moment he dreaded was when he would have to decide between heading for the water or continuing toward the Han, trying to make it all the way. That was the final commitment. Thirty-one thousand. Finally the time came.

He continued south. Afraid or not, he had decided beforehand. Perhaps he had not decided really, but only failed to decide. It did not matter. The hand of the altimeter was moving faster.

At twenty-five thousand, with the field far off, not yet visible, he heard Imil calling from the base: "Where are you, Green Lead?"

"We're about forty miles north."

"How much fuel do you have?"

"None."

"What!" There was a thoughtful silence. Then: "Do you have enough altitude to make it across the Han?"

"I think so," Cleve answered. "It's going to be close."

"Get out if you can't make the field. Don't ride it down."

They were passing through seventeen thousand. The air grew thicker all the way down, more viscous, so that they had to keep lowering the nose slightly to maintain speed. The ship felt heavier and heavier as it slipped closer to the ground. The field was in sight now. Fifteen thousand.

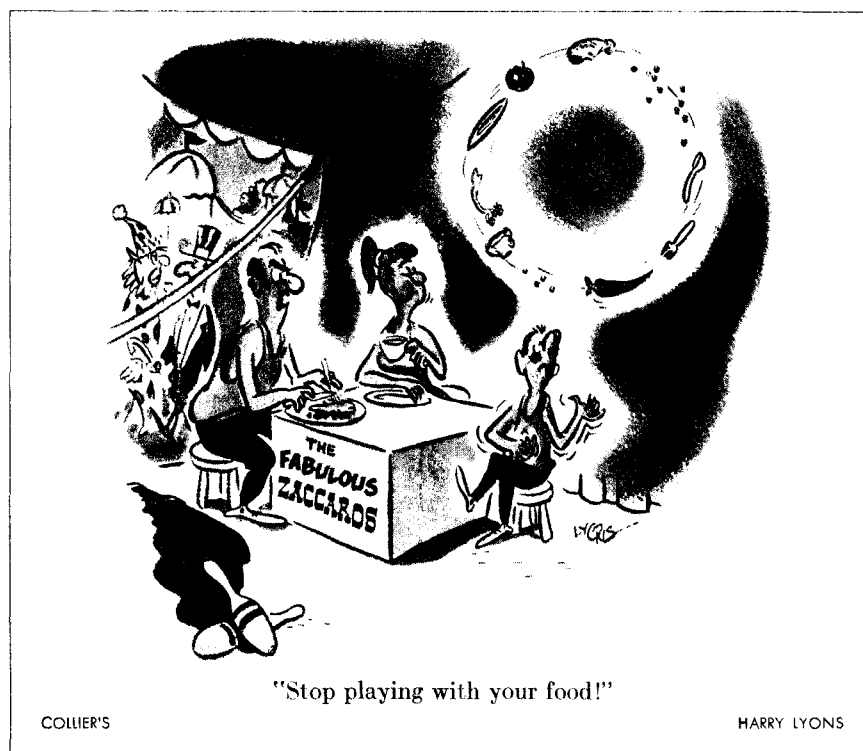
"Did you get any kills?" the colonel asked abruptly.

"One."

There was no reply.

At eleven thousand feet they were gliding across the mouth of the Han. Cleve alternately abandoned and then retook hope. He altered course slightly to line up better with the runway. If they were able to reach the field they would have to land straight in.

"If it looks like we won't make it,"



Cleve said, "get out at two thousand feet. Don't wait any longer than that, Billy."

"Roger. I think we're going to be all right, though."

Cleve was slightly in front. When he passed through eight thousand feet he was still not absolutely certain, but shortly after that he knew. He could make it. The last thousand feet, coming easily down the path of the final approach he knew so well, was overwhelmingly fulfilling. Dead-sticking it in, he landed a little long, but smoothly.

HUNTER misjudged. He had been off to one side and a little lower than Cleve, and when he saw that he was going to be short, he tried to stretch his glide, turning very low at the last, with not enough speed left. He crashed just north of the field. There was no fire, only a dry, rending disintegration that plowed up a storm of dust.

They towed Cleve's ship in from the end of the runway. "Well, you made it, anyway," Colonel Imil called. He jumped up onto the wing.

"Is Hunter all right?"

"They're out there now. I haven't heard."

In the parking area the pilots and crewmen were gathered. They pressed close as the plane came to a stop. Cleve looked out at the rash of faces.

"How did it happen?" the colonel asked.

"We were jumped on the way back," Cleve said. They were all listening, stretching their necks to hear. "There were four of them, tough babies. They finally ran us out of fuel."

"You got one, though?"

Cleve felt his heart skip. One? He could have laughed with tears running from his eyes. He knew how to say it, the phrase that stilled trumpets, but he had to wait.

Cleve saw Pell standing just below, his hands in his hip pockets, his expression querulous. Behind him was Colonel Moncavage, pushing his way through the crowd. He had come from the wreck.

"Is Hunter all right?" Cleve called.

"He's dead," Moncavage said.

"Nice going," Pell's voice rose piercingly.

Cleve stepped slowly over the side of the ship down to the wing. Suddenly he was tired—not physically, for his whole body was still quickened with

what had been done and the accident of being alive. But he was tired of everything else.

"You got one of them, anyway," Imil said flatly.

Below, near the nose of the ship, there was an exclamation. "The film didn't run, Colonel," somebody called.

The magazine was handed up. Imil turned it over, inspecting it. "Not a foot," he said. "There goes the damned confirmation."

"It doesn't matter," Cleve said.

"Don't be so damned casual. Of course it matters!"

"Not this time."

"What are you talking about?" Imil asked sharply.

"It was Casey Jones."

There was a moment of catastrophic silence. Then: "Are you sure?"

Cleve nodded. He hardly heard the words. He was listening to the murmur that had started among the men.

"Are you sure?" Imil repeated.

"There's no film, Colonel," Pell cried. "There's no one to confirm it now, either."

"No," Imil agreed uncertainly. "No. There's not."

Cleve heard a short, insane cough of contempt leave his lips. "Oh, yes, there is," he said blindly.

"Who?"

"I can confirm it." He drew a sudden breath. "Hunter got him."

It came out almost subconsciously. Malice had brought it, and protest, and the sweeping magnanimity that accompanies triumph: but as soon as he had said the words, he realized there were no others that would have made it right.

AT THE close of June, Cleve had only four missions left; and, as if in its final throes, the terrible fever to win was stronger than it had ever been. He no longer suffered, though. He had endured it too long. It was a part of him, permanently burned in. He felt untroubled—not satisfied but insensitive, at last.

Hunter was going to be awarded the Silver Star. Imil had promised that. With a solitary red star beside it, Hunter's name was listed on the claims board where he had always wanted it. That was not much, compared with Pell's galaxy, but it would have meant everything to Hunter. And Cleve was at lonely peace with himself. He felt as

if he had finally passed from youth into a real maturity, one in which he soberly realized the price that had to be paid to abide by the ideals that were so bright and compelling in youth.

With Pettibone on his wing, he flew north on his ninety-seventh mission. There was not a cloud in the sky. They crossed the Haeju Peninsula and then the edge of an unblemished sea that lay like metallic foil in the sunlight. A fight was developing. The MIGs were taking off from Antung. Cleve could hear the tempo of talk on the radio increasing.

He sat in the cockpit in the sunshine and looked out over a crystal empire. Antung lay under a dome of clear air that reached every horizon. The river, its bridges and the earthen town along it were as small as a history-book map. It was almost sleep-inducing.

He heard a flight dropping tanks. They had sighted MIGs crossing at the reservoir. His heart beat as wildly as ever while he listened. He would be there in a few minutes. There was a joy unlike any he had known, going north that day, penetrating farther and farther into Casey's country.

He was not disappointed. There was a big fight. High and low, in great numbers, the MIGs came. Every man who wanted to found them, and some who did not. Pell got his seventh.

WHEN the mission returned, the debriefing room was wild. The men were gathering at the tables and talking all at once, their flying suits dark with sweat, their faces creased and dirty where the masks had been.

Among them was Pell, followed by a correspondent interviewing him on his seventh victory. Pell was giving the details, when suddenly he stopped, hearing a voice behind him that was topping the others in the room: "We were separated right at the beginning. I wasn't able to pick him up again, after the first time we broke. They were all over me from then on."

It was Pettibone. Pell turned and saw him standing between the two colonels, looking from one to the other. "Didn't you call him?" Colonel Imil asked.

"I called him half a dozen times. He never answered."

"All right," Imil said. "Where did it happen?"

They bent over the map as Pell pushed his way through to them and forced a space for himself at the table. Pettibone indicated where the fight had taken place: in an area about ten miles square, right on the Yalu.

Imil turned to Colonel Moncavage. "Set up a couple of flights right away in case we have to cap him, Monk, and check around. Somebody else may have seen him."

"What happened?" Pell asked. "Where's Saville?"

Pettibone looked up at him pleadingly. "I don't know. I lost him in the fight, and he's not back yet."

After a few minutes, Colonel Moncavage was back with a pilot from one of the other squadrons who was able to tell them something more. He had been in the area at the time. He remembered hearing Pettibone's calls. A little later he had seen Cleve's ship. One wing had been shot off. He had seen it go down near the river, spinning over and over like an elm pod.

"Are you sure it was Saville?"

"I don't know who it was, Colonel. It was one of ours, though. The MIGs were still shooting at it."

"Did you see a parachute?"

"The canopy was still on the ship, the last I saw of it, Colonel."

There was a pensive silence. "Then you didn't see it crash," Imil said at length.

"I couldn't even keep it in sight. We were right in the MIGs ourselves then."

"Well," Imil said, "I guess that's it." He turned and walked out of the room.

The correspondent, who had strolled over behind Pell, resumed his interview: "Did you know Captain Saville, Lieutenant?"

Pell nodded, listening to the hurried sound of the pencil. He knew its magic. He paused, a sincere, thoughtful expression on his face. "Cleve was a George guy," he said earnestly.

"George?"

"That's right. I really mean it. He was the best, the greatest. He taught me everything I know about this business. It was just that he didn't get the breaks himself."

"You were pretty close to him?" the correspondent asked.

"He was my flight leader," Pell said, "but he was like a brother. I—I can't believe they got him." He paused. "Don't write any of that, though. People don't understand what it's like. It wouldn't mean anything."

"That depends on how well I execute it."

"Well, I hope you're a good executioner," Pell said. He smiled wanly. His candor was disarming.

The article was carried in a national magazine. There was a photograph of Pell in the cockpit, stark and memorable. A whole country found its heroism in his face.

For Cleve, the war had ended in those final minutes of solitude he had always dreaded. He was carried as "missing in action." They had overcome him, tenaciously scissoring past him, taking him down. And they had followed all the way, firing as they did, with that contagious passion peculiar to hunters.

—JAMES SALTER

Complete in COLLIER'S—Next issue

## Terror at Webb's Landing

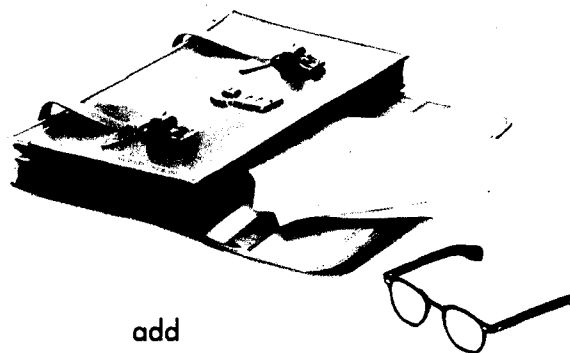
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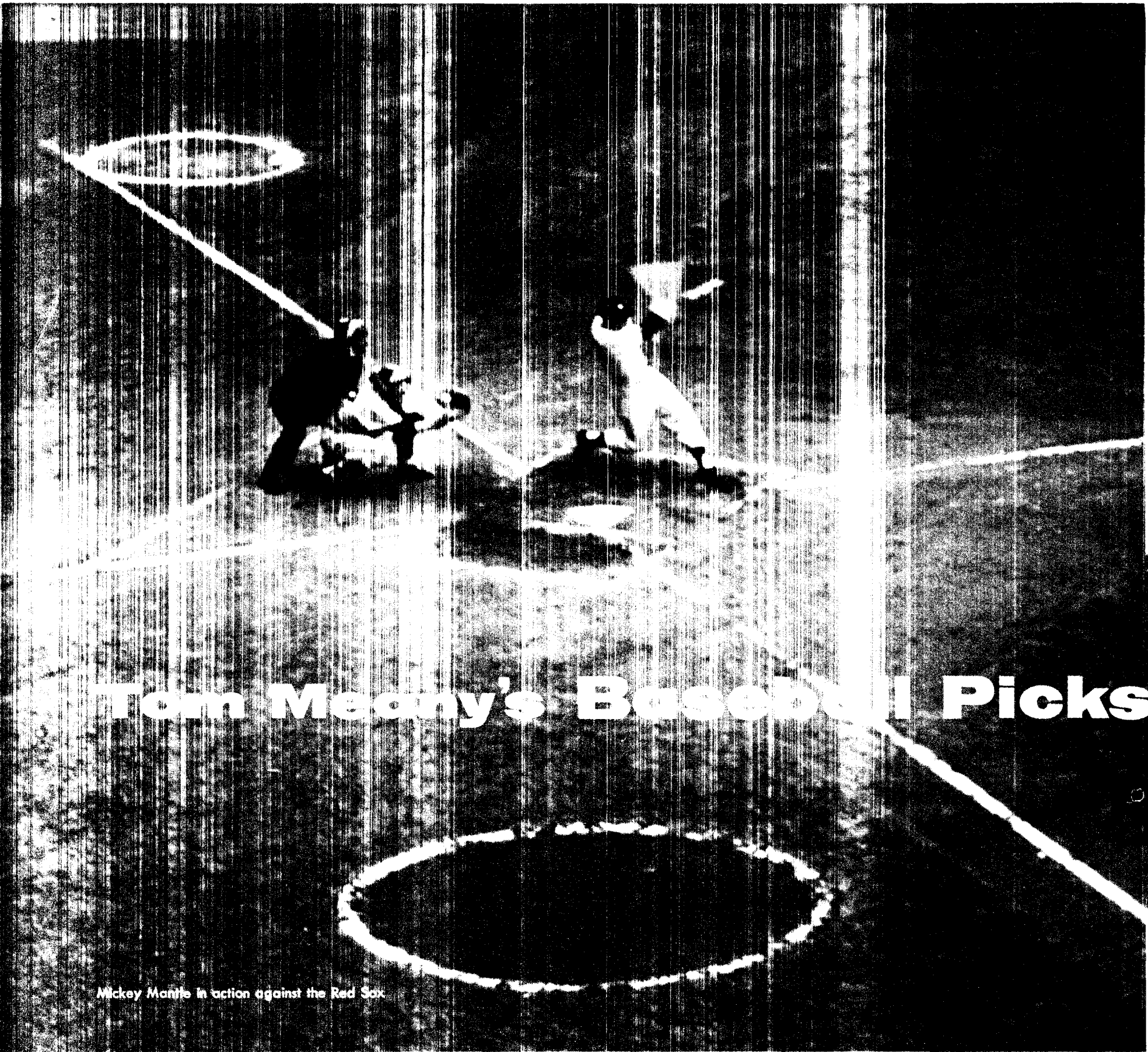
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# Tom Meany's Baseball Picks

Mickey Mantle in action against the Red Sox

**I**N ENTERTAINMENT, the search is for new faces. In baseball, which is a form of entertainment, more or less, the search is for new places. After remaining as stationary as the Pyramid of Cheops for half a century, baseball in 1953 discovered that travel is both broadening and rewarding. The Boston Braves moved to Milwaukee. The next year the Browns escaped from their own private vacuum in St. Louis and fled to Baltimore. Last year the Philadelphia Athletics moved lock, stock, barrel and deficit to Kansas City.

No sleeper jump is scheduled for a major-league franchise in 1956, but the Brooklyn Dodgers, world champions at long last, have signed for a ferry ride. They will play seven games, one eleventh of their home schedule, across the Hudson in Jersey City.

The fractional transfer, considered a westward trend by hopeful Californians, gives this practically infallible swami his one doubt as to where the 1956 World Series will be played. The whimsical

Walter O'Malley, Dodger president, may decide to move one or more of the Brooklyn games to Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City. If he stands pat, the Series will be played precisely where it was played in 1955—at Ebbets Field and Yankee Stadium.

Picking the Dodgers and Yankees again to play in the 1956 Series doesn't mean I'm in a rut. It is baseball that's in a rut. The have-nots are simply finding it a steep hill trying to overhaul the haves.

Concentration of the baseball empire around New York is not good for the game. Play enough Subway Series and the only people interested will be the transit companies. All or part of 11 of the last 15 series have been played in Greater New York. Not since 1948 when Cleveland played the Boston Braves has there been a Series without representation of one of New York's three teams. Since 1940, the Yankees have been in 10 Series, the Dodgers in six, the Giants in two.

To vary the monotony, I'll pick the Yankees to

beat Brooklyn in the World Series. No special reason except that the Dodgers, having finally shown that the law of averages can be enforced, seem to have proved their point.

There aren't even any sweeping changes in the managerial situation for 1956. Last year only Casey Stengel and Al Lopez remained as holdovers in the American; this year all eight have survived. In the National, Leo Durocher is missing and presumed lost to television. Bill Rigney, fresh from a pennant at Minneapolis, will guide the Giants. Fred Hutchinson, fired by Detroit in 1954, will manage the St. Louis Cardinals this year, after spending a profitable season in exile by winning the pennant with Seattle. Fred succeeds Harry Walker, who succeeded in early season Eddie Stanky, who succeeded Rigney at Minneapolis. (Got it straight?)

I look for the Dodgers to win the National League pennant even more easily than they did last season, to the consequent detriment of box offices

Collier's for March 30, 1956



Tom Meany, as he admits in his Preview, is in a rut when he picks the Yankees and Dodgers to repeat in the 1956 pennant race. He came up with the same selections for Collier's last season. The Giant fans on our staff accuse Meany of being hopelessly biased (he was born in Brooklyn). And Red Sox rooters say his view of the crystal ball is made fuzzy by nearsightedness (he's been a New York sports writer for more than 30 years). But Meany looks them all in the eye with the reminder that he called the American League finish perfectly last year for the whole first division, and came close in the National. To rub it in, he forecast the Dodger triumph in the World Series. Wait till *this* year.



JAN BALET

## MEANY'S PENNANT PICKS

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

- |                                                                             |                                                                                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. <b>BROOKLYN</b><br>(mostest with the bestest)                            | 5. <b>PHILADELPHIA</b><br>(after Roberts, what?)                                |
| 2. <b>MILWAUKEE</b><br>(brilliant future behind them)                       | 6. <b>CINCINNATI</b><br>(good hit, no pitch)                                    |
| 3. <b>NEW YORK</b><br>(new manager, but an old cast)                        | 7. <b>CHICAGO</b><br>(great at second and short,<br>sad almost everywhere else) |
| 4. <b>ST. LOUIS</b><br>(transfusion of young blood,<br>but vitamins needed) | 8. <b>PITTSBURGH</b><br>(too few and too new)                                   |

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

- |                                                                            |                                                                          |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. <b>NEW YORK</b><br>(this old championship dog<br>knows too many tricks) | 5. <b>DETROIT</b><br>(great left side, not enough<br>over-all balance)   |
| 2. <b>BOSTON</b><br>(stronger, but still can't<br>make double play)        | 6. <b>WASHINGTON</b><br>(Dressen's Spanish improves<br>and so does club) |
| 3. <b>CHICAGO</b><br>(improved, but still needs punch)                     | 7. <b>KANSAS CITY</b><br>(old heads and old legs)                        |
| 4. <b>CLEVELAND</b><br>(over the hill, though not<br>to the poorhouse)     | 8. <b>BALTIMORE</b><br>(will get going someday<br>—but not in '56)       |

## WORLD SERIES WINNER

**N.Y. YANKEES** (a hunch, that's all)

for '56

MARVIN NEWMAN

around the circuit—everywhere but Jersey City. The big fear of Dodger rooters is that the club will suffer because the draft board is making goo-goo eyes at Johnny Podres (9-10). Johnny did win the World Series for the Dodgers by beating the Yankees twice; but they won the pennant without him, for he wasn't much help after mid-June.

The big asset going for the Brooks is their own home-run generating power: Duke Snider (42), Roy Campanella (32), Gil Hodges (27) and Carl Furillo (26). This quartet accounted for 440 RBIs, a statistic to stagger the imagination, to say nothing of opposing pitchers. Power like that can make an enemy lead melt like ice cream at an August picnic.

Brooklyn's biggest threat comes not from Milwaukee or New York but from the inroads of time. Excluding the young pitching staff, only Snider, among the regulars, is on the sunny side of thirty. Jackie Robinson (.256) is thirty-seven and already has been reduced to the status of a semiregular,

but he is the best utility man in the majors.

There were three uncertain spots on the Dodgers last year: second, third and left field. Randy Jackson (.265), the ex-Cub, will be able to take care of third and add to the Dodger home-run threat. Charley Neal (.274) and Chico Fernandez (.301), up from Montreal, are potential major-leaguers. Neal, in fact, may win out at second over Junior Gilliam (.249) and Don Zimmer (.239), but captain Pee Wee Reese (.282) at short should be able to stand off Fernandez for another season. Sandy Amoros (.247), despite his game-saving catch in the Series, will have to improve to stay in left field, the Dodgers' weakest spot.

If Podres is tapped for khaki, the Dodgers still have a third left-hander behind Karl Spooner (8-6) and Sandy Koufax (2-2). He is Ken Lehman (22-9), up once more from Montreal. Alston may expect reasonable help from both Don Bessent (8-1) and Roger Craig (5-3), who came up in mid-

season. If Don Newcombe (20-5) doesn't repeat his big year, there is hope that Carl Erskine (11-8) will improve on his. In addition to Billy Loes (10-4), the Dodgers have the best reliefer around in Clem Labine (13-5). The numerical strength is there to overcome individual lapses.

This well could be the year of decision in Milwaukee. The Braves are shy an infielder and an outfielder. Danny O'Connell (.225) was a disappointment in the infield and Bobby Thomson (.257) hasn't clicked as he did when a Giant. Hank Aaron (.314) and Billy Bruton (.275) are acceptable in the outfield, but Chuck Tanner (.247) will have to improve over his freshman year. A solution might be to move Joe Adcock (.264) to the outfield and play George Crowe (.281) at first. Adcock, injured last year, is a dangerous long-ball hitter.

Milwaukee's chances depend upon Adcock's recovery from his broken arm and the ability of Gene Conley (11-7) to take his regular turn. Unless

Collier's for March 30, 1956





## There will be a five-man scramble for the National League batting title, but only two players are given a chance in the junior loop

Conley can make it, the Braves will be in trouble. And so will manager Charley Grimm, for Milwaukee is growing impatient for a winner. Conley was out with a bad arm the last half of the season and he is needed to support Warren Spahn (17-14), Lew Burdette (13-8) and Bob Buhl (13-11).

Unless Conley, Thomson and O'Connell can come back, the Braves, instead of harassing the Dodgers, will be fighting the Giants, Cards and Phillies to stay in the first division.

**RIGNEY WILL NEED LUCK** in his freshman year with the Giants and there are indications that he may come up with it. He has two retreads on his pitching staff who, from their winning form in Puerto Rico this winter, could help: Al Worthington (19-10), who was his ace at Minneapolis, and Steve Ridzik (2-1), former Phils' bonus baby drafted from Seattle. Both are distinct possibilities. Another hidden asset of the Giants is Bill White (.295), first baseman from Dallas. White is on the Minneapolis roster, but don't be surprised if he bobs up at the Polo Grounds.

If White clicks, Whitey Lockman (.278) can be moved to the outfield to team up with Willie Mays (.318) and Don Mueller (.306). Al Dark (.282), twice injured in '55, must play short or the Giants "is dead," to quote Charley Dressen. Daryl Spencer, who hit 20 homers as a freshman in 1953, is back from the Army to battle Hank Thompson (.245) for third. Second base is the big question mark, with Wayne Terwilliger (.257) the best bet. Lockman is willing to try his hand there, too, and Rigney may give him a look.

Pitchingwise, the Giants are looking for better seasons from Johnny Antonelli (14-16) and Ruben Gomez (9-10). Pete Burnside (18-11) from Dallas

is a promising lefty, but he may need experience.

Gussie Busch, who owns both a brewery and the St. Louis Cardinals, learned what many a ballplayer before him had discovered: that beer and baseball don't mix. He revamped the Cards' front office to divorce it from the beer business and was fortunate in getting Frantic Frankie Lane, the refugee from the White Sox, to run the baseball end. Lane was fortunate, too, for he inherited what one baseball man called "the best club ever to finish seventh in the history of the National League."

Red Schoendienst (.268) took to wearing glasses last summer and his second-base play was subpar. He reports he's fit again as the result of eye exercises and he's the key man with the Cards. Don Blasingame (.302) is up from Omaha and figures to take the shortstop job from Alex Grammas (.240). Stan Musial (.318) will be released from first base to his old job in the outfield, with Wally Moon (.295) taking over. Jack Brandt (.303), a right-handed-hitting outfielder up from Rochester, could break into the line-up, and rookie Hal Smith (.299) seems certain to be the number two catcher.

Nobody knows how bad the St. Louis pitching was last summer because few of the pitchers stayed around long enough for anybody to find out. Certainly Lane isn't too optimistic when he says "Mizell can win from 15 to 18," although Vinegar Bend's high for one season before he went into service was 13 wins. Harvey Haddix (12-16) got off to a wretched start and should do better, while Stu Miller (17-14) is back from Omaha with his trick motion but with an improved fast ball. Two Houston prospects are Bob Mabe (16-10), who pitched six shutouts, and Harry Hoitsma (13-3), touted as a good relief man.

Robin Roberts (23-14) will again be playing a

role with which he is thoroughly familiar, that of the Phillies' meal ticket. Roberts can't bring the Phils home in the first division by himself, for they still need a third outfielder to team up with Richie Ashburn (.338) and Del Ennis (.297). There also is an infield problem: Granny Hamner (.257) can play either second or short, but not both.

Curt Simmons (8-8) could make a great difference, if his left arm comes back; and Jim Owens (15-11) returns from a good year at Syracuse, but the pitching and infield must improve if the Phils are to make trouble for the Giants or Cardinals.

**PITCHING, TOO**, is the reason Cincinnati's Birdie Tebbetts has become one of the country's leading aspirin consumers. The Redlegs at long last came up with a solid middle-of-the-line-up punch in Ted Kluszewski (.314), Wally Post (.309), Gus Bell (.308) and Smoky Burgess (301). The homer total (135) of this quartet was frightening. Despite this power, only Joe Nuxhall (17-12) was able to stay appreciably above .500. Bill Kennedy (8-6) had a remarkable relief record in Seattle, with an ERA of 1.92 in 52 games. Charles Rabe (21-7) led the Sally League pitchers in practically every department, but it's a long haul from Columbia, South Carolina, to Crosley Field.

Considering that Ernie Banks (.295) is one of the best shortstops in baseball, a positive home-run threat (44) and a player who is improving, it seems silly to pick Chicago for seventh but it doesn't seem as though the Cubs can get any higher. There are too many weak spots, and the front office gratuitously gave manager Stan Hack another when it traded third baseman Jackson to the Dodgers. Gene Baker (.268) is a competent second baseman, but there seems to be nobody in the Chicago line-up, except Banks, who is a possibility to hit .300.

Chicago's pitching staff may get a boost from Russ Meyer (6-2) obtained from Brooklyn. Russ beat the Cubs 24-3 in the seven years since he left them, but he wasn't pitched often enough by the Dodgers to stay sharp.

Bobby Bragan is faced with the same kindergarten problem at Pittsburgh that Fred Haney left

## ROOKIES OF THE YEAR



**NATIONAL LEAGUE**  
Don Blasingame figures to be new Cardinal shortstop



**AMERICAN LEAGUE**  
Shortstop Jerry Lumpe is best of fine Yankee crop

## ROOKIES LIKELY TO STICK

| Name, Club                       | Bat. Throw | Ht.       | Wt. | Born | Home               | 1955 Club    | W-L   |
|----------------------------------|------------|-----------|-----|------|--------------------|--------------|-------|
| <b>PITCHERS</b>                  |            |           |     |      |                    |              |       |
| PETE BURNSIDE, <i>Giants</i>     | R-L        | 6'2"      | 180 | 1930 | Wilmette, Ill.     | Dallas       | 18-11 |
| JERRY CASALE, <i>Red Sox</i>     | R-R        | 6'1"      | 190 | 1933 | Brooklyn, N. Y.    | Louisville   | 17-11 |
| JOE DAHLKE, <i>White Sox</i>     | R-R        | 6'1"      | 175 | 1930 | Wausau, Wis.       | Memphis      | 19-5  |
| BOB GARBER, <i>Pirates</i>       | R-R        | 6'1"      | 190 | 1928 | Connellsville, Pa. | Hollywood    | 20-16 |
| MEL HELD, <i>Orioles</i>         | R-R        | 6'1"      | 178 | 1929 | Edon, Ohio         | San Antonio  | 24-7  |
| KEN LEHMAN, <i>Dodgers</i>       | L-L        | 6'        | 165 | 1928 | Seattle, Wash.     | Montreal     | 22-9  |
| SETH MOREHEAD, <i>Phillies</i>   | L-L        | 6'1 1/2"  | 195 | 1934 | Shreveport, La.    | Syracuse     | 8-13  |
| JOE TRIMBLE, <i>Pirates</i>      | R-R        | 6'1"      | 190 | 1930 | Providence, R. I.  | Hollywood    | 11-4  |
| <b>CATCHERS</b>                  |            |           |     |      |                    |              |       |
| JOHN BLANCHARD, <i>Yankees</i>   | L-R        | 6'1"      | 185 | 1933 | Minneapolis, Minn. | Binghamton   | .281  |
| HAL SMITH, <i>Cardinals</i>      | R-R        | 5'10 1/2" | 180 | 1931 | Tulsa, Okla.       | Houston      | .299  |
| <b>INFELDERS</b>                 |            |           |     |      |                    |              |       |
| LUIS APARICIO, <i>White Sox</i>  | R-R        | 5'9"      | 160 | 1934 | Maracaibo, Ven.    | Memphis      | .273  |
| DON BLASINGAME, <i>Cardinals</i> | L-R        | 5'10"     | 160 | 1932 | Corinth, Miss.     | Omaha        | .302  |
| DON BUDDIN, <i>Red Sox</i>       | L-R        | 5'11"     | 175 | 1934 | Olanta, S. C.      | Louisville   | .292  |
| JERRY LUMPE, <i>Yankees</i>      | R-R        | 6'1"      | 185 | 1933 | Warsaw, Mo.        | Birmingham   | .301  |
| FRANK MALZONE, <i>Red Sox</i>    | R-R        | 5'10"     | 180 | 1930 | Oneonta, N. Y.     | Louisville   | .310  |
| CHARLEY NEAL, <i>Dodgers</i>     | R-R        | 5'10"     | 165 | 1931 | Longview, Texas    | Montreal     | .274  |
| BILL WHITE, <i>Giants</i>        | L-L        | 6'        | 140 | 1934 | Warren, Ohio       | Dallas       | .295  |
| <b>OUTFIELDERS</b>               |            |           |     |      |                    |              |       |
| JACK BRANDT, <i>Cardinals</i>    | R-R        | 5'11"     | 165 | 1934 | Omaha, Nebr.       | Rochester    | .303  |
| NEIL CHRISLEY, <i>Nationals</i>  | L-R        | 6'2"      | 187 | 1932 | Greenwood, S. C.   | Nashville    | .320  |
| ROCKY COLAVITO, <i>Indians</i>   | R-R        | 6'3"      | 190 | 1933 | New York, N. Y.    | Indianapolis | .268  |
| WES COVINGTON, <i>Braves</i>     | L-R        | 6'1"      | 205 | 1932 | Durham, N. C.      | Jacksonville | .326  |
| MARTY KEOUGH, <i>Red Sox</i>     | L-L        | 5'11"     | 175 | 1934 | Pomona, Cal.       | Louisville   | .303  |
| ED WHITE, <i>White Sox</i>       | R-R        | 6'2"      | 200 | 1926 | Anniston, Ala.     | Memphis      | .342  |

## THESE PLAYERS WILL HAVE A BIG YEAR

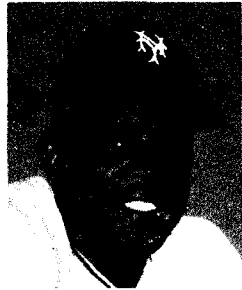


Ted Kluszewski, Reds



Al Kaline, Tigers

### BATTING CHAMPIONS

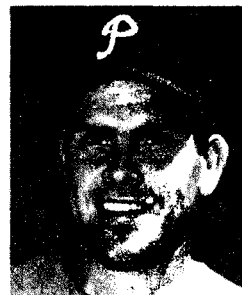


Willie Mays, Giants

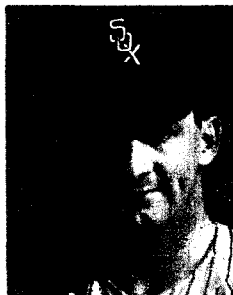


Mickey Mantle, Yanks

### HOME RUN KINGS



Robin Roberts, Phillies



Dick Donovan, Chisox

### TOP PITCHERS

behind him. Most of the Pirates still are a few years removed from major-league maturity, although that doesn't go for Red Munger (23-8), whom Bragan had at Hollywood. Munger is thirty-seven. Bobby also brought with him two other Hollywood pitchers, Bob Garber (20-16) and Joe Trimble (11-4). The latter may surprise. Dick Groat (.267) is an adequate shortstop and Frank Thomas (.245) is a home-run threat. Dale Long (.291) also is a run producer. Otherwise, though, Pirate fans may be pardoned for saying, "This is where we came in—in 1951."

Once more the American League race figures to be the same four-club dogfight it was last year, and the Yankees are picked only because they are accustomed to the role of top dog. It required much less soul searching to pick the Dodgers to win the National League pennant than it does to see New York in front in the American. The Red Sox, with a considerably altered line-up than that which made such a surprising challenge last year, could take it all; and improved pitching might put Chicago in front. Cleveland, still powerful, seems to be getting a trifle shopworn and dog-eared around the edges.

Whitey Ford (18-7) and the veteran Tommy Byrne (16-5) will again be the Yankee pitching mainstays, but it is reasonable to expect more help from Bob Turley (17-13) and Don Larsen (9-2).

Bob Grim (7-5) could develop into a top pitcher, too. Only the Indians have the pitching potential of the Yanks, and Casey Stengel's pitchers haven't been to the well so often. In addition, the Yankees, with a wealth of young talent, were able to deal for another battle-tested pitcher when they landed Mickey McDermott (10-10) from Washington.

Shortstop will be the main Yankee problem as, indeed, it was last season. The thirty-seven-year-old Phil Rizzuto (.259) can't do the job daily, although he still is brilliant after being rested. Bill Hunter (.227) is reported recovered from his broken leg and heads the pack scrambling for Phil's job. Billy Martin (.300), Jerry Coleman (.229), Gil McDougald (.285), and a rookie from Birmingham, Jerry Lumpe (.301), also will figure in Stengel's private game of musical chairs.

MIKE HIGGINS did an outstanding job in his first year as Red Sox manager, but to win the pennant this year, he'll have to do it all over again and with a different cast. It seems unlikely that Billy Klaus (.283), Grady Hatton (.245) or Norm Zauchin (.239) will be infield regulars in 1956. Mickey Vernon (.301) will play all the first base his thirty-seven years will permit, with Billy Goodman (.294) more likely to spell him than Zauchin. In that event, Klaus will move to second in Goodman's place. Two Louisville rookies, Frank Malzone (.310) at third and Don Buddin (.292) at short, are likely to handle the left side of the infield.

Ted Williams (.356) could win the pennant for the Red Sox if he plays a full season. The Splinter still is the best hitter in baseball, although he is thirty-seven. The Sox are high on a Louisville outfield prospect, Marty Keough (.303), but he hardly can edge out the glue-fingered Jimmy Piersall (.283) or Jackie Jensen (.275), who tied for the RBI title with 116.

Bob Porterfield, who came with Vernon in the deal with Washington, is expected to improve on his 10-17 record. Under the proper circumstances, he could reverse it. Frank Sullivan (18-13), who can't beat the Yankees, and Willard Nixon (12-10), who can, may profit from a tighter infield. Frank Baumann (2-1) may be a surprise. Jerry Casale (17-11) comes well recommended from Louisville.

Marty Marion is banking heavily on two men to keep the White Sox in the race: Larry Doby (.291), obtained from Cleveland, and Luis Aparicio (.273), a shortstop from Memphis who is taking Chico Carrasquel's place. Doby figures to help Minnie Minoso (.288) with Chicago's sagging offense.

Chicago has the pitching and, if the punch improves, could go all the way. Dick Donovan (15-9) should be a 20-game winner. Last year Dick was temporarily forced into dry dock to part company with his appendix. Bill Pierce (15-10) is one of the league's best southpaws, and the Sox have picked up a reliever from Memphis, Joe Dahlke (19-5), who should be able to save some games.

Baseball fans all over the country are pulling for Vic Wertz (.253) to make a complete recovery from his polio attack, but even a sound Wertz and a hale and hearty Al Rosen (.244) won't spell a pennant for Cleveland. It was only the great relief work of Ray Narleski (9-1) and Don Mossi (4-3) that kept the Tribe afloat last year.

As a matter of fact, Narleski and Mossi put a false glow on the Cleveland pitching staff. Herb Score (16-10) was the rookie of the year and broke the freshman strike-out record (245). Of the rest of the Tribe's staff, however, only the knuckler, Early Wynn (17-11), can be relied upon. Bob Lemon (18-10) and Mike Garcia (11-13) were able to finish only 11 of 62 starts between them! Bob Feller (4-4) has hit elder-statesman status.

Carrasquel (.256) may tighten the infield, but in the outfield only Al Smith (.306), who can play anywhere, looks like a pennant-winning ballplayer.

Detroit's chances of sneaking into the first division depend upon how far the Indians have gone back. Al Kaline (.340) is one of the league's best outfielders, and Harvey Kuenn (.306) and Ray Boone (.284) give the Tiger infield a strong left side; but there doesn't seem to be enough over-all talent for a first-division push. Billy Hoelt (16-7) became the most improved pitcher in the league under Bucky Harris, but Ned Garver (12-16) and Frank Lary (14-15) will have to do better if Detroit is to climb. Bob Miller (2-1) is a maturing bonus baby and reports are good on Jim Bunning (8-5), who shuffled off to Buffalo last summer.

The Tigers seem to be an island between the four-club fight for the pennant and the three-club fight for last place in the American League. Charley Dressen, Washington's eternal optimist, may get home sixth, provided his Spanish improves and the young players he obtained from the Red Sox and Yankees pan out. Reports are good on Neil Chrisley (.320), an outfielder from Nashville, and Al Curtis (12-8), a right-hander from Louisville.

Kansas City and Baltimore both have been spending money on a grand scale, but both are trying to make the grade with clubs composed of players who are over the hill or those who haven't yet come up it. The Athletics, if Bobby Shantz (5-10) is sound, could walk away from the other two, but there is no evidence that the little southpaw can regain his 1952 form. Baltimore has a solid man in the ex-Yankee, Gus Triandos (.277), and a great defensive shortstop in Willy Miranda (.255).

Because Paul Richards will have younger players at Baltimore, the Orioles are picked for the cellar. His club may be better for the long haul, but Kansas City seems stronger for a one-season run.

As for individuals, 1956 should be another good year for newly married Willie Mays. The Giant hero isn't exactly the man from outer space he seemed to be; still he can do more things better than any other player in the game today. He could lead the league in batting, homers, stolen bases or all three. I'll settle for the homer crown because of his great September drive. He hit 51 last year after an ordinary start—ordinary for Willie, that is.

Mickey Mantle, who led the American League in homers with 37, should repeat and may do better than 40. The Yankee ace has been in and out of hospitals often enough to play the lead in TV's *Medic*, and the prospect of his playing an entire season holds interesting possibilities.

FOR THE NL BATTING RACE, it figures to be a scramble, with little chance of Richie Ashburn repeating. Ted Kluszewski (.314) is a dark-horse pick, principally because he gets an imposing number of walks now that he has learned to respect the strike zone. Duke Snider, Stan Musial, Hank Aaron and Mays are possibilities. In the American it should be Detroit's Kaline all the way, with Williams a possibility, as always.

Winning 20 games seems to be against the law these days. Nobody did it in the American League and only Roberts and Newcombe managed it in the National. That pair could repeat, and Johnny Antonelli is another possibility. In the American, two southpaws, Whitey Ford and Herb Score, and Dick Donovan are the best bets.

Two shortstops—one in each league—could make it as Rookies of the Year in '56, Don Blasingame of the Cardinals and Jerry Lumpe of the Yankees. In each case, the job is open for the right youngster, and both come with strong credentials. Last year my rookie picks were Score, a bull's-eye, and Ken Boyer of the Cards, a near miss.

Well, that's it, fans. Look for the World Series to open with the Yankees playing the Dodgers at Ebbets Field on October 3d. The personnel and the locale may be wrong, but I'm sure of the date. Unless it rains, of course.

THE END



# American Spending Abroad

**I- The Government's Role** President Eisenhower proposes to spend \$4.6 billion to forward the mutual security program in the fiscal year beginning July 1st. Of this sum \$2.5 billion is earmarked for military assistance, and the remaining \$2.1 billion for nonmilitary operations abroad.

This is a very large sum to be pouring overseas—11 years after the close of World War II. As lately as 1954, the Randall Commission on Foreign Economic Policy, projecting on the basis of all that was known then, proposed that economic aid for postwar recovery should be terminated as quickly as possible. The President's program now represents a sharp departure from a policy which had been geared to the Randall recommendations.

The plain fact is that the course of world events in these past two years has not followed any pattern that the Randall Commission or anybody else could have discerned in 1954.

Russia, while not diminishing her military threat, has embarked upon a dynamic foreign-economic policy of trade and assistance—liberally sugared with sweet talk—which has added a new dimension to the world contest. She has conducted this policy with great skill, capitalizing every step of the way upon the American policy of economic cutbacks. The Red fingers reached out to India just as Americans were discussing a \$10,000,000 cutback in aid to that country. The Russians beckoned to Burma and Egypt in the midst of reaction there against the U.S. refusal (based upon our own surplus problems) to trade industrial goods for rice and cotton. So it has gone, around the world.

These have been the challenging opening guns in an area of the struggle where the United States has special competence. Russia is pitting her own economic system against the American system, inviting neutrals and nonneutrals to gear in with the Soviet economic orbit to the exclusion of our own. It is a challenge we can hardly ignore. It is also a campaign showing considerable initial success.

The challenge will certainly not be met by a policy of lavish spending. That is not what the President has proposed.

The \$2.1 billion is to be invested in a variety of tools, comprising a program at once carefully tailored to fit present indicated needs, and at the same time allowing enough flexibility to cope with changing conditions.

The President wants to strengthen the foreign-information program, "for expanded use of overseas exhibits and other techniques to emphasize such subjects as our Atoms for Peace program, our proposals for mutual aerial inspection as a first step toward disarmament, and the many scientific and cultural achievements by which progressive capitalism under free, representative government is contributing to a peaceful, prosperous world. Overseas libraries will be expanded, and increased emphasis will be given to supplying books to foreign readers at low prices. Where appropriate, the program will capitalize on the effectiveness of television."

The President proposes also to strengthen and extend the program by which students, teachers and leaders of opinion abroad can discover for themselves what kind of people and what kind of nation we are.

He would continue and extend the program by which foreign technicians are trained in the United States, and American know-how is exported to help solve problems—in health, agriculture, industry, education and public administration—which beset countries less well developed than our own.

And he would continue on a substantial scale the program of selective loans and grants to countries standing in clear need of such help.

In terms of actual dollars the program proposed by the President for fiscal 1957 is only slightly greater than the current program; it looms large only alongside the once-cherished hope that by now our foreign-aid program could have been virtually ended. The reasons preventing the abandonment of the program are obvious. The money the President proposes to spend abroad is an investment in security—security which can be undermined as readily on the economic front as on the military.

A threat to freedom anywhere in the world is a threat to our own safety, and for as long as the threat remains, American self-interest will dictate meeting it with the best weapons we possess.

The man in the best position to judge the degree of the threat is the President of the United States. He needs both the substance and the elasticity to meet whatever threat may arise, to meet it promptly and with the strength needed to cope with it. This is why the President asked Congress this year for both authority to commit the United States to longer-term foreign assistance than heretofore, and a greater degree of flexibility than he now possesses in the spending of funds. These are sensible requests, and should be heeded.

**II- Industry's Role** President Eisenhower's foreign policy anticipates the long-term assistance available to underdeveloped nations if Congress will act to make investment of American capital abroad more inviting to the stockholders of industry in this country.

He has called upon Congress to expand legislative guarantees against foreign expropriation and inconvertibility of currency, the elimination of unfair American income-tax duplications, and simplification of customs laws. These changes in United States law will promote American investment overseas, but only if the governments seeking aid offer co-operation and protection. Where these prerequisites can be met, every dollar of private investment in underdeveloped areas can be a painless addition to the strength of American foreign policy.

Demands for capital overseas are insatiable: the Committee for Economic Development estimates that \$1.1 billion will be invested in underdeveloped nations this year; as much as \$1.5 billion more could be utilized; but American taxpayers cannot be asked to shoulder such a burden, and private investors must have guarantees against expropriation, against unfair tax and labor legislation, and against government interference with operations in the countries which want their money. Some governments which cry publicly for capital have inaugurated policies forbidding private American investment, or precluding it because of unnecessary hazards. In such areas, private investment is out of the question, as it is where governments—like India—have philosophies of public ownership. Nor is private investment practical in the development of basic economic facilities, such as Egypt's Aswan Dam. Here, the answer must lie in long-term government loans, or in help from such institutions as the Export-Import Bank, which includes government and private participation.

Where private investment can operate, however, past results have sometimes been spectacular. The Creole Petroleum Company of Venezuela, owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey, has done much to aid the development of that nation. Sears, Roebuck and Company has revolutionized merchandising, and even industry, in Mexico and areas of South America. Various American concerns in the Philippine Islands have given that republic a more stable economy than those of its Asiatic neighbors. These accomplishments cannot be attributed to private capital alone, nor have they come overnight. Nevertheless, it is significant that where private American capital has operated successfully, American prestige is generally high and understanding of America is great.

America's whole approach to foreign relations is the seeking of common ground with people of all races, creeds and colors. Many nations fortunately share common doctrines and traditions with us, for we have been the progenitor of their own revolutions. But in other areas—in the Middle East, Southeast Asia and Africa—problems of religion, of race and of political and economic philosophy make it essential that we meet on the common ground of concern for their development. This does not mean concern that these people be buyers of American products, or producers of American profits; but that they be good neighbors in a secure and peaceful world. Private investment can help achieve this end; it can be a strong arm of freedom; and it deserves such reasonable assistance as Congress can give.



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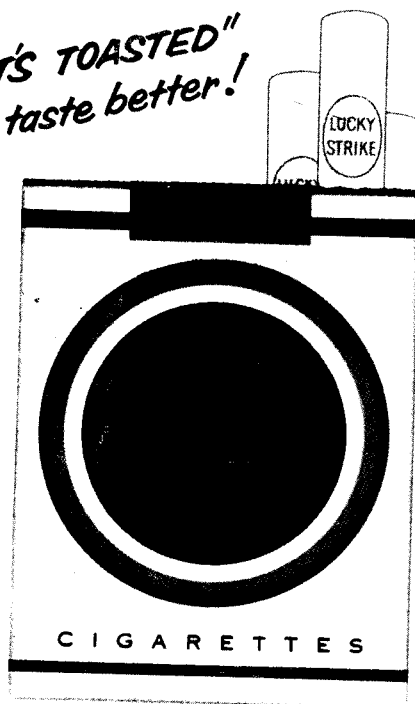




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